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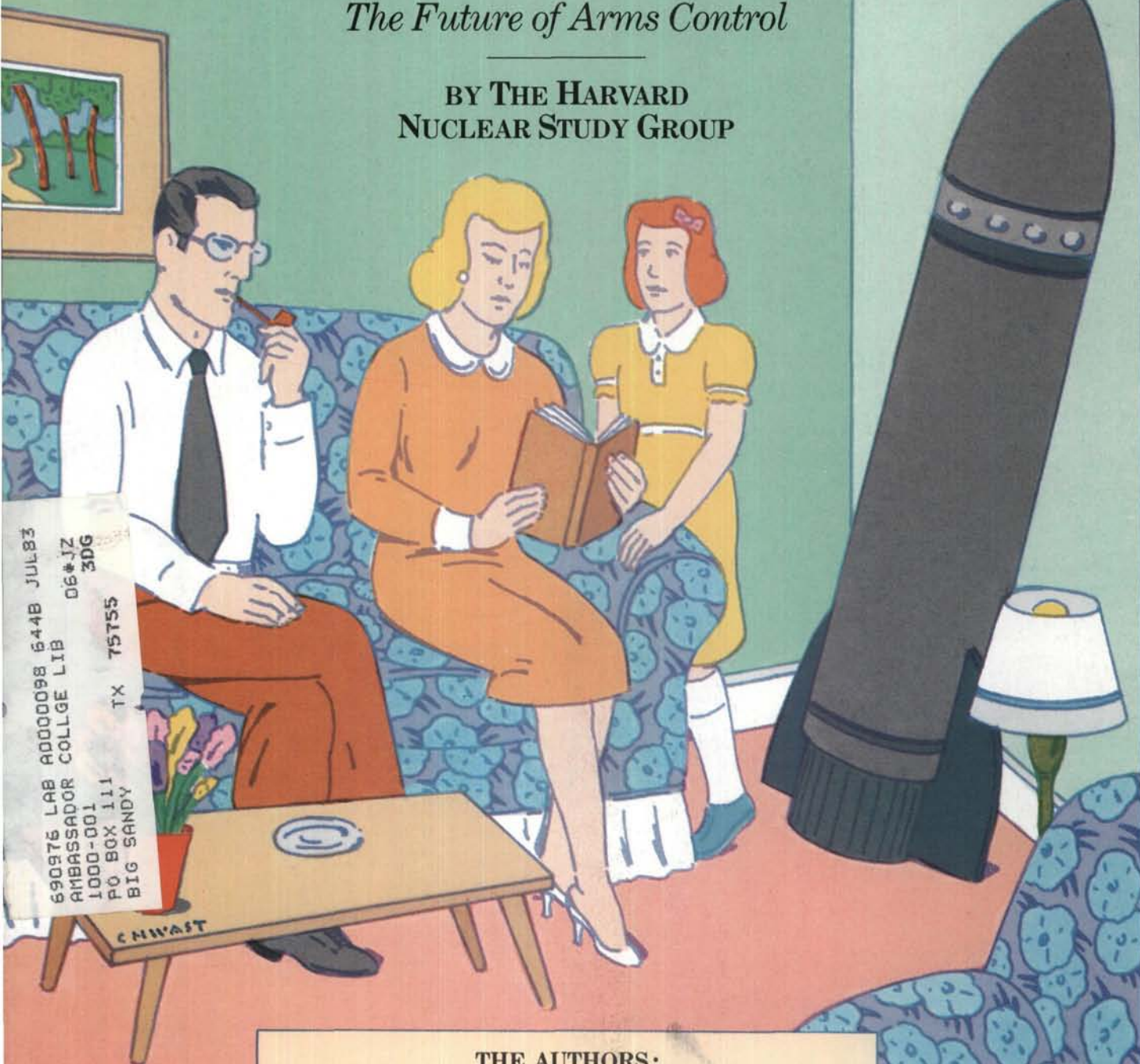
THE Atlantic

FICTION BY SALMAN RUSHDIE / SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN ON THE DIVIDED SALVADORAN MILITARY

LIVING WITH NUCLEAR WEAPONS

The Future of Arms Control

BY THE HARVARD
NUCLEAR STUDY GROUP



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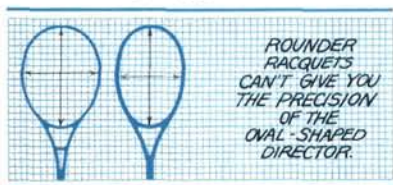
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It's a saying that comes to mind as we in rural electric country look at Administration proposals to cut and change the rural electrification program.

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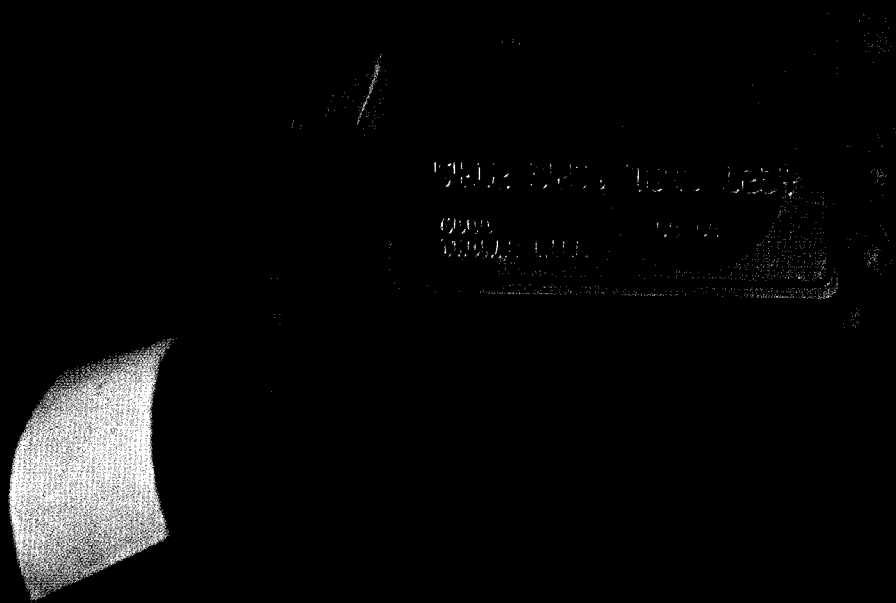
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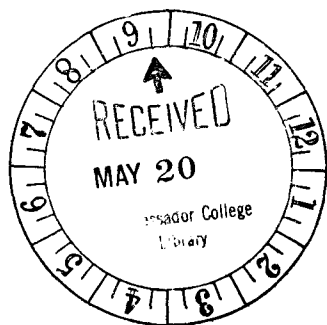
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VOLUME 251 No. 6
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The Atlantic June 1983
 Vol. 251 No. 6

Published monthly by
 The Atlantic Monthly Company
 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
 02116

Second class postage paid at
 Boston, Mass., Concord, N.H.,
 and Boulder, Colo.

Postage paid at Montreal,
 port payé à Montréal.
 Printed in the U.S.A.
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 The Atlantic Monthly Company
 (ISSN 0276-9077)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NEXT AMERICAN FRONTIER

Robert Reich tells us that the American people are being offered a false choice—"the free market vs. central planning"—and then proceeds to recommend central planning ("The Next American Frontier," March and April *Atlantic*). Admittedly, he employs a dazzling variety of euphemisms to avoid association with the thoroughly discredited notion of a command economy, but even this delicate description fails to mask his true intent: "Adjustment cannot proceed without mechanisms for explicit bargaining among economic groups and without institutions with the authority to monitor and guarantee the consensus."

The fact is that for the United States economy to become competitive in the world market, all we need to do is remove barriers to capital flow, eliminate the rigidities imposed by anti-competitive regulations, and increase investment through the simple but effective means of abolishing the corporate income tax. In a phrase, the free market.

EDWARD H. CRANE
Washington, D.C.

Robert B. Reich's analysis in the March issue fails because its two central premises are incompatible. If, as he correctly notes, "the globe is . . . a single marketplace," then the "next frontier" cannot be located within our borders. If the widely publicized "Harvard view" (the U.S. suffers from outmoded and/or short-term concepts) appeared superficially valid for a time, surely it is obsolete now. The view depended to some extent upon Japan's status as a "success story," but with unemployment there now higher than at any time in thirty years, another theory is needed.

Contrary to Reich's view, the current global recession may be a long-term depression, the Great Depression may not have been only an "interruption," and it may not have been "scientific management" that "restored [American] prosperity." World War II brought prosperity to America, for two reasons that economists and those who accept their premises cannot accept. The problem of ex-

cess industrial capacity was solved by devoting much of it to war production, thereby limiting home-front supply (even through rationing) to what could be sold at regulated prices. Meanwhile, American industry became "competitive" for a long time because bombing destroyed the competitors.

As historians have long known, "panics" and depressions, farm or factory, are caused by overcapacity and/or overproduction. If one looks closely at the design of a competitive market, supply must always so greatly outstrip demand that output cannot be sold above production costs, an outcome that would be more obvious if there were no elaborate schemes for separating capital and operating costs. This result must occur because a competitive market can exist only if many suppliers respond to the same demand, a design hidden by the fascination with "aggregate data."

Reich's evidence can serve as the basis for a revised theory. With Europe and Japan "reindustrialized," and with developing countries having joined the struggle, global overcapacity means global depression. This is no longer a matter of ideology, for the competition includes capitalists, socialists, monarchists, and other systems. It will not help to make America "more competitive," because this would merely transfer our unemployment elsewhere for a time. Anything we produce can be duplicated in many countries, so that unrestrained production on the "next [global] frontier" can only perpetuate depression. Only some form of global output regulation can work, along with huge expenditures everywhere on public works (which America mistakenly denies are "investments"). The basic fallacy of economics (all schools) can be simply stated: overbuilding is inevitable in a competitive market and is the cause of depressions, not merely an effect.

FREDERICK C. THAYER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Robert Reich seems to advocate that U.S. companies engaged in basic industries abandon low-skilled, low-technology production to national economies less developed than ours, implying

greater U.S. reliance on remote trading partners for the production of vital goods.

Large-scale importation of oil, the principal historical example of U.S. reliance on remote trading partners, led the U.S. greatly to extend its military and political involvements. By 1980, less than a decade after the first embargo, and in reaction to the twin shocks of Iran and Afghanistan, President Carter used his State of the Union message to declare, to the standing applause of Congress, that the oilfields of the Middle East were "vital to the national interests" of the United States.

Wholesale transfer of production of key goods to remote locations risks circling the globe with the United States' "vital national interests." Furthermore, commitments to defend distant economic resources may conflict with commitments to sovereign states whose borders encompass these resources. The U.S. would also face great temptation to intervene on behalf of political and social groups favorable to its economic interest, much as we now support anti-Communist groups without apparent regard for the rest of their programs.

MICHAEL GORMAN
New York, N.Y.

Robert Reich's diagnoses and remedies for our political/economic malaise are truly wholesome: appreciation and security for values of human capital, amidst greater mobility and growth of financial capital; more open democracy in deciding complementary work strategies of industry and government; more rapid changes in technology of products and processes; progressive taxation of consumption (vice income) and tax exemption of savings. I think his term "paper entrepreneurialism" is an incisive, pejorative, and accurate description for too many legal and financial managers of deceptive accountability.

ROBERT E. MCGARRAH
Amherst, Mass.

Robert Reich's April article on the Reconomy, while excellent in many respects, contained a serious flaw in an otherwise well-reasoned argument for a personal-consumption tax. I would suggest that it is not the gross amount withdrawn from savings that should be taxed but rather what types of goods and services the money is spent on.

This for three reasons. First, and con-

sidering the ingenuity of individuals, corporations, and institutions, such a tax would be virtually impossible to administer equitably. Second, the suggested manner of collecting such a tax has unfortunate "Big Brother" connotations that are almost certain to be politically unacceptable. Third, it is conspicuous consumption that should be discouraged rather than aggregate spending.

A variable-rate value-added tax would accomplish the same objective while avoiding many of the pitfalls. Basic necessities, such as food, medicines, etc., would carry no taxes, whereas non-essential luxury goods and services would carry the highest rate. Taxes on income would be sharply reduced, even eliminated. Certainly flat-rate tax proposals such as that put forward by Messrs. Hall and Rabushka, of Stanford, may stand a better chance if melded with a VAT. Such a tax would additionally have the inestimable value of putting us in step with much of the rest of the world.

PHILIP TOMKINSON
Birmingham, Mich.

Robert B. Reich's explanations and analyses are certainly provocative and powerful. Even though I have very little background in business or economics, his insights are very clear and understandable.

ANNE SWARTZ
New York, N.Y.

Robert Reich clearly shows the great waste of our brightest business talent in planning or fighting takeover bids and in manipulating paper symbols. Can anything be done to reverse that trend? Our tax laws very likely provide the most effective means for channeling talent to more productive work. We have heard talk about the merits of a value-added tax. What we need is the opposite: a tax on transactions that add no value.

A 10 percent tax on transactions such as takeovers or exchanges of bonds for stock would probably go a long way toward directing the attention of top managers to the improvement of products and facilities. Including the buying and selling of securities—expecting new issues—would do no harm, but would arouse the opposition of stockbrokers, who seem to have great influence on our tax laws. The risk capitalists, who invest in the hope of a few-hundred-percent profit after holding stock for several years, would be hurt only marginally,

After all the years of loud ties, wouldn't dad quietly welcome a change of pace?



John Jameson

Imported Irish Whiskey

and the violent swings in the stock market would be damped. Perhaps even the brokers could be convinced that this would be to their advantage in the long run.

HENRY O. FUCHS
Stanford, Calif.

Robert Reich is right, and the 1984 campaign should be fought over the issues raised.

ROBERT B. LEFLAR
Fayetteville, Ark.

Robert Reich fails to explore the way in which "paper entrepreneurialism" produces inflation by circulating money and profits in the order of magnitude of useful production itself. He also fails to recount that the status quo is a culmination of the monopoly building and finance banking that began in the Gilded Age, a century ago. What corporate leaders were then doing in the small, industrial fraction of the economy has reached every segment of today's economy. Furthermore, the site of multinational conglomerates is an integrated world economy, with its political, military, and financial center in the United States.

When Reich writes that the "distinction heretofore drawn between those who plan work and those who execute it is inappropriate to flexible-system production," which he finds in industrial nations other than America, he assumes that American capitalism has the intrinsic purpose of producing goods for society. But he neglects the use of precisely that distinction between planning and execution to subjugate workers in the class struggle. (Similarly, American business uses its power to curtail any economic planning by democratic institutions.) On the contrary, the conduct Reich excellently portrays as "paper entrepreneurialism" serves the goal of capitalism's elite superbly, for that goal is the direct creation of profit for the corporate upper echelon.

ANDREW TIERMAN
Saginaw, Mich.

"The Next American Frontier" is a very important piece of work indeed. The part on "paper entrepreneurialism" drives home a number of lessons in a particularly powerful fashion.

BOHDAN HAWRYLYSHYN
*International Management Institute
Geneva, Switzerland*

Robert Reich's March article was an excellent description of the condition and practice of present-day American industry. As one of the minority of the Harvard Business School Class of 1981 to enter a "product" occupation, I concur with Reich on the motives and actions of young managers. Reich, however, still describes symptoms and not causes.

Reich never asks why Japan has flexible-system corporations and the U.S. has standardized production and paper entrepreneurs. He sets up the straw man of "government regulation" and writes it off. The root cause of America's inflexibility, however, is not just regulation but government intervention in the economy, which fossilizes innovation.

The Wagner Act freezes labor relations into one mold. Government-caused inflation, recessionary cycles, and the long-term uncertainty they create cause the short-term outlook of paper entrepreneurs. The crazy quilt of corporate and personal tax codes and SEC regulations create corporate mergers. Anti-trust laws stop cooperative innovation. Untold numbers of interventions set up barriers to entry of new markets.

For America to have flexible-system corporations it must have a flexible system that does not persecute innovators or use laws to protect special interests. Businessmen *do* react to incentives, and the wide-scale restructuring that America needs is a bold step toward a free market.

TOM GLASS
Houston, Tex.

Like everyone else at Harvard since the days of Teddy Roosevelt and the "new nationalism," Robert Reich simply does not see how the American economy works. We don't have to try to remold ourselves into Japan. Nor do we have to hire academic gurus from Harvard to try to breathe new life into corporate fossils with academic jargon like "flexible-system production" and visions of "group members working through various problems . . . like a baseball team practicing together to increase their collective prowess."

Instead, we have a very simple system in this country to solve these problems. It is called "free enterprise." It is significant that this term never appears once in Mr. Reich's treatise.

WILLIAM TUCKER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I thought Robert Reich did an eloquent job of putting our predicament in very clear perspective. I look forward with pleasure to reading his entire book.

FRANK W. MCBEE, JR.
Austin, Tex.

"The Next American Frontier" was an excellent analysis of the structural problems of our economy.

SENATOR DAVID L. BOREN
Washington, D.C.

U.S. AID TO TURKEY

In his interesting and informative analysis "Papandreou: National Interests Are the Key" (March *Atlantic*), F. Stephen Larrabee tells us that should Greece remove itself from NATO, it would be weakened in its dispute with Turkey because the U.S. would be inclined to increase its investment in Ankara's program to modernize its military.

The writer has apparently forgotten that in December of 1981 Secretary of Defense Caspar W. Weinberger disclosed the long-haul American commitment to help Turkey when he said that "it is U.S. policy to be of as much assistance as we can be with both military and economic aid. . . . It is our plan to continue that in the years ahead."

A review of current Greek-American relations shows that the Reagan Administration meant exactly what it said and is now heavily tilted toward Turkey. At this writing, the President is exhorting Congress to abandon the customary seven-to-ten ratio of military aid to Greece and Turkey by doubling assistance to the latter for fiscal year 1984. At the same time, Mr. Reagan has linked any increase in assistance to Greece to the outcome of the current talks on the command structure and future status of the four American bases on Greek soil. Even the most detached observer must concede that such a stance vis-à-vis Athens by Washington is very close to barefaced blackmail.

ALEXANDER CUTRULIS
Yuma, Ariz.

DREAM MACHINE

For all of William Lanouette's criticism of the breeder reactor ("Dream Machine," April *Atlantic*), the fact remains that the breeder is the only *inex-*

haustible energy source that is known to be both technically feasible and almost within economic reach. The same cannot be said for the other two inexhaustible energy sources—fusion (whose technical feasibility still remains to be demonstrated) and solar electricity (whose economic prospects are far bleaker than those of the breeder). Critics of the breeder are therefore inconsistent in favoring serious development of fusion and solar energy at the same time they oppose development of the breeder. An inexhaustible energy source must be regarded as a goal at least as noble as was going to the moon. That the breeder is far closer to this goal than are the other two possibilities is reason for continuing its development, not killing it.

ALVIN M. WEINBERG

Director, Institute for Energy Analysis
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

William Lanouette's article in the April *Atlantic* is the most lucid and balanced analysis of breeder nuclear reactors that I have had the privilege to read.

WILLIAM STRAWN

San Francisco, Calif.

In your article on the breeder reactor, Carle Walske, president of the Atomic Industrial Forum, says, "Telling a utility executive that he can't have a breeder reactor is like telling a man he can't have grandchildren."

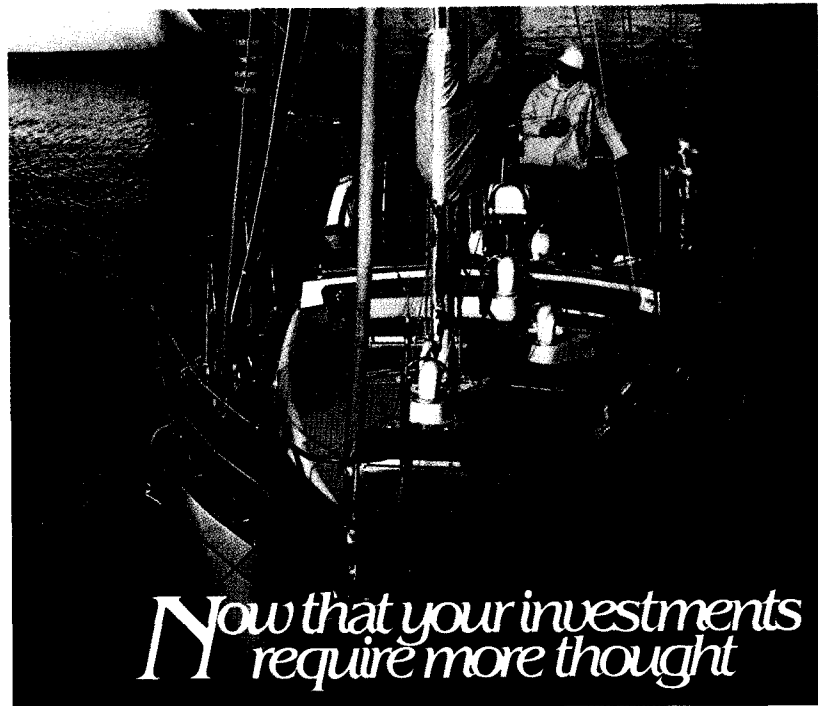
Unfortunately, telling him he *can* have his breeder is like telling the rest of us we won't have any grandchildren.

TOM KANE

Farmington, Maine

ADVICE & CONSENT

Edward Epstein ("The Cartel That Never Was," March *Atlantic*) has his cartels confused. He argues that OPEC is merely a "service organization," that it "not only lacks power to impose its will on recalcitrant members, it lacks the basic information needed to operate a cartel" (my italics). As an example of a real cartel, Mr. Epstein cites the former group of international oil companies known as "the Seven Sisters," which he claims eliminated competition and controlled "almost the entire oil trade" for more than forty years, until it was liberated by OPEC in the early 1970s.



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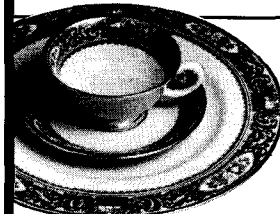
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It is interesting to note that during most of the period of this alleged tight control by the Seven Sisters, the real world price of oil declined steadily and in 1971 stood at \$1.80 per barrel. Some cartel. In contrast, OPEC's liberation of the business brought us a twenty-fold price increase in less than ten years! Some service.

Mr. Epstein contends that during that period when the Seven Sisters controlled things it was in their interest to keep the price of crude low in order to reap high profits from their refining operations. He pointed out that when the price of crude was \$1.80 per barrel, consumers in Europe were paying \$9 to \$11 per barrel for "refined oil." In fact, then as today, the bulk of the international oil companies' profit was made on the upstream production and sale of crude oil; then as today, the higher the price of crude the greater their profit. The retail price of refined products in Europe reflected primarily excise, sales, and other taxes levied by European governments.

The alleged Seven Sisters cartel was a myth; the many years of cheap energy that we enjoyed prior to OPEC's ascendancy is proof enough. And while OPEC may temporarily be having a little difficulty maintaining discipline, its current problems stem largely from its past successes in limiting the supply and raising the price of oil, bringing worldwide recession and strong energy conservation measures.

A. L. HICKS
Lancaster, Va.

I would like to thank Mr. Nicholson Baker ("The Size of Thoughts," March *Atlantic*) for prose luxurious and sturdy enough to live in, and thoughts acute enough for, well, just good, old-fashioned thinking.

BOMAN DESAI
Chicago, Ill.

Holly Brubach ("Men Will Be Men," April *Atlantic*) seems to think that if a man wears anything more stylish than a striped tie he is a homosexual. I had thought such dated views went out with the sexual revolution.

JOHN ROUX
Sagamore Beach, Mass.

Thomas Powers, reviewing David Holloway's book *The Soviet Union and the Arms Race* ("Nuclear Jugglers," March *Atlantic*), writes, "Holloway sen-

sibly concludes that Soviet talk of war-fighting involves *no aggressive intent* but only reflects the inevitable military officer's belief that you have got to do the best you can" (emphasis added). No aggressive intent? The evidence certainly has been to the contrary. Would Powers say that the invasion of Afghanistan and interference in Poland are not examples of Soviet aggression? And what about Soviet sponsorship of "national liberation" struggles in such countries as Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Angola, and Ethiopia? To say that these acts are aggressive is not to have what Powers terms an "alarmist view of Russian appetites" but merely to recognize the facts. Affirming that the Soviets have no aggressive intent is simply unrealistic.

REBECCA RUSH
Chapel Hill, N.C.

I don't often get excited about poems in your magazine, but Robert Penn Warren's "Snowfall" (March *Atlantic*) was simply wonderful. Many of today's younger poets could—and should—learn something from the increasing strength and clarity in this old master's poetry.

RONALD CROWE
Anchorage, Alaska

Re Seymour Hersh's account of events concerning Chile ("The Price of Power," December *Atlantic*): The official record shows unmistakably that I, as U.S. ambassador, initiated the negotiations that led to the nationalization of the largest American-owned mining property in Latin America, the Anaconda Company's mines in Chile, in mid-1969, long before Allende's election in late 1970; and that his decisive support led to the inclusion in the agreement of retroactive Chilean taxes on the windfall profits of all the U.S. copper companies. Mr. Allende thereby inherited a huge windfall in copper taxes for the years 1969 and 1970 when he took office. . . .

Allende fell, as Leonid Brezhnev complained and even some of Allende's cabinet ministers have acknowledged in recent years, because of bad management and bad luck; Allende misread the Chilean economic and political situation, and he did not grasp that the end of the Vietnam War also signified the end of the inflated copper prices on which Chile lived. . . .

As for why the Nixon Administration kept me in Chile during the first year of Allende's presidency, I was retained, as

many career Foreign Service officers can attest and as hundreds of official documents prove, only because of the effort I had launched immediately after Allende's elevation to the presidency to arrange a *modus vivendi* between his government and Washington. The secret talks seemed to be making excellent headway by mid-spring of 1971. President Allende chose finally to spurn the most unprecedented and generous offer the U.S. had ever laid before a socialist regime, an offer that in effect provided for U.S. financing of all the major nationalizations of American-owned properties. Mr. Allende went out of his way to acknowledge the extraordinary effort, by writing to Mr. Nixon, after my departure and without my knowledge, of his appreciation.

EDWARD M. KORRY
Cambridge, Mass.

Cullen Murphy's article on the manner in which Murray Feshbach ferrets out the secrets of life in the Soviet Union today ("Watching the Russians," February *Atlantic*) was very enjoyable and informative. However, the somewhat complex method that Murphy describes for buying a book in Dom Knigi, or, for that matter, for buying anything in any Russian store, is not Russian but English, as the identical one is used, or was the last time I bought a book there, in Foyle's bookstore in London. One may browse in Foyle's, of course, but otherwise the systems are the same. The Russians probably copied the method some time ago, at the same time that they absorbed other miscellaneous items—for instance, the Russian word for a railway station is *voksal*, after Vauxhall station in London.

J. F. T. SPENCER
London, England

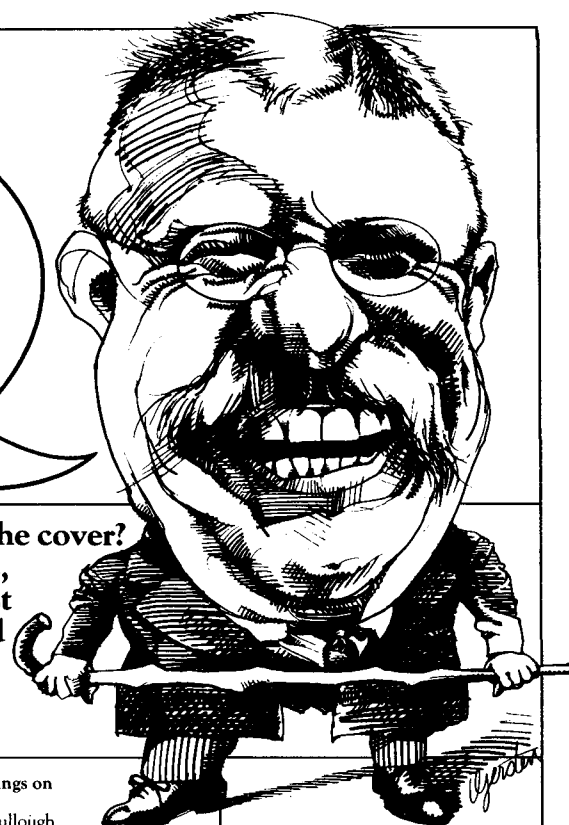
I have thoroughly enjoyed reading all of the carping and complaining by various indignant federal and corporate spendthrifts over Gregg Easterbrook's article on Divad (October *Atlantic*).

The latest, by William Sheehan, of Ford Aerospace ("The Mail," March *Atlantic*), is typical. I find it less amusing that—after listing five areas where Easterbrook's piece has caused some vexation—he fails to address the main point the author raised about the weapon, which is: It doesn't work.

WILLIAM STOCKWIN
Willows, Calif.

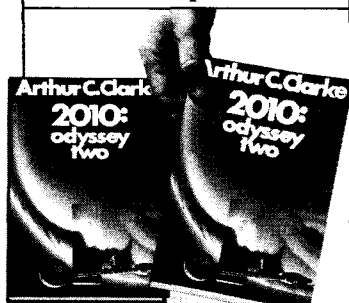
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REPORTS & COMMENT

QUEBEC LANGUAGE PROBLEMS

*René Lévesque's Parti Québécois
struggles to rid the province of
anglophone influences*



QUEBEC HASN'T BEEN quite the same since the separatist Parti Québécois, led by René Lévesque, surprising themselves more than anybody else, rode into power in the election of November 15, 1976. Shrewdly choosing not to run on an independence platform, promising *un vrai gouvernement*, they trounced an unpopular and arrogant Liberal government, winning seventy seats in the provincial parliament out of a possible 110. Considering that the PQ had been formed by Lévesque only in 1968, and that a few years later his nemesis, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, the nation's prime minister, scornfully dismissed it as not so

much a party any more but a particle, it was an amazing accomplishment. Exhilarating, too. For many in Montreal who opposed the PQ were pleased to see them take control of the provincial government, if only because it meant that the long and wasting quarrel between two founding peoples of Canada would be settled one way or another at last. Or so it seemed.

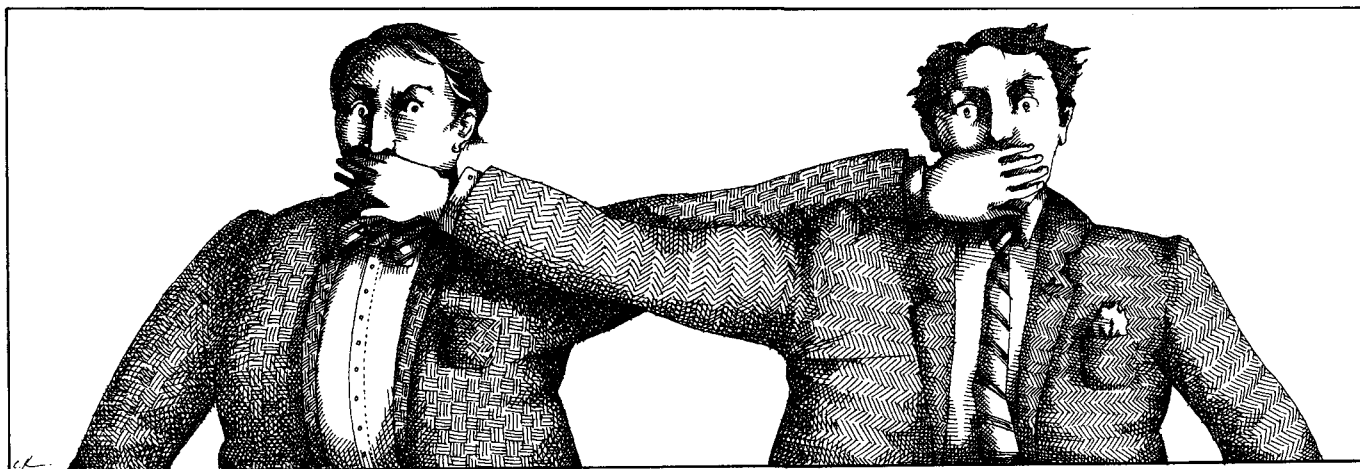
Furthermore, fair-minded federalists had to allow that Quebec was apparently going to get an honest government, something of a departure in this traditionally patronage-ridden province. The new administration would be led by intelligent social democrats, some of Quebec's brightest and best, among them graduates of Harvard, Cambridge, and the London School of Economics. The new team would include the immensely popular Lévesque, Jacques Parizeau, Claude Morin, and Jacques-Yvan Morin. Lévesque was magnanimous in victory, immediately reassuring English-speaking Quebecers that they were still welcome in the province, an integral part of its history. His government, he said,

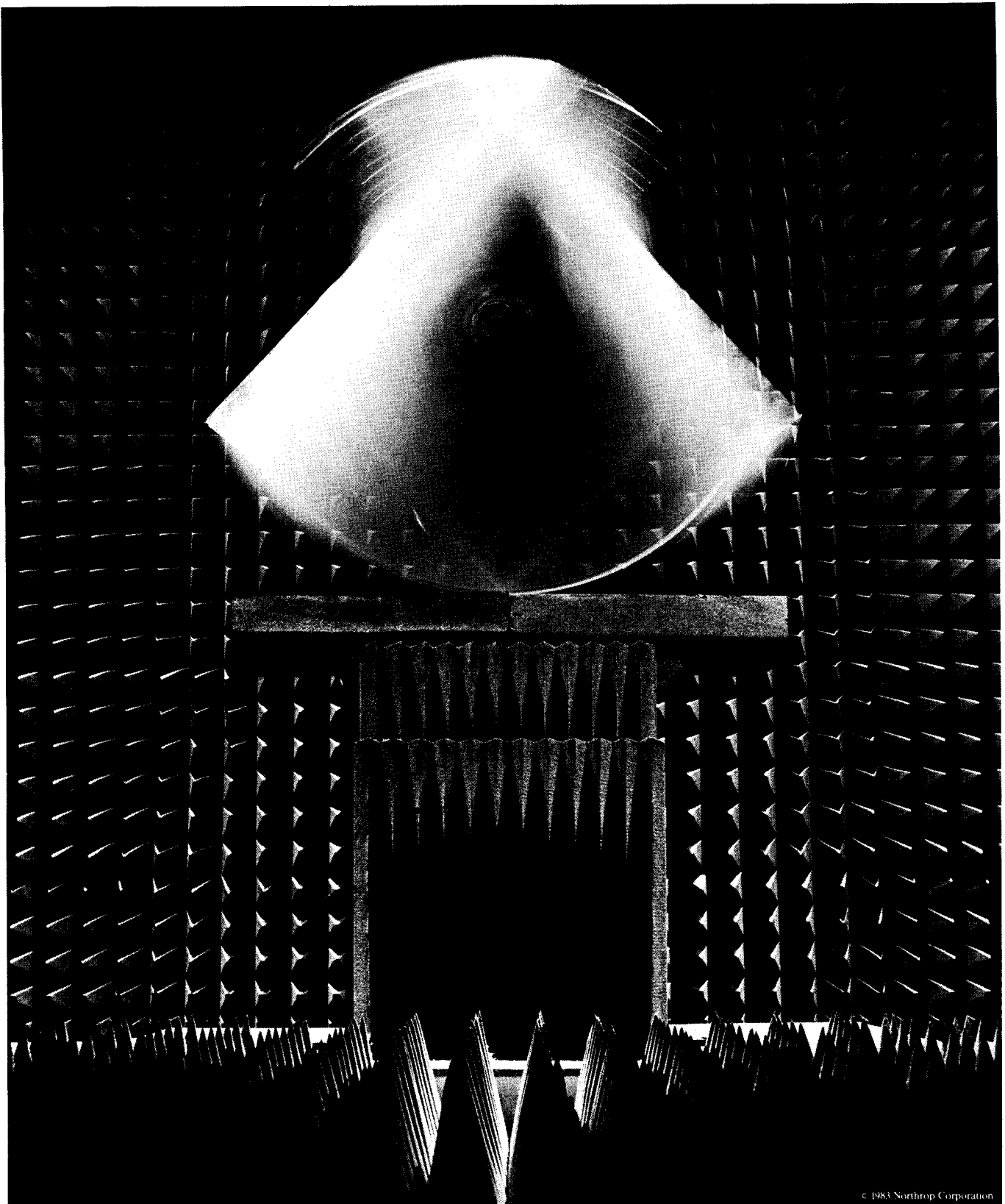
would be judged on how it treated its minorities.

Early legislation introduced by the PQ was very good indeed: for instance, a government-backed, no-fault automobile-insurance program and an enlightened land act to protect arable green areas from rampaging developers. Quebecers were promised a referendum in which they would respond to a clear-cut question on whether or not they wished to separate from the rest of Canada. And then along came Bill 101, vengeful and mean-minded in its particulars, overseen by Camille Laurin, then the minister of cultural development. Dr. Laurin, a lean and soft-spoken psychiatrist who dyes his hair black, immediately antagonized English-speaking Quebecers, lecturing to them in the most condescending fashion in one public hearing after another. "The English in Quebec [are] like a fox in the hen coop." What they needed, he said, was a shock.

They got it.

In Ottawa, Prime Minister Trudeau was arguing eloquently, and not without real political risk in the western prov-





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inces, for a bilingual Canada, an outward-looking society, a country where French Canadians could feel at ease from sea to sea; in Quebec the rug was being pulled out from under him. Bill 101, which runs to nearly forty pages in the statute books, declared French the only official language in Quebec, reducing with a stroke some 20 percent of the population to second-class status. The bill put an end to a 200-year-old convention in Quebec, which gave equal legitimacy to English and French; it also violated Section 133 of the British North America Act, which guaranteed the use of English in both the courts and the legislature in Quebec. It ruled that any company with more than fifty employees would in future require a "francization" certificate to prove that it conducted all internal business in French, even if not one French-speaking employee was on the premises. As a result, some companies cut off employment at forty-nine and then hastily incorporated another label. In other companies—the owners Jewish, the workers Jewish, Greek, or Italian—the pressers and cutters still yell at each other in an admixture of unofficial idioms, but once a week a woman comes in to write out the company minutes in French, to make things seem kosher for the language inspector.

Bill 101 led to the creation of the Commission de Toponymie, which promptly began to rename towns, rivers, and mountains, especially in the Eastern Townships, a region hard by the Vermont border, first settled by United Empire Loyalists and then by Scottish and Irish immigrants. So, Tea Table Island was reborn Ile Table à Thé; Bunker Hill became Colline Bunker; and Molasses Lake became Lac à la Mélasse.

Bill 101 also meant that by 1981 all English or even bilingual signs would be illegal.

In January, in the little border town of Dégelis, motel-keeper Louiselle Laforge was ordered to appear in court in Rivière-du-Loup for displaying English signs. "Please," she protested, "let me keep my three small English signs to attract tourists from Maine and New Brunswick. I promise you that no one will be hurt if they see the words *Office* and *Bar Open* on my motel."

Inspectors from the Commission de Surveillance de la Langue Française had already dismantled a \$4,000 sign whose three-foot-high letters winked LICENSED DINING ROOM. A spokesman for the com-

mission stated that Ms. Laforge's faith in the English sign was a delusion, "a typically Québécois reflex" that had no basis in reality. American tourists in fact preferred French signs.

To appreciate the enormity of Bill 101, consider that a similar bill legislated in Ontario or Nova Scotia to preserve the purity of English there would mean that no more Châteauneuf-du-Pape or Pouilly-fuissé could be imported unless it was labeled in English. A restaurant menu could no longer legally offer *pâté* or *filet mignon*. *Nouvelle cuisine* would be "new cooking," and *croissants* would be called "crescents." There would be no *boutiques*. The language would be cleansed of such impurities as *tête-à-tête*, *parvenu*, and *chemise*.

Bill 101 ruled that wherever a child came from—abroad, or even from another Canadian province—he or she had to be educated in French, unless one parent had been to an English school in Quebec. In some cases, the children of English-speaking parents who had been educated outside Quebec were allowed a three-year period of adjustment before plunging into French schools. This, however, did not apply to the children of Greek or Italian immigrants in Montreal, and soon an estimated 1,400 children were illegally attending English schools. Yet another clause of Bill 101 compelled all non-francophone professionals who wished to practice their professions in Quebec to take French proficiency tests, which led to a *cause célèbre*, i.e. a celebrated case.

Between July of 1976 and April of 1981, 532 nurses and 265 registered nursing assistants (RNAs) failed, without arousing comment, a language-proficiency test that required an ability to comprehend literary and metaphysical French. Then, late in 1981, Joanne Curran, a bilingual, working-class woman, scored 85 percent on the oral exams but failed the written test by eight points. She lost her job as an RNA at Santa Cabrini Hospital. But the scrappy Ms. Curran, who hardly fit the PQ stereotype of "white Rhodesian"—of anglophone riches and arrogance—took to the French TV talk shows, arguing her case fluently. Fair-minded French Canadians were outraged. For the first time, apparently, they grasped the real iniquities inherent in the details of Bill 101. Lysiane Gagnon wrote in *La Presse*, "I'd bet a year's salary that a good number of francophone Quebecers would flunk this test." Even

Pierre Bourgault, a well-known separatist intellectual, called the tests "stupid and inhumane, a scandal." A far-from-contrite Camille Laurin haughtily suggested that the Office de la Langue Française might lower the passing mark for RNAs, "because they have less schooling than nurses who take the same exam." Furthermore, he noted, Ms. Curran hadn't scored 85 in the French oral test, as she claimed, but only 82.

Ms. Curran, who had only begun to fight, published an open letter to Dr. Laurin in the *Gazette*. Setting out that she was for the predominance and protection of the French language in Quebec, she claimed, nevertheless, that she was a victim "of the most pure and narrow-minded of bureaucracies. I am a victim, Dr. Laurin, of what I consider to be racial discrimination. I am a Quebec citizen who, like thousands of others, must now prove that she belongs in Quebec society."

In May of 1981, sixty-seven-year-old Marie-Marthe Larose died of cancer after a two-month stay in the intensive-care unit of St. Mary's Hospital in Montreal. Following her death, her husband praised the competence of the St. Mary's staff in a letter to Dr. John Keyserlingk, who was in charge of the unit. Dr. Keyserlingk, incidentally, is a graduate of Collège Brébeuf; he is married to a French Canadian, and the first language of his two children is French. But eighteen months after the fact, the late Mrs. Larose's daughter, Huguette, filed a complaint alleging that her mother "did not die in French." Consequently, the doctor and three nurses, also bilingual, were summoned to appear before a closed-door hearing of the language commission. When the commission finally handed down its ruling, in March of this year, it declared that Mrs. Larose had not, in fact, been properly treated in French, because she had spent 34 percent of her last months in the care of nurses who spoke "little or very little" French.

What was singular about this episode was not the charge, or the ruling, but that the doctor in the case actually knew the name of his accuser. For it is in the nature of Bill 101 that, in true Star Chamber tradition, anyone can file a complaint anonymously. The accused has no right to confront his accuser.

Even so, no substantial modifications of Bill 101 are at all likely, Premier Lévesque has said, because requests for change reflect a "nostalgia for the privi-

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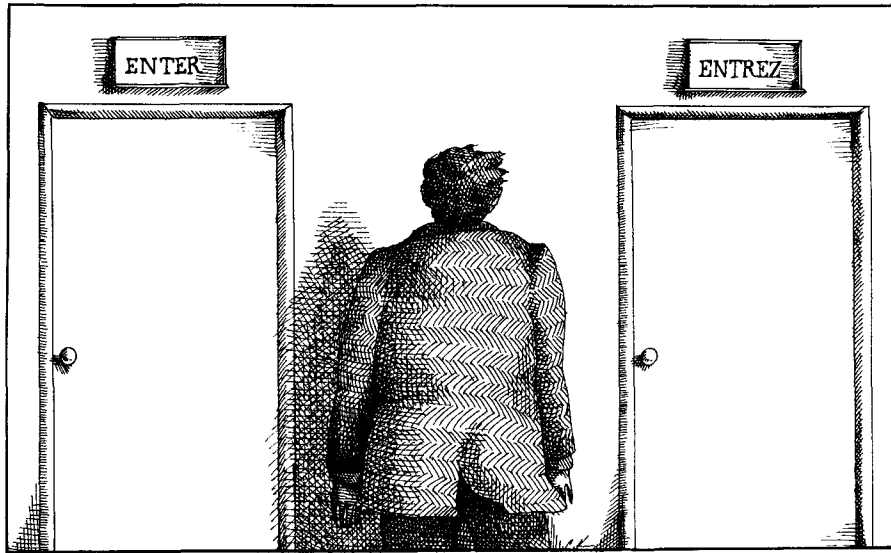
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leged past," a failure of those dubbed anglophones—or *les autres*—to adapt to the "new reality of Quebec." Approximately two thirds of Quebec's 706,000 anglophones live in Montreal; in fact, *les autres* make up something like 25 percent of the population (1.8 million) of that once charming but now sadly diminished city. Bill 101 will remain in place, according to Premier Lévesque, until such time as the real Québécois "have more security in our own institutions."

Meanwhile, the government has not been idle. Confronted by more than 200,000 people without work in Montreal, unemployment running to 14.7 percent in the province as a whole (the highest in Canada after traditionally impoverished Newfoundland), it has surfaced with an ideologically acceptable make-work program. It has ordained that as of January 1, 1988, the estimated 200,000 "Stop/Arrêt" road signs in Quebec will be replaced by signs that read "Arrêt" only. This, even though as recently as 1977 Premier Lévesque pronounced just such a plan ridiculous, saying, "It would make us a laughingstock."

Even before Bill 101 became law, the Sun Life Insurance Company—never a model citizen of Quebec, its investment in the province minimal—abruptly announced the removal of its head office, a Montreal landmark, to Toronto. Other corporations, emboldened, sniffed the wind, and were soon tripping over each other in their eagerness to flee Montreal. Between 1976 and 1981, according to Reed Scowan, a Liberal, an estimated 100 major head offices quit town, accounting for a loss of 14,000 jobs and, incidentally, a virtual collapse of the real-

estate market. In the same period, the anglophone population of Montreal dropped 11.8 percent, some 94,565 people, many of them recent university graduates, driving down route 401 to Toronto or points further west. For the most part, however, English-speaking Quebecers were quiescent on the introduction of Bill 101. Anticipating rules not yet in place, many rushed to oblige, old and long-established firms dropping compromising apostrophes like hot coals. Eaton's, for instance, sanitized itself, becoming Eaton; and Steinberg's, one of the largest supermarket chains in the province, was reborn Steinberg. Such ready compliance, both public and private, was prompted by at least some good will, but, for the most part, by a strong sense of guilt.

Though Bill 101 was unarguably repressive in some of its particulars, French Canadians were not acting vengefully without cause. For years, they had been treated as second-class citizens in their own country and even in their own province. Before the emergence of Trudeau, very few French Canadian or even bilingual civil servants worked in Ottawa, and the French-speaking were obliged to deal with their own federal government in a language many of them didn't understand. In downtown Montreal, unilingual clerks in Eaton's and other department stores were often gratuitously rude, imperiously demanding that French Canadian customers speak English or do without service. Montreal, the largest French-speaking city in the world after Paris, offered few positions in the higher corporate reaches to French Canadians. Or

partnerships in the most influential law firms. Or seats on the stock exchange. St. James Street, once the most important financial center in the country, was a closed WASP preserve, its movers and shakers retiring in the evening to mansions in suburban Westmount. Typical of Westmount suburbanites in 1970 was David Molson, a scion of the famous Montreal brewery family. When I interviewed Molson shortly after the October Crisis in 1970, at a time when his family owned le Club de Hockey Canadiens, and he was serving as president, he assured me that the Molsons had been untouched by the troubles. "Of all the old WASP families in the province," he said, "ours has always been closest to the natives."

Was he bilingual? I asked.

"We have a French maid in the house and the children are taking advantage of it. They're learning."

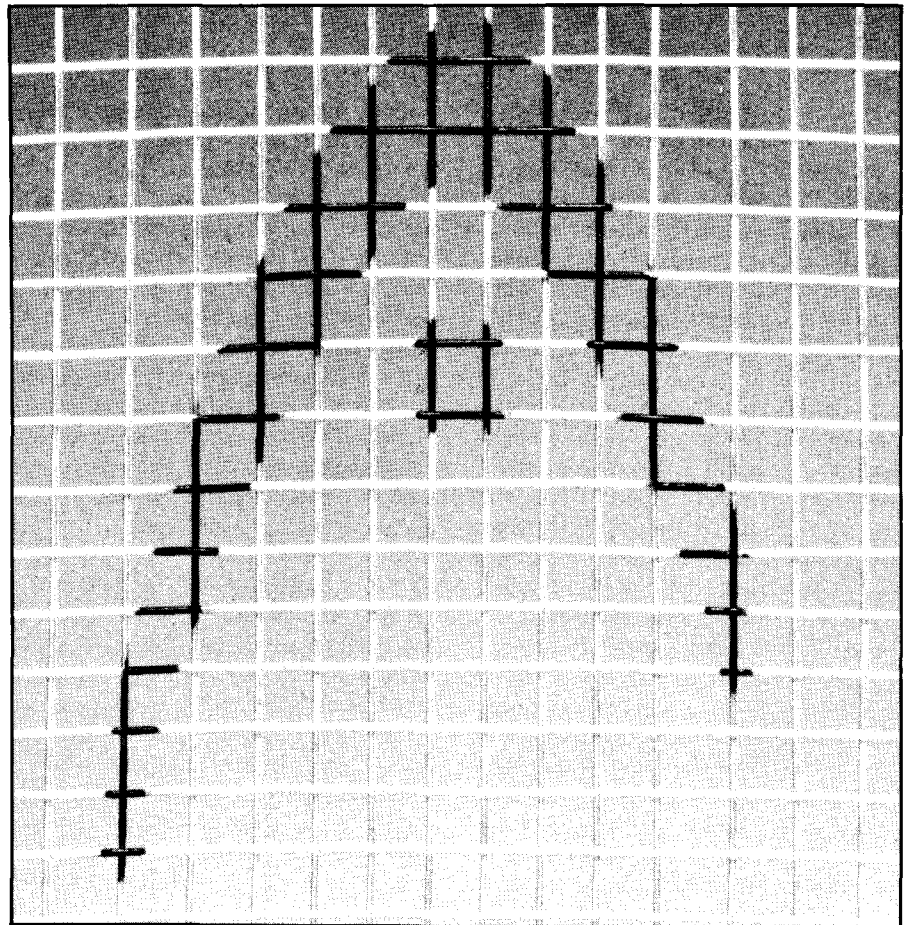
That same year, a Montreal friend of mine, though thoroughly bilingual, testily attempted to book a flight in French at the Toronto airport. But absolutely nobody at the Air Canada desk could speak the language. Finally, the help of a Dutch immigrant porter was enlisted and my friend was led onto the airplane grasping a form that declared the following disability: SPEAKS FRENCH ONLY.

Even earlier, in the late 1960s, reaction to this sort of thing had already occurred in at least two notable ways. An upsurge of nationalist feeling led to the formation of the RIN (le Parti Républicain de Québec). There were terrorist incidents. In response, a rich but then unknown law professor, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, and seven other French Canadian intellectuals issued a manifesto, denouncing both French and English nationalism as sterile and retrograde. Soon afterwards, Trudeau, Jean Marchand, a union leader, and Gerald Pelletier, a journalist (known as the Three Wise Men) went to Ottawa as Liberal MPs. René Lévesque, on the other hand, a former TV news analyst who had already served with distinction in the provincial Liberal cabinet, quit the party in disgust, hung out a separatist shingle, and formed his own Parti Québécois. French Canadians, suddenly led by two champions, both of whom they cherished, were now being encouraged to ride off in totally contradictory directions. Trudeau was urging them to come out of the backwoods and claim Canada, a freshly minted bilingual Canada, as their inheritance. Lévesque, by contrast, insisted

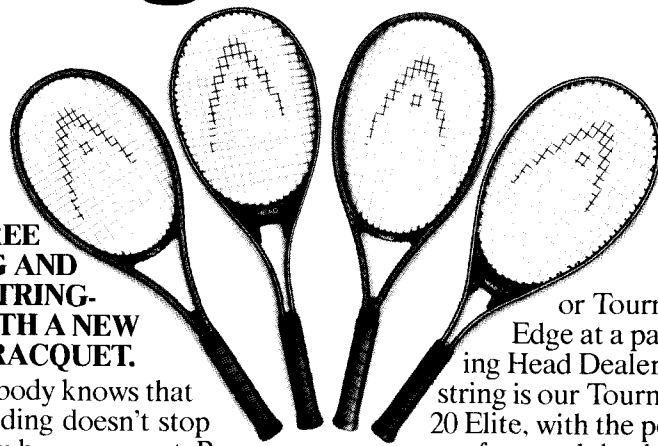
that Quebecers were a conquered people and would retrieve self-respect only through independence. French Canadians, with a certain perverse glee, heeded the advice of both. They voted overwhelmingly for Trudeau as prime minister, installing French Power in Ottawa, and later they thrust Lévesque into office as premier of Quebec. Then, the fuses lit, they settled back to enjoy the fireworks.

ACCORDING TO A study published in 1981 by the Office de la Langue Française, in 1970 anglophone males in Quebec who could not speak French earned, on average, 21.1 percent more than francophone males who could not speak English. In 1977, the PQ published a white paper maintaining that French was still the language of the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. By 1978, even the Office de la Langue Française admits, the difference in income between francophone and anglophone had all but disappeared. The PQ was fighting a battle already won. A new generation of French Canadians, many of them graduates of Montreal's Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales, were ready to take charge of the provincial economy.

Though anathema to English-speaking Quebecers, Bill 101 undoubtedly has helped to bolster a still-fragile French Canadian pride. The midnight flight of many head offices from Montreal, a drain on the economy mourned by the English-speaking, has been a source of joy to many French Canadians, not all of them separatists. Of course, to militant separatists the departure of so many *maudits anglais* from Montreal is not only a pleasure but also a real political advantage. In the future, they feel, they will be able to point out to those timorous French Canadians who argue that Quebec separation would provoke a disastrous run of English capital from the province that the English and their money have already departed. Many of the French Canadians who consider René Lévesque a dotty romantic, and the economic policies of the PQ deplorable, are secretly pleased. And why not? Thrust aside for years, they now have been given an edge. Suddenly, traditionally closed WASP brokerage and law firms are stumbling over each other to recruit French Canadian partners. Suddenly, the largest brokerage house in the province is entirely French Canadian: Geofrion, Leclerc Investments.



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Possibly, a Jewish analogy would best serve to explain the situation.

Many Jews in Israel and the Diaspora who find Menachem Begin's policies insufferable, his claims to what he calls Judea and Samaria specious, nevertheless experience a secret gut pleasure when that hot, uncompromising old man reminds the President of the United States, "The Jews bow only to God."

Similarly, French Canadian businessmen in Montreal who take Camille Laurin to be a zealot, and Bill 101 an affront to individual liberty, are still pleased to have somebody shaft the English. Which is what Dr. Laurin, Quebec's cultural ayatollah, did in a long-awaited report that preceded the referendum.

A *Cultural Development Policy for Quebec*, published in 1978, starts out by cheerfully dismissing the rest of Canada as an entity "which sometimes claims to be a 'nation,'" and goes on to divide Quebecers into racial categories: the authentic Québécois, Anglo-Saxons, and ethnic or neo-Quebecers. A crippling Canadian presence, it complains, imposes upon Quebec "restrictions that become shackles when it attempts to develop its own values and cultural endeavors." This, incongruously enough, at a time when the prime minister of Canada was a Quebecer, as were the minister of finance and the governor-general; and when hardly a separatist theater group, painter, composer, or writer in Quebec wasn't on a Canada Council grant or fettered to such federal cultural institutions as Radio-Canada and the National Film Board.

Any reference in the report to "so-called" Canadian culture is pejorative, describing it as pseudo-American, or without "cultural personality"—which is to dismiss arbitrarily the work of Robertson Davies, Northrop Frye, Alice Munro, Margaret Atwood, Christopher Plummer, the late Glenn Gould, Mavis Gallant, Margaret Laurence, Morley Callaghan, and, come to think of it, Bobby Orr and Wayne Gretzky. But, happily, the report finds that the indigenous stuff amounts "to an outpouring of works of art that is proof of Quebec's genius."

The report, pondered and debated for months by the brightest minds Dr. Laurin could gather in conclave, abounds not only in chauvinism but also in banalities and bromides. Both sex and age, we are earnestly told, are the result of natural laws. "We do not choose our sex, we do not choose to grow old." Women, we are assured, "are people,"

but this daring notion is not qualified by any scientific data. In Quebec as elsewhere, the report claims, children make great demands on adult energy. And again, without documented support, we are asked to swallow whole the notion that "adolescents make up a large proportion of the population."

All these "brief yet thought-provoking" *pensées* came in Vol. I. The real illuminations were saved for the hefty Vol. II, which reveals that "books have been one of the most important vehicles of culture for centuries, and will continue to play this role for some time."

TWO WEEKS BEFORE the 1980 referendum, Prime Minister Trudeau spoke out at a dinner in Quebec City. For thirty-six of its first hundred years, he pointed out, Canada had been governed by French Canadian prime ministers from Quebec. In the tradition of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Louis St. Laurent, he added, he had gone to Ottawa to insist on the right of Quebecers to play their larger role in Canada. "We have resolved to say NO to those who wish to tear down the house, to those who want to uproot us from this country which is ours, this country we discovered, colonized, and explored. . . . We want to say NO to those who think Quebecers are not smart enough . . . to defend themselves both in Quebec and on the national scene."

The referendum question, alas, did not ask Quebecers whether or not they wished to be independent. Instead, after being extensively tested for acceptance in private PQ polls, it argued for the nebulous concept of sovereignty-association. The question ran:

"The Government of Quebec has made public its proposal to negotiate a new agreement with the rest of Canada, based on the equality of nations; this agreement would enable Quebec to acquire the exclusive power to make its laws, levy its taxes and establish relations abroad—in other words, sovereignty—and at the same time, to maintain with Canada an economic association including a common currency; no change in political status resulting from these negotiations will be effected without approval by the people through another referendum. On these terms do you give the Government of Quebec the mandate to negotiate the proposed agreement between Quebec and Canada?"

The PQ was willing to say good-bye if the rest of Canada would guarantee both its currency and its passports.

When the people finally went to the polls, on May 20, 1980, 59.5 percent voted no and 40.5 percent voted yes. Separatists failed to win a yes majority even among French Canadians in the province. PQ supporters, who had thrown themselves enthusiastically into the campaign, working long hours without pay, were understandably depressed. The government, shorn of its primary purpose, began to drift.

Soon after their defeat in the 1976 election, the all but discredited provincial Liberal Party had elected a new and surprising leader, Claude Ryan, a highly respected intellectual who was a former editor of *Le Devoir*. The fastidious Mr. Ryan led the no-vote forces into the referendum campaign, and after his triumph it was assumed even by many a disconsolate PQ supporter that he would certainly be the next premier. But in the next election, on April 13, 1981, Quebecers, having admonished the PQ, re-elected the still immensely popular René Lévesque to office, providing him with eighty seats, the Liberals with only forty-two. A little more than a year later, Ryan resigned and was replaced by an interim leader, Gerard D. Lévesque, who was appointed to serve until a new leadership convention could be held.

The second PQ government, forewarned by the electorate to put aside its dreams of separation, began to come untracked rather early. To begin with, it was forced to contend with proliferating economic problems not entirely of its own making but clearly exacerbated by an administration made up of ideologues, many of them former academics, whose stance was snobbishly anti-business. And then the PQ became accident-prone. Suddenly, *les autres*, quiescent for such a long time, turned very hot indeed, their anger fed by an accumulation of irritating and unnecessary affronts: the issue of the signs; the Joanne Curran case; and, without warning, the elimination from the Montreal telephone directory of all English-language listings of provincial government services, a hardship for many old people. Even more ominously, the dreaded Camille Laurin was preparing an education bill that threatened to shut down some English-language schools and shift the control of others into French hands. Foolishly, the PQ had cashed in and spent a valuable

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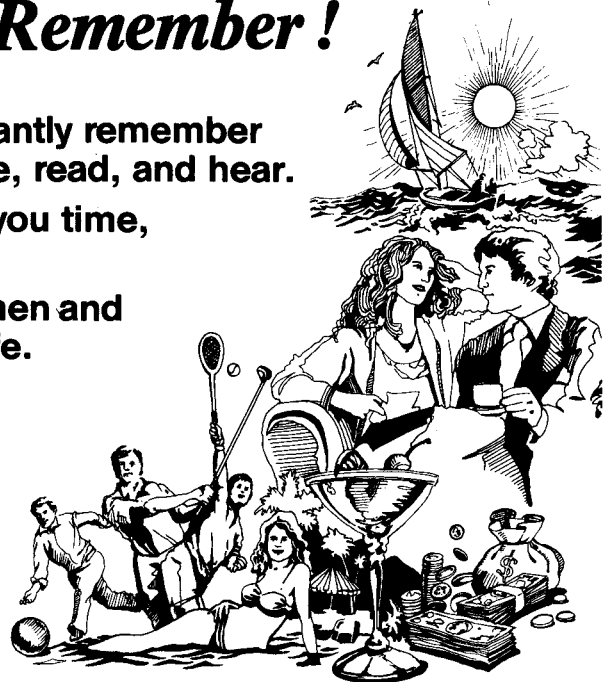
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emotional resource: anglophone guilt. Now they were working on a large over-draft. Only six years in office, they had demonstrated that, given a chance, they could be far more intolerant than the English had ever been. Moderate anglophones, once inclined to give the PQ the benefit of the doubt, now saw the government as prejudiced and irrational. But if the mood had changed, fundamental disagreement remained over what the real issue was. As far as the English-speaking were concerned, they had a democratic right—after all, they were Canadians as well as Quebecers—to conduct their affairs in their own language, to post bilingual street signs, to run their own schools. To the French, however, the use of English, far from being a civil right, was a privilege. A minority privilege. Even Claude Ryan, then still leader of the Liberal Party, warned, “Those who continue to hope for equal status for those languages [English and anything else other than French] are dreaming.”

Lévesque, responding to a brief put to him by the Alliance Québec, the newly constituted if somewhat muted voice of English Quebecers, turned down every one of their requests for moderation. Alluding to what he saw as the continuing vulnerability of the French language in Quebec, he noted that he did not share the group’s apprehension about the future of their community. But the justification for Bill 101, a concern that because of the declining French birthrate the French language was threatened, was not borne out by the evidence. In 1961, the mother tongue of 64.9 percent of Montrealers was French; in 1981, the percentage had grown to 68.4. In the province as a whole, over the same period, it had moved upward from 91.4 to 93.4 percent. Furthermore, a 1982 federal study, written for the Office of the Commissioner of Official Languages, noted that since 1976, the proportion of Montrealers whose mother tongue was English had shrunk from 22 percent to 18 percent—from 607,505 to 520,490. One in seven anglophones had left Montreal since the PQ came to power. In the province as a whole, the number of those whose first language was English fell from 800,680 to 706,115—from 13 percent of Quebec’s population to 10.9 percent. That “the risk of oblivion is not negligible” for anglophone Quebecers was the verdict of the author of the study, Gary Caldwell, a member of the Quebec gov-

ernment’s own institute for cultural research and a long-time supporter of the PQ.

Jewish Quebecers, uneasy with the new nationalism, have begun to quit the province in considerable numbers. By 1981, the Jewish community, once 119,000 strong, had been reduced by at least 15,000, some say by much more. Among the first to pack their bags were young university graduates, most of them bilingual. They felt unwanted. Mel Himes, a political-science professor at Dawson College, in Montreal, said, “The Jewish community is . . . dying. [It] still hasn’t come to grips with the trauma of its young people leaving.”

It didn’t help matters when the most rigid defender of Quebec’s nationalist flame, the St. Jean Baptiste Society (SSJB), asked that something more be done to honor the memory of one of its philosophical progenitors, the late Abbé Lionel Groulx. In his day, the Abbé was an enthusiastic admirer of Mussolini. “Happy,” he once wrote, “are the peoples who have found dictators.” He also fancied himself an expert on the Jewish psyche. But, speaking in his defense on French TV, a spokesman for the SSJB argued that the Abbé, far from being anti-Semitic, merely noted well-known characteristics of Jews—among them those outlined in a letter written in 1954: “We must also consider his innate passion for money. A passion often monstrous and one that removes all scruples from him. He will do anything for money. And so we find him at the bottom of every shady affair. . . .”

Last November, a *Toronto Star* reporter uncovered a PQ list, labeled “confidential,” of 750 ethnic community leaders and 250 ethnic organizations, mostly Jewish, Greek, or Italian. Compiled in 1979 and used as a guide in the heat of the referendum campaign, it was really, on balance, not so much sinister as silly, but both sides overreacted. The list, charged a Liberal member of the legislature, Harry Blank, “smacks of the KGB,” while Lévesque dismissed the fuss over the issue as “a tempest in a teapot.”

Notes on the names featured in the ethnic list ran from “right-wing extremist,” through “fanatic,” to the ultimate calumny—“opposed to Quebec nationalism.” Religious belief or racial origin was attached to each name. In my case, for instance, the tag read “of Jewish origin,” which certainly let the cat out of the bag. The *Gazette* ran the complete list under

the head “Who’s Who on the Government’s List of Quebec’s Ethnic Leaders,” and any prominent Montrealer who was not included felt slighted. Michel Beaubien, author of the document, denied that it was meant as a blacklist. Rather, he said, as if to resolve any doubts about his own foolishness, it was “designed to expand awareness of the milieu, especially on the socio-political level.” Lévesque, on reflection, conceded, “In some ways, it’s a rather repugnant work.”

An obviously weary and short-tempered Lévesque now had more important problems to cope with. He had been badly outmaneuvered in the seemingly endless constitutional bickering between federal and provincial governments, a debate that finally ended with the patriation of Canada’s constitution, the symbolic severing of the last lingering colonial cord. In the process, Lévesque lost something cherished by every previous premier of Quebec, the province’s traditional de facto veto on constitutional matters.

Canada’s new constitution came complete with a Charter of Rights and Freedoms. The Canada Clause, Section 23 of the constitution, ruled that anyone who has been educated at the primary level in English or French in Canada may send his or her children to school in English or French. This ruling, which contradicted Bill 101, was swiftly tested in the Quebec Superior Court, where it had already been ordained contrary to Bill 101. In a landmark ruling, last September 8, the Quebec Superior Court pronounced again, this time in language that roused the flagging spirits of all English-speaking Quebecers. Chief Justice Jules Deschênes ruled that the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms took precedence over Bill 101. In fact, he said, the Quebec government’s argument to the contrary “demonstrates a totalitarian concept of society to which the court cannot subscribe. The human person is the highest value we know, and nothing should be used to help reduce the respect it is due. Other societies put the collectivity above the individual. . . . This conception of society has not yet taken root here—even if certain political initiatives seem at times to be courting it dangerously—and this court will not honor it with its approval. Every individual in Canada and Quebec should enjoy his rights in their entirety, be he alone, or a member of a group; and if the group has 100 members, the hundredth

has as much right to benefit from all his privileges as do the 99 others. . . ."

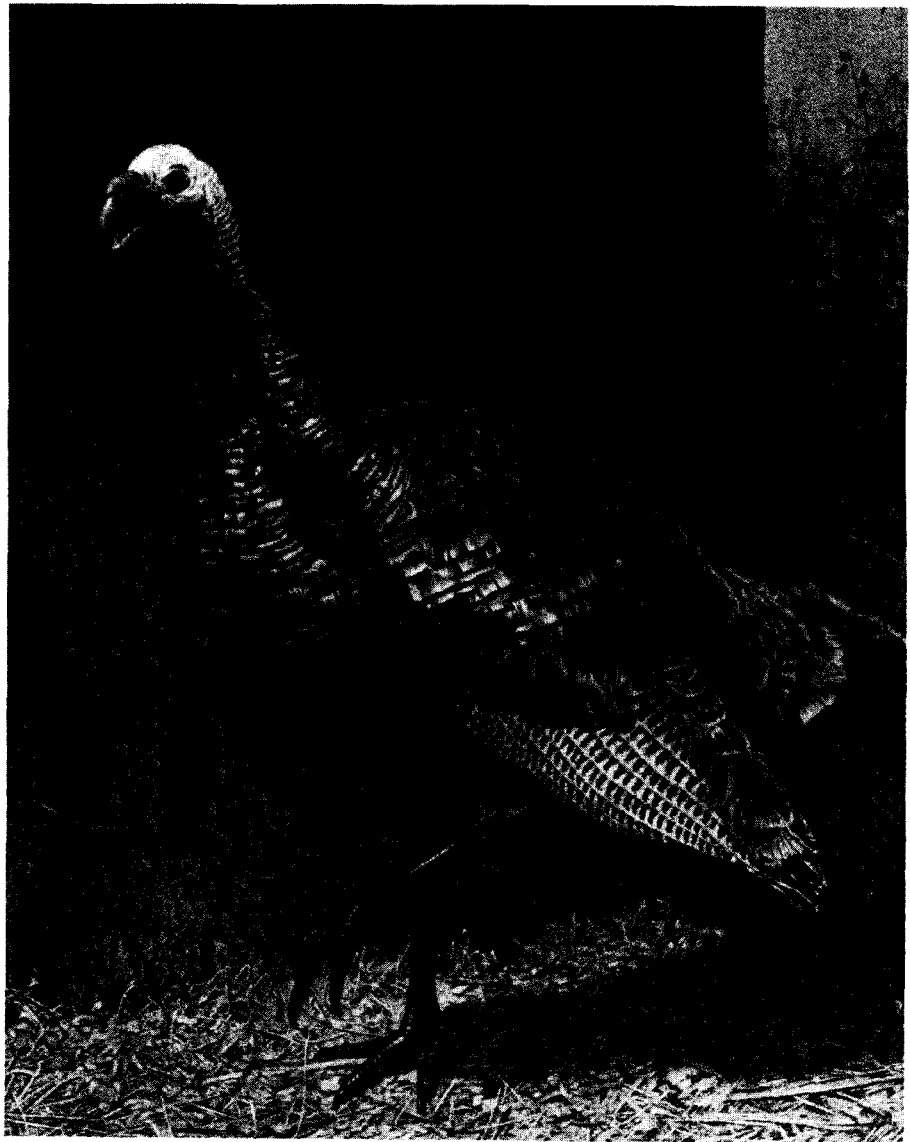
The court ruling actually had an immediate effect on no more than an estimated 200 schoolchildren, but, even so, Education Minister Camille Laurin said that the Cabinet might consider withholding subsidies from schools that accepted pupils not eligible under Bill 101. A week later he decided to appeal the decision. Judge Deschêne's legality, he said, is one that "takes precedence over legitimacy, rights, and collective interests of a people."

BY THE END OF 1982, the PQ had trouble, trouble everywhere. Forced by ever-worsening economic conditions to legislate a rollback in the wages of civil servants who had done so much to thrust the party into office in the first place, the government was threatened with a long and wasting succession of illegal strikes. One of these strikes, by 70,000 teachers, provoked a brutal back-to-work law late in February of this year. Bill 111 called for union leaders to be fined \$10,000 for every day the strike continued; furthermore, the accused were to be presumed guilty unless they could prove their innocence. Individual union members were to be fined as much as \$100 a day, and the unions themselves faced a penalty of from \$5,000 to \$50,000 a day. Outraged, and swearing vengeance against the PQ, the teachers drifted back to work.

A poll taken at the end of last year revealed that if an election were held immediately the PQ would lose, even if it were confronted by a Liberal Party led by an interim leader. Six years after the PQ originally came to power, 42 percent of Quebecers said they would vote for it again, while 51 percent said they would back the Liberals. In the last election, held in April of 1981, the PQ had won 49 percent of the vote, the Liberals 46 percent.

Another poll showed that 58 percent of all Quebecers no longer believed that Lévesque and the PQ were capable of solving the province's economic problems. Only 32.9 percent expressed confidence in Lévesque's leadership.

But René Lévesque, even if he was just possibly on his way out, had already achieved something like de facto separation for Quebec. Repressive language laws, once in the statute books, were unlikely to be revoked even by a Liberal government, terrified of being labeled



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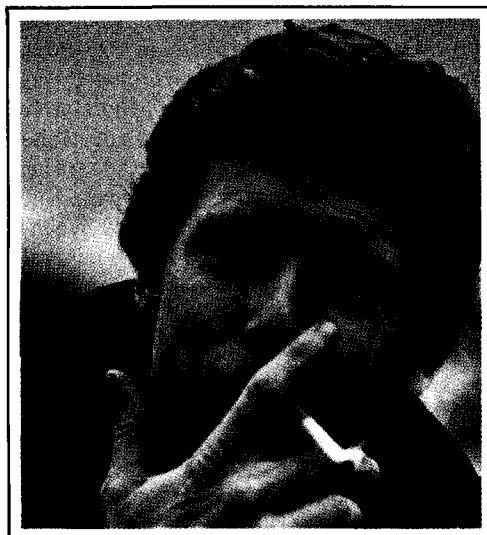
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the running dogs of the English-speaking minority. Head offices, once uprooted, will never return to Montreal. The young, having set themselves up in Toronto or the west, will be coming back only for funerals. English-speaking Quebecers will continue to quit the province. The most ambitious of the new immigrants will naturally want their children educated into the North American mainstream (that is to say, in English), so

they will settle elsewhere in Canada. Montreal, once the most sophisticated and enjoyable city in the country, a charming place, is dying, its mood querulous, its future decidedly more provincial than cosmopolitan.

—Mordecai Richler

Mordecai Richler, a native of Montreal and still a resident of that city, is one of Canada's foremost novelists.



NAMIBIA THE LAST BUFFER

South Africa persists in fighting a guerrilla war to prevent the installation of another Marxist regime on its border



THIRTY YEARS AGO, Otilié Abrahams was sent to Cape Town for high school, because it was impossible for non-whites to get a decent education in South West Africa. She joined a militant student union that advocated her country's independence from South Africa. She was twelve years old.

At twenty-two, she was caught smuggling arms and helping plan a guerrilla war against South Africa. She barely escaped with her life. For the next five years, she and her husband were in and out of prisons in various African countries, as their governments took sides in the factional disputes within what had become the South West African People's

Organization (SWAPO). They went on to live the idyllic, if lonely, life of African intellectual exiles in Sweden.

Today they are back at home, the beneficiaries of an amnesty declared in 1978. While their former SWAPO brethren fight a seemingly endless bush war with South African soldiers, the Abrahamses look for another way to achieve independence for their country, which most people now know as Namibia.

Otilié Abrahams is hardly typical. She is known as the first black woman college graduate in her country. Even that statement is not strictly true, for officially she is not a black. Alternately considered a "Coloured" (the mixed-race group that was formed centuries ago in South Africa's Cape province) or a "Baster" (a smaller mixed-race group, regarded as the pioneers of civilization in Namibia), Abrahams was finally classified under the apartheid laws as a member of racial group number 69: "Other." She lives in Windhoek, the capital, among middle-class whites, rather than in the townships reserved for non-whites on its fringes. That is now her privilege, as the regulations of petty apartheid begin to be lifted in Namibia.

NAMIBIA IS ONE of the most sparsely populated countries in sub-Saharan Africa. With an average of three people per square mile (compared with sixty-six per square mile in Kenya and 202 in Nigeria), it is made up mostly of the Namib and Kalahari deserts and the high plateau in between—all the more desolate and forbidding as a result of the severe drought that has afflicted southern Africa for the past several years. But its million people could probably live in relative prosperity if the nation's mineral wealth were ever fully exploited. Namibia is rich in diamonds, copper, uranium, and other strategic minerals. (An old saw has it that the deposits are so rich that they sometimes disturb the instruments of airplanes flying tens of thousands of feet over Namibia.) That helps make it the most fought-over and negotiated-over territory in Africa today.

But Namibia has a symbolic importance for South Africa far beyond its minerals. Now that white-ruled Rhodesia has become the independent black-ruled nation of Zimbabwe, Namibia is the last geographical buffer between the apartheid state and the rest of Africa; it is also the last political distraction that stands in the way of a more intense focus by the outside world on the explosive situation in South Africa itself.

A hundred years ago, imperial Germany bargained with Britain and Portugal and staked out South West Africa as probably its most valuable African property. But not much had been built or developed in the vast territory before it was occupied by South Africa, during World War I. Woodrow Wilson helped to block South African annexation of the country after the war, and the Treaty of Versailles placed it under South African administration—the rest of Germany's African empire being divided among Britain (Tanganyika and parts of Cameroon and Togo), France (the other parts of Cameroon and Togo), and Belgium (Rwanda and Burundi). The League of Nations later formalized South Africa's mandate.

For decades the South Africans ruled with indifference toward the indigenous peoples and without much challenge from inside or out. But legal trouble began in 1946, when South Africa and the League's successor, the United Nations, began to quarrel over the country's status. The UN would not consent to South Africa's newest push for annexation, and South Africa would not agree to make it

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—Irving Wallace

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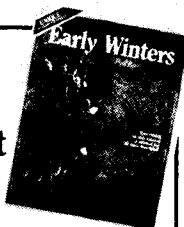
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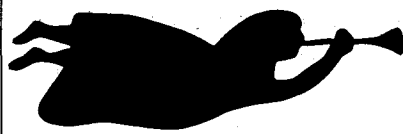
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a "trusteeship" under the UN system. South Africa argued that it could still administer Namibia as a "sacred trust of civilization," even though its other obligations had disappeared with the League. The UN said that those obligations were still in force and that South African conduct in Namibia violated the mandate.

In 1960, Ethiopia and Liberia, the only two countries in Africa that had never formally been Western colonies, brought a case against South Africa at the International Court of Justice in The Hague, challenging its right to be in Namibia and its performance there. The best legal minds of South Africa fought the court battle for years. The Court equivocated on the issue until 1971, but meanwhile the UN became bolder. In 1966, it revoked South Africa's mandate in South West Africa. The General Assembly declared that the UN would have direct responsibility for the country until it became independent. The next year, it created a "Council for South West Africa," and in 1968 it adopted for the country the nationalist name of Namibia. Repeatedly ever since, the UN Security Council has demanded that South Africa grant immediate independence to Namibia, and South Africa's refusal has contributed to its growing diplomatic isolation within the United Nations and the world community.

South Africa also began to face a military challenge in Namibia in the late 1960s. SWAPO, previously a political protest movement, launched low-level guerrilla attacks in the Caprivi Strip, the knife-shaped piece of Namibia that juts eastward between Angola, Botswana and Zambia. But once the United Nations recognized SWAPO as a "national liberation movement" and the "authentic representative of the Namibian people," in 1973, the nationalist rebels began to attract Soviet and other Eastern-bloc aid, which helped them turn the skirmishes into a war. After Angola became independent from Portugal, in 1975, SWAPO obtained a new sanctuary; eventually, it brought together the offices it maintained in Zambia, Tanzania, and Zaire, and established a headquarters in Luanda, the capital of Angola. When the UN General Assembly gave SWAPO its further imprimatur as the "sole legitimate" representative of the Namibian people, in 1976, it helped the group to rally additional African and other Third World support.

Most white South Africans have gradually come to accept the idea that Namibia will become independent—that it is not worth fighting an all-out war to try to hold on to South Africa's only colony, and that such a war would, in any event, probably be unwinnable. But the South African government cannot accept the installation of another militant Marxist regime on its border. It is already made nervous by the rhetoric of Mozambique and Zimbabwe, and it fears that a SWAPO-ruled Namibia would be one more base for the African National Congress and other groups that want to carry the struggle against minority rule to South Africa. So a smaller-scale guerrilla war seems tolerable, at least until arrangements can be made that are acceptable to the white South African political system and internationally as well.

Many South Africans, of course, would have liked to impose on Namibia the same farcical kind of "independence" that has been accepted by Transkei, Ciskei, BophuthaTswana, Venda, and other black "homelands" within South Africa. But Namibia is far too big, and too much an international *cause célèbre*, for any such status, and so the goal of the protracted military and diplomatic struggle is to find some way to avoid simply handing over Namibia to SWAPO. Six years of negotiations under UN auspices by a "contact group" of five Western nations (the United States, Britain, France, West Germany, and Canada) have produced many elaborate cease-fire and election formulas, but never an actual resolution. That resolution has seemed all the more remote ever since the Reagan Administration proposed, and the South African government delightedly seized on, a linkage between the Namibian settlement and the withdrawal of Cuban troops from Angola. South Africa and the United States say the Cubans must go before peace can come to Namibia. Angola, supported by most of the rest of Africa, says the Cubans cannot go until peace has come to Namibia and the South Africans stop invading Angola. The Angolans and South Africans have begun to meet privately, but their positions still seem far apart.

MEANWHILE, FOR ALL the swirl of international diplomatic activity, in Namibia itself, the economy has deteriorated. Taxes on mining companies provide the bulk of local revenues, but mineral prices are down, and so revenues

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are too. Some beef is exported, but even the fishing business is in a slump, and South Africa's annual economic and military subsidy to prop up Namibia is estimated at \$1 billion or more. For the moment, war and politics are the country's only growth industries.

Windhoek is the center for both, and so, oddly, it has the aura of a boomtown. It is like an outpost where a few sky-scrapers were built in anticipation of growth that never occurred. Despite its size, its isolation, and its languor, Windhoek has a veneer of worldliness. There is a "Bangkok Massage" parlor, an exotic way to flaunt the permissiveness that has emerged in this society as the South Africans have begun to let go. But the real symbol of the outside world is the Kalahari Sands Hotel. There, people just in from the bush stand baffled as they try to figure out how to use the escalator from the shopping level up to the hotel lobby. They are serenaded with "Winter Wonderland" through speakers, even as the temperature outside goes to 100° and beyond. Perhaps half the patrons of this hotel and its bar openly carry weapons; many of them are young, rowdy South African soldiers just back from "the border" (also known as "the operational area"), stopping to clean up and have some fun on their way home.

Windhoek also has quaint German churches, restaurants that serve heavy German food, and German street names that commemorate Bismarck, the Bahnhof (railroad station), and even Hermann Göring's father, who lived here for a time. The main street is called Kaiserstrasse. Germans still make up almost a third of Namibia's white population, officially estimated at 76,000. They farm, run gem shops and other retail establishments, or work as professionals. They have seen many crises come and go in their beloved "Südwest," and find it hard to imagine that they might ever have to flee. Most of them have lived here all their lives; they work and shop and pray in German and get most of their news of the world from a German-language daily newspaper published in Windhoek. Politically they are moderate, and they tell you privately that they believe the South Africans have made a mess of things in this beautiful land.

Most of the other whites are Afrikaners, members of South Africa's unique white group, who tend to see themselves as political missionaries serving nobly on the front line of civili-

zation. Some are descendents of the Dorsland Trekkers (Afrikaans for "travelers to the thirsty land"), men who went north from South Africa in search of opportunity. They sometimes went as far as Angola, where they married Portuguese women and returned to this frontier territory. Here they could start ranches or easily find other jobs, and count on greater tolerance of their mixed marriages than they could at home. The frontier mentality still prevails for many Namibian Afrikaners, and they have a rigid view of the future that has seriously complicated South Africa's problems. The nationalist party to which most of them belong is so right-wing as to be an embarrassment to its counterpart back home.

Namibia's black population is very diverse indeed. The Ovambo, of the north, because they make up at least half the country's population, are often feared and resented by the other groups, especially the Kavango, Herero, and Damara. The Basters, who are mulatto, have held themselves apart as a group entitled to privilege. Nearly everyone has persecuted the San (also called Bushmen), and the Khoikhoi (also called Hottentots), the original inhabitants of the area, who have been reduced to a presence and a status roughly comparable to that of the American Indian. Over the years, all of this conflict played into the hands of the South Africans, who are ideologically intent on proving that everyone is better off if each group lives separately.

It is almost as difficult in Namibia as in South Africa to keep everyone truly apart, but the interim governmental system established here by Pretoria for the transition to independence has turned out to be a highly sophisticated form of apartheid. "AG-8," the South African administrator-general's decree that serves as the country's temporary constitution, provides for two separate "tiers" of government. The first tier is the national authority, but it actually has little responsibility for the matters that affect people's daily lives, such as education, housing, health, and agriculture. Those are reserved, for the most part, for the second tier, or ethnic authorities. There are eleven, each for a distinct tribal group, including one for all the whites.

Each ethnic authority is entitled to tax its own people as it sees fit, and that is the mechanism by which the whites continue to assure themselves the best

Can Read, Won't Read

More and more Americans are "a-literates." These are people who can read but choose not to, or who read only simplified—"dumbed down"—material.

"A-literate" is a word minted to distinguish the new breed from absolute illiterates, who cannot read or write, and from functional illiterates, who are so deficient in reading and writing skills that they cannot fill out a job application or follow written instructions.

The growth of a-literacy is a major reason for the flat sale of books and the arrested growth of newspapers. It's adding to a TV audience already heavily peopled by illiterates and functional illiterates. For too many Americans, the tube is a prime source of information and entertainment.

In the academic and publishing worlds, a-literacy is fostering what's known as the "dumbing" of textbooks. With so many college students unable to cope with difficult material, editors and publishers are simplifying books,

reducing texts, and larding them heavily with photographs, drawings, and charts.

The implications of a-literacy in a democratic society are unnerving. As the president of the American Society of Publishers noted, in a society of increasing social, economic, and technical complexity, "power will gravitate to those with the greatest knowledge. And if the gap between the educated minority and uneducated mass is too great, the opportunities for political manipulation will grow."

To put it simply, those who can read, but don't, have no advantage over those who want to read but can't. The coffee table book with its oversized pictures is no substitute for the great literature of the past or the serious writings of today.

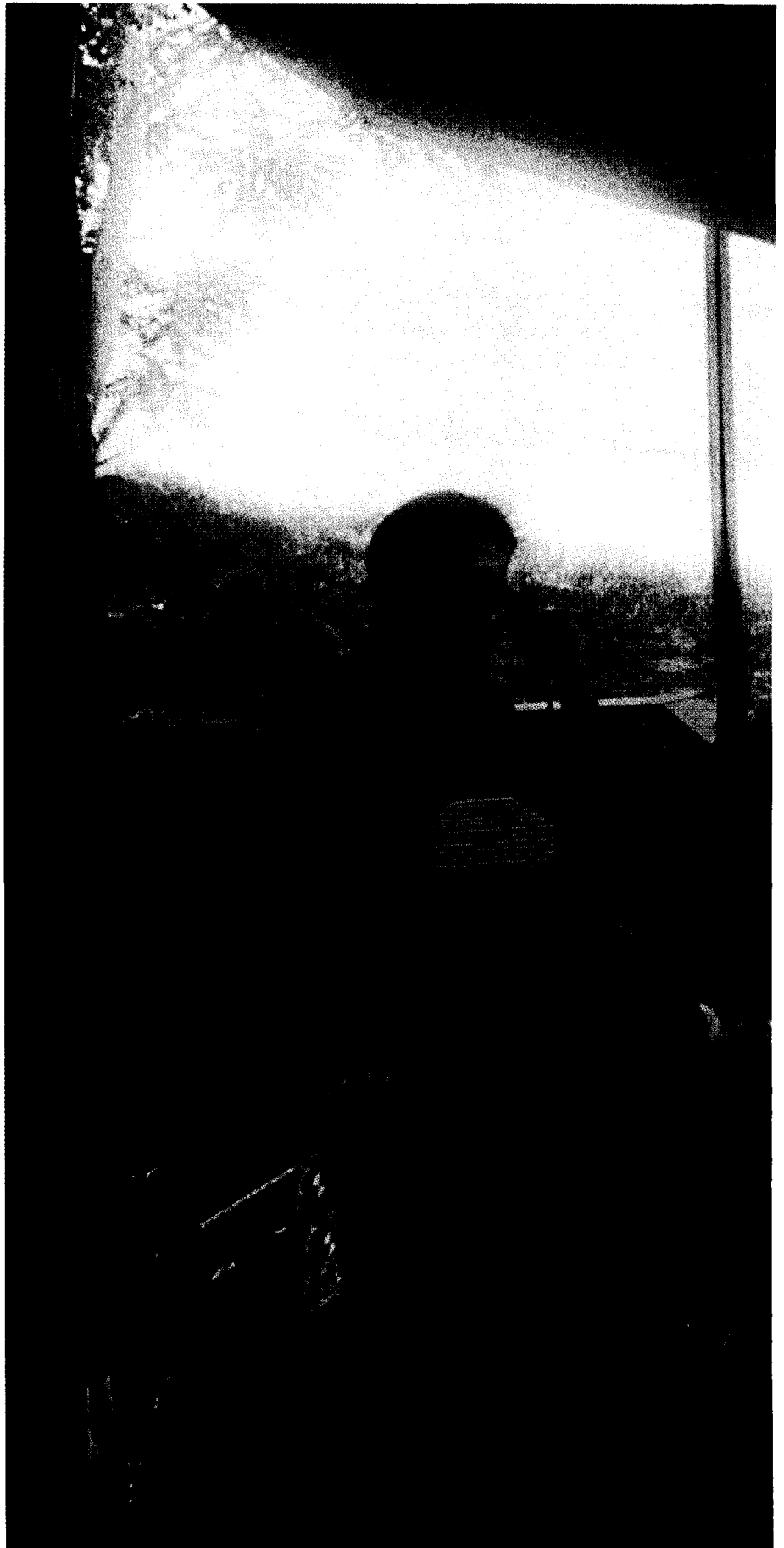
Failure to read regularly dulls the mind, dims the imagination, and diminishes mental growth. There is a great emphasis in America today on running and exercise. We need to jog our minds, too.



schools and other services without even having to think of sharing them with other groups. The duplication is obvious, and the waste and corruption enormous. The Ovambo ethnic administration, for example, seeking to assert its jurisdiction in the north, where SWAPO is strongest, bought a fleet of Mercedes-Benz for the use of all its top officials. Ovamboland is governed according to a sophisticated system of political patronage, with the local elite awarded privileges that will discourage them from flirting with SWAPO or otherwise challenging the established system.

And yet, as much as the ethnic divisions have been formalized and strengthened in Namibia, Windhoek, as the cosmopolitan capital, is a place where people of different colors actually mingle freely at political and social gatherings, where white families have been known to adopt and raise black children. A few years ago, the South African authorities began to recognize that some form of black rule was inevitable in Namibia, and set out on a good-will campaign to demonstrate that an independence on their terms would be preferable to one on SWAPO's terms. They began by improving the facilities available to the majority of the people. So it is that the slick new hospital designated for blacks has the only intensive-care unit in town.

The township where most of the blacks of Windhoek live is called Katutura—a Herero name that translates roughly as “the place to which we do not wish to go.” (The name was originally an informal one; it is not clear whether the government knew what the word meant when it accepted the name officially.) In fact, the black people of Windhoek resisted their forced removal in 1959 from another part of town, the “old location,” to make way for a construction project. On December 10 of that year, the South Africans shot and killed eleven of the protesters who refused to leave their homes, and wounded forty-four others. Those people are still revered as martyrs, and the older generation resents the very existence of Katutura, but today most of its residents live in relatively decent conditions. Even with a substantial immigration of rural Namibians into the capital (now that “influx control” has been lifted), there are none of the filthy squatter camps that have become so common on the outskirts of the black townships near Johannesburg, Cape Town, and other South African cities. In



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Hello?

*How's the Great American
Novel going?*

So far it reads more like the turgid
insights of a lonely Albanian
date-plucker.

Did I hear the word "lonely"?

There's a fog rolling in.

*You're in Pawgansett, dear. It
holds the world record for fog.*

The "t" in my typewriter is
sticking. I have seventeen cans of
lentil soup. And my Paco Rabanne
cologne, which I use to lure shy
maidens out of the woods, is
gone, all gone.

*You're going to have to do better
than that.*

All right, I'm lonely. I miss you.
I miss your cute little broken
nose. I miss the sight of you in
bed in the morning, all pink and
pearly and surly.

*And you want me to catch the
train up.*

Hurry! This thing they call love is
about to burst the bounds of
decency. And, darling...

Yes?

Bring a bottle of Paco Rabanne,
would you? The maidens are
getting restless.

Swine!



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one of many local ironies, the best neighborhood in Katatura, with the nicest houses and the most modern amenities, has been informally dubbed "Soweto"—after the seething black township outside Johannesburg that holds many more people than all of Namibia.

IT IS EXTRAORDINARILY difficult to obtain reliable information about the war that is being fought 500 miles to the north. There are none of the traditional body counts or public announcements of military engagements, and strict censorship laws prevent both the South African and the Namibian press from displaying much initiative. As the mother of one young South African assigned to "the border" put it, "We really don't find out anything. Some of our children just turn up wounded, and a few don't come back at all." The numbers are still small enough to discourage reckless curiosity or serious protest.

A visit to "Bastion," the South African Defense Force (SADF) headquarters in Windhoek, produces a briefing on operations in the war zone. Elaborate wall charts and detailed slides reveal a gradual decline in the number of "terrorist incidents" caused by SWAPO forces, but a continuation of "intimidation," both "hard" and "soft." Hard intimidation occurs when the guerrillas demand food and other help from the villagers, explains the South African briefing officer, and "soft intimidation is when they just go into the village and talk."

It is scarcely possible to make out the Namibian-Angolan border on the military's maps of the operational area, except that on the northern side there are many spots labeled "KUB" to indicate the location of Cuban troop concentrations or bases. As far as one can tell, the Cubans keep to the task of supporting the Angolan government while Angolan forces fight their own bush war, against rebels led by Jonas Savimbi, and they maintain a distance from SWAPO, thereby minimizing direct contact with the South Africans. But the briefing officer makes no attempt to conceal the frequency and ferocity of South African incursions into Angola in search of SWAPO bases. Especially effective are the members of the "Three-two Battalion," ex-Angolans and American and European mercenaries who joined up with the South Africans in Namibia after the civil war in Angola in 1975. They are known for taking no prisoners.

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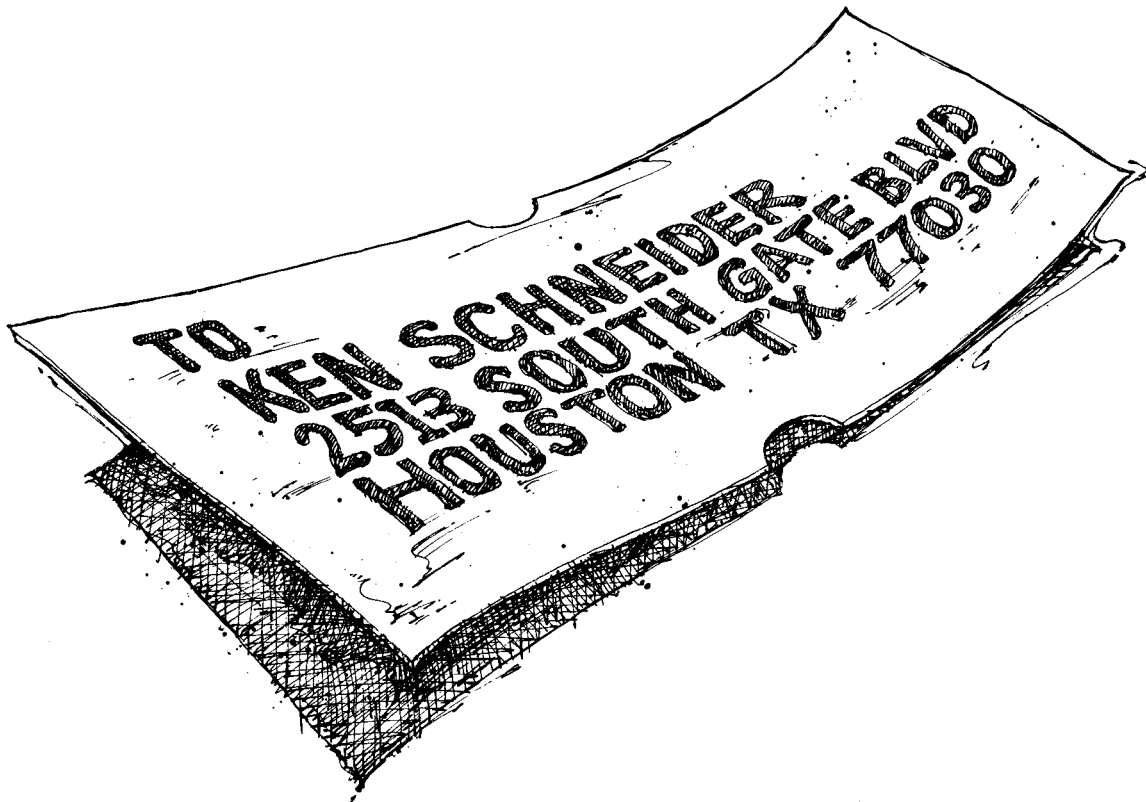
The picture that emerges is of a South African rout of the insurgent forces. The number of SWAPO's fighters has apparently dwindled to fewer than a thousand inside Namibia, and perhaps 5,000 in Angola who want to invade Namibia but are unable to do so, because the South Africans have succeeded in shrinking the border area where they can operate freely; the guerrillas have been known to fill out their ranks by kidnapping Ovambo schoolchildren and putting weapons in their hands.

While occasional boasts of success are good for morale, the South Africans have actually been reluctant to acknowledge the extent to which they hold the upper hand in the Namibian military struggle, and there are several possible explanations for this reluctance. Certainly the government does not want to risk a decline in popular support for the war effort or to face the allegation that it has sent too many troops north. (The exact number is secret, but reliable estimates run to 35,000.) The need to contain the menace of a nearby Soviet-armed enemy has been politically useful for South African Prime Minister P. W. Botha. Then there is the argument, widely credited in Windhoek, that the South African government has used hidden bases in the northern part of Namibia, some 1,000 miles north of any base inside South Africa, to fly photo reconnaissance missions over central Africa and beyond, and to conduct secret commercial relations with Zaire and other black-ruled nations that are official enemies but valued customers.

In any event, the SADF appears to control South African foreign policy in southern Africa, and it takes a dim view of the endless negotiations over Namibia. "We would not be happy with a negotiated settlement," the briefing officer at Bastion said. "Why should we give it away, when we're winning the war?"

In the meantime, the South Africans have begun to militarize Namibian society, creating a South West Africa Territory Force as an alternative to SWAPO—the embryo of an army for an acceptably independent Namibia. To a degree, the tactic has worked. Many black Namibian soldiers are fighting at the border on the South African side; in Windhoek, they strut along the streets in military dress. As one local politician put it, "Until recently, our girls wouldn't even think of dancing with men in uniform. Now that's changed. The soldiers

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are becoming heroes. The army has become the chief employer, a symbol of economic security."

IF THE SOLDIERS strut, the politicians sit and scheme—ever hopeful that an election is just around the corner and eager to be in the right position when it comes. In the daytime, they stop at Schneider's Tea Parlor to collect the latest rumors; at night, they gather at the Kalahari Sands to speculate on their country's future. If an outsider should be in town, whether from America, Germany, or just Johannesburg, they will converge upon him and seek his opinions, informed or otherwise, on the prospects for a resolution of Namibia's troubles.

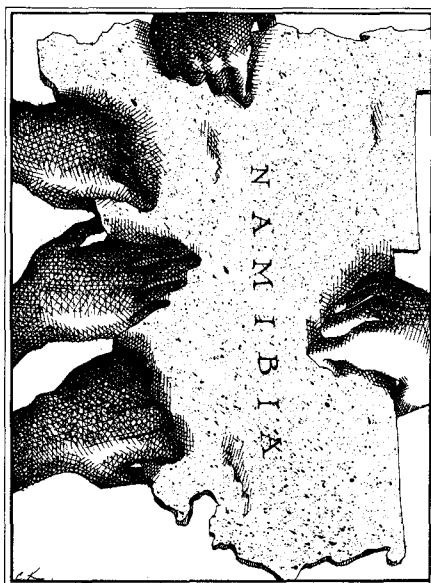
At last count, Namibia had about forty political parties. If one added up all of their claimed memberships, the total would probably be more than twice the population of the country. There is a humor and a futility to some of their rivalries, exemplified by the informal competition to see which party can sew and sell the most caftans with its colors to the people in Katutura. There are figures such as Andreas Shipanga, once a dynamic leader of SWAPO, now the head of a breakaway faction called SWAPO Democrats. Although he appears to be ignored at home, he travels in the Western world at the expense of conservative American foundations and think-tanks that have singled him out as an exemplary African leader. And there is a potential for tragedy and fratricidal bloodshed, given the fact that almost every party is thought to be able to mobilize thousands of armed partisans in a crisis.

The issue of independence and how to achieve it has divided many families in Namibia. For example, Otilié Abrahams and her husband have launched their own small political party, the Namibian Independence Party. One of her sisters, Nora Chase, is secretary for foreign affairs and information of the South West Africa National Union (SWANU), one of the original independence movements in the country but now just another small party. While Abrahams lives in town among the elite, Chase affects a more militant stance, living in a black township on principle. Two other sisters still work for SWAPO.

So chaotic is the domestic political situation in Namibia that when the representatives of German foundations came to Windhoek late last year looking for deserving recipients of political develop-

ment grants who would be tied neither to South Africa nor to SWAPO, they finally gave up and took their money home.

For several years, one Namibian political figure who seemed to be charting a workable temporary compromise was Dirk Mudge, a rich white rancher who said he wanted to take the country out of South Africa's clutches but still assure a stable, pro-Western course of development. Mudge's multiracial coalition of ethnic parties, the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance (named for the historic meeting hall where it was formed), won the internal Namibian election sponsored by South Africa in 1978 (and boycotted by SWAPO), and as a result Mudge became a sort of prime minister of the first-tier authority. But four years later, the most



important black politician in the DTA, Peter Kalangula, an Ovambo leader, withdrew from the coalition, with South African encouragement. Increasingly, Mudge's administration began to look like a minority within a minority, and when the South Africans failed to find a way to replace him with Kalangula, they simply dismissed the first-tier national authority altogether and last January resumed direct rule of Namibia through an administrator-general reporting to Pretoria.

The South Africans hope that a moderate reformist like Kalangula will be able to win the loyalty of Namibia's emerging black middle class and prevail in an election. Just the appearance of support from Pretoria, though, is enough to brand him a "collaborationist" and doom his prospects. And that, in

turn, improves the chances of the current leader of SWAPO and its guerrillas, Sam Nujoma, to win a UN-supervised election, if one is ever held, even if he cannot win the war. Nujoma, by all accounts a man who has no tolerance for opposition or dissent, has not appeared publicly in Namibia in more than twenty years for fear of being killed, but he has come to be seen by the ordinary people as the hero who would liberate them. Thus the South Africans have virtually ensured the fulfillment of their worst prophecy, and that circumstance has become the main pretext for further delaying elections—and independence.

Stalemate in Namibia serves the domestic political needs of the South African government. At a time when P. W. Botha is embarking on a limited reform by bringing Coloureds and Asians (but not blacks) into the governmental system at home, he can hardly afford to be accused by his right-wing opponents of "losing South West."

But even if elections should come in the next several years, and if SWAPO should come to power by democratic means, it is unlikely that much will change in Namibia for a long time. After nearly seventy years of rule, South Africa enjoys total economic control of the country. It does not consider sovereignty over Namibia's major port, Walvis Bay—which was a South African enclave even during German colonial days—to be a negotiable issue. (Indeed, it has strengthened its forces there and given Walvis Bay direct representation in South Africa's white parliament.) The railroad lines, air routes, and roads—not to mention electricity and water supplies—can be easily controlled from South Africa. A simple decision in Pretoria is all it would take to cut off most of Namibia's food supply within days. A SWAPO government would have to take that into account before it tried to assert true independence from South Africa.

As Otilié Abrahams puts it, "With a little sabotage, the South Africans could starve us all in a month." In Uganda, after Idi Amin took power and the economy fell apart, she says, "the people could go into the jungle and eat bananas. All we've got here is sand."

—Sanford J. Ungar

Sanford J. Ungar, host of NPR Dateline, on National Public Radio, is at work on a book about African-American relations.



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A primer for laymen

THE REALITIES OF ARMS CONTROL

BY THE HARVARD NUCLEAR STUDY GROUP



IN AN IMPERFECT WORLD, FEW PEOPLE HAVE BEEN willing to adopt pure pacifism, which means the refusal to defend one's self, family, country, or allies from any kind of attack. Those who are not pacifists must wrestle with many difficult choices about weapons, their existence, and their potential use. This has always been true. Warfare is as old as human history, and disarmament as a prescription for avoiding it dates back at least to biblical times. Though the implementation of disarmament has been rare, its basic premise—that war is not possible without weapons—is both simple and appealing.

Regrettably, the premise is flawed. The supply of weapons is not the sole or even the prime cause of war. Disarmament may remove the most destructive weapons, but others will be found.

One reason successful disarmament efforts are rare is that they require a degree of political accommodation that is difficult to achieve. Unless some political trust exists, efforts to disarm prove fruitless. But political accommodation and trust are built slowly, so complete disarmament—as contrasted with limited arms control—is a long-term rather than an immediate prospect.

Complete disarmament would require some form of world government that would deter actions of one nation against another. In a disarmed world, without such a government armed with sufficient force to prevent conflict between nations, differences in beliefs and interests might easily lead to renewed conflict and the threat of war. But any world government capable of preventing world conflict could also become a world dictatorship. Given the dif-

ferences in ideology, wealth, and nationalism that now exist in the world, most states are not likely to accept a centralized government unless they feel sure of controlling it or minimizing its intrusiveness. A weak central machinery would be ineffective. And even a strong one—assuming that governments would agree to set it up—could still be faced with breakdown. If breakdown occurred, individual nations would re-arm, and those who were able would race to make nuclear arms.

Complete disarmament would be a leap into the unknown; each state would accept disarmament only if the dangers it feared could be ended or if it thought that the danger of nuclear holocaust outweighed the risks involved in nuclear disarmament. Despite the present costs of national military forces and arms competition, despite the limited gains that the threat to use weapons now brings, and despite the enormous risks such uses may entail, nations with nuclear weapons still see a clear national advantage in keeping them. They are thought to provide the possibility of deterring aggression and of projecting political influence. Disarmament would not necessarily ensure a state's position in the international contest between states. It would not necessarily ensure a state's security. Nor would it guarantee that the funds saved from weapons would necessarily be devoted to raising the living standards of poor peoples. For these reasons, governments have preferred a combination of arms, self-restraint, and arms control to complete disarmament.

While complete disarmament may be a worthy long-term goal, trying to achieve it before the requisite political

*The Harvard Nuclear Study Group is made up of Albert Carnesale, academic dean of the Kennedy School of Government, who served on the U.S. delegation to the SALT talks from 1970 to 1972; Paul Doty, director of the Center for Science and International Affairs, a member of the President's Science Advisory Committee in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations; Stanley Hoffmann, chairman of the Center for European Studies and C. Douglas Dillon Professor of the Civilization of France; Samuel P. Huntington, director of the Center for International Affairs, coordinator of security planning for the National Security Council from 1977 to 1978; Joseph S. Nye, Jr., professor of government, deputy to the undersecretary of state for security assistance from 1977 to 1979; and Scott D. Sagan, a teaching fellow in the Department of Government. The group's complete report, *Living With Nuclear Weapons*, will be published this month by the Harvard University Press and Bantam Books.*

conditions exist could increase the prospects of war. If the political pre-conditions of trust and consensus are missing, complete disarmament is inherently unstable. In a disarmed world, the first nation to acquire a few arms would be able to influence events to a much greater extent than it could in a heavily armed world. Nuclear weapons greatly magnify this danger. Moreover, nuclear weapons can be easily hidden or quickly reinvented. When many nuclear weapons exist, a few hidden bombs do not matter. But in a disarmed world, if political mistrust persists, rumors of hidden bombs or fears of their reinvention by any number of nations could lead to the worst kind of nuclear-arms race—a crash program, in which weapons would be built without the safety features of existing weapons.

Nuclear-arms races do not guarantee peace and security either, of course. Instead, they can guarantee enormous destruction if war occurs either by design or, more likely, through accident, miscalculation, or misunderstanding. With no safe port in complete nuclear disarmament or in unrestricted competition, mankind has been compelled to seek safety by using arms control to lower the risks that nuclear weapons impose on peace and security.

"Arms control" has to a large extent replaced "disarmament" in the specialist's vocabulary since about 1960, but as long as disarmament is not taken to mean complete disarmament, the terms overlap. Arms control includes a wider range of actions than the removal of arms. It includes steps that improve stability and help avoid accidents. Some arms-control agreements reduce armaments, but not all do.

A common criticism of arms-control advocates is that they mistake the symptoms for the disease: since the origins of conflict are not in the existence of weapons, the cure should not be sought in their restraint. But the easy recourse to weapons in times of stress or panic does increase the likelihood of their use. Arms control alone, then, is not enough. It is also important to attack the sources of conflicts. The ultimate hope for peace clearly lies with improving international relations to the point at which conflict does not threaten to erupt into war, and reconciliation replaces aggression. Whether the world eventually reaches this goal or not may depend on the combination of arms control with effective deterrence over the next decades.

DURING THE PAST THREE DECADES, THE MILITARY establishments of the United States and the Soviet Union have become the most powerful and most expensive institutions ever created. Such enormous bureaucracies naturally resist the changes that arms-control initiatives attempt to introduce. On the American side, the annual budget for the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency is lower than the cost of two F-16 fighter aircraft. Ideally, arms control and security policy should go hand in hand. But many arms-control initiatives do not survive the raised eyebrows of the defense community, and defense

decisions may be made without regard for their arms-control implications.

This bureaucratic imbalance would ordinarily suppress most arms-control initiatives were it not for heads of governments, who have been chiefly responsible for any arms-control initiatives. Arms control, then, is precarious, and vulnerable to the changing views of successive administrations; nevertheless, at least in democracies, polls show a continual public support for efforts at arms control. Presidents ignore these efforts at their own political peril.

Another difficulty encountered by those who advocate arms control is the unusual U.S. constitutional clause on the ratification of treaties. The United States alone among industrialized Western countries requires a two-thirds majority in the Senate to ratify treaties. This means that a minority, one that often represents much less than one third of U.S. voters and is motivated by diverse interests, can block ratification. The role of arms control would have been much greater in the past decade if ratification required only a majority vote.

On the Soviet side, arms-control negotiations have been a constant ingredient of relations with America for a quarter of a century. Not only do they make for diminished risks and greater effectiveness in both sides' military planning, they have helped establish the Soviet Union's claim to co-equal status with the United States. As might be expected in a country that has steadily increased its military spending for two decades and whose defense programs are insulated from fluctuating public attitudes, Soviet arms-control policy has been tightly integrated with Soviet military policy.

Until about 1960, the Soviet Union was in such an inferior position strategically that it resisted Western arms-control initiatives for the understandable reason that agreements would have frozen it in perpetual inferiority. However, it camouflaged this position by campaigns for general and complete disarmament and offers to ban weapons first and work out verification later. Nevertheless, from 1959 through the 1960s, a number of limited agreements were negotiated that prohibited nuclear deployments in Antarctica, space, and the seabed; banned nuclear tests in the atmosphere; and created the Non-Proliferation Treaty. With the approach to parity in the 1970s, it became possible to open up negotiations in the domain of central strategic forces.

The approach of the Soviet Union was limited by its concept of deterrence, which emphasizes that whoever can deliver the greatest blow first is more likely to remain dominant. This explains the Soviet preoccupation with land-based, highly controlled, large ICBMs—inter-continental ballistic missiles. A main Soviet arms-control objective has been to retain ICBM forces and to ensure their modernization. The Soviets have resisted American efforts to use arms control to encourage greater Soviet reliance on their submarines, which they have regarded as an area of American advantage. At the same time, they have accept-

ed a number of measures that do not reduce their own central forces, such as a series of bans and limitations on new weapons or weapons in the planning stage. The successful treaty limiting anti-ballistic-missile defenses was one of this sort.

Another preoccupation of the Soviets has been with what they call "equal security," which, they have argued, requires more than an equal number of weapons. They use the term to justify claims of compensation necessary for geographical handicaps, for American nuclear weapons assigned to NATO, and for British, French, and Chinese nuclear weapons. They are not receptive to U.S. claims that they have an advantage because of their proximity to Europe. Their demand for equal security has complicated efforts to negotiate reductions that maintain rough parity.

The Soviets, like the Americans, often use arms-control proposals as propaganda—but much more easily than Americans can, because there is no effective public opinion in the Soviet Union. The extent to which the Soviet Union publicizes its role in negotiations seems to tell something about the seriousness with which it wants a compromise agreement. The negotiations of SALT I and SALT II were generally carried out with considerable privacy until the late stages. The same pattern apparently is being followed in START (Strategic Arms Reduction Talks) as well. However, the INF (intermediate nuclear force) negotiations have been carried out in public view almost from the beginning. One of the Soviet objectives in these negotiations is to split Western Europe from the United States and thereby halt or limit the deployment of intermediate-range forces. If this tactic fails, an INF agreement may be possible.

The START proposals of the Reagan Administration would cut deeply into Soviet land-based forces, which have been sacrosanct in the past. The "deep cuts" approach runs counter to the Soviet penchant and tradition for small increments of change. In a period of political transition, Soviet leaders often find it especially hard to move in radical directions. The new Soviet leader, Yuri Andropov, is a product of this system and is beholden to military support in attaining his office. Not surprisingly, the Soviets have offered proposals only for modest reductions and restrictions on new systems of interest to the U.S.

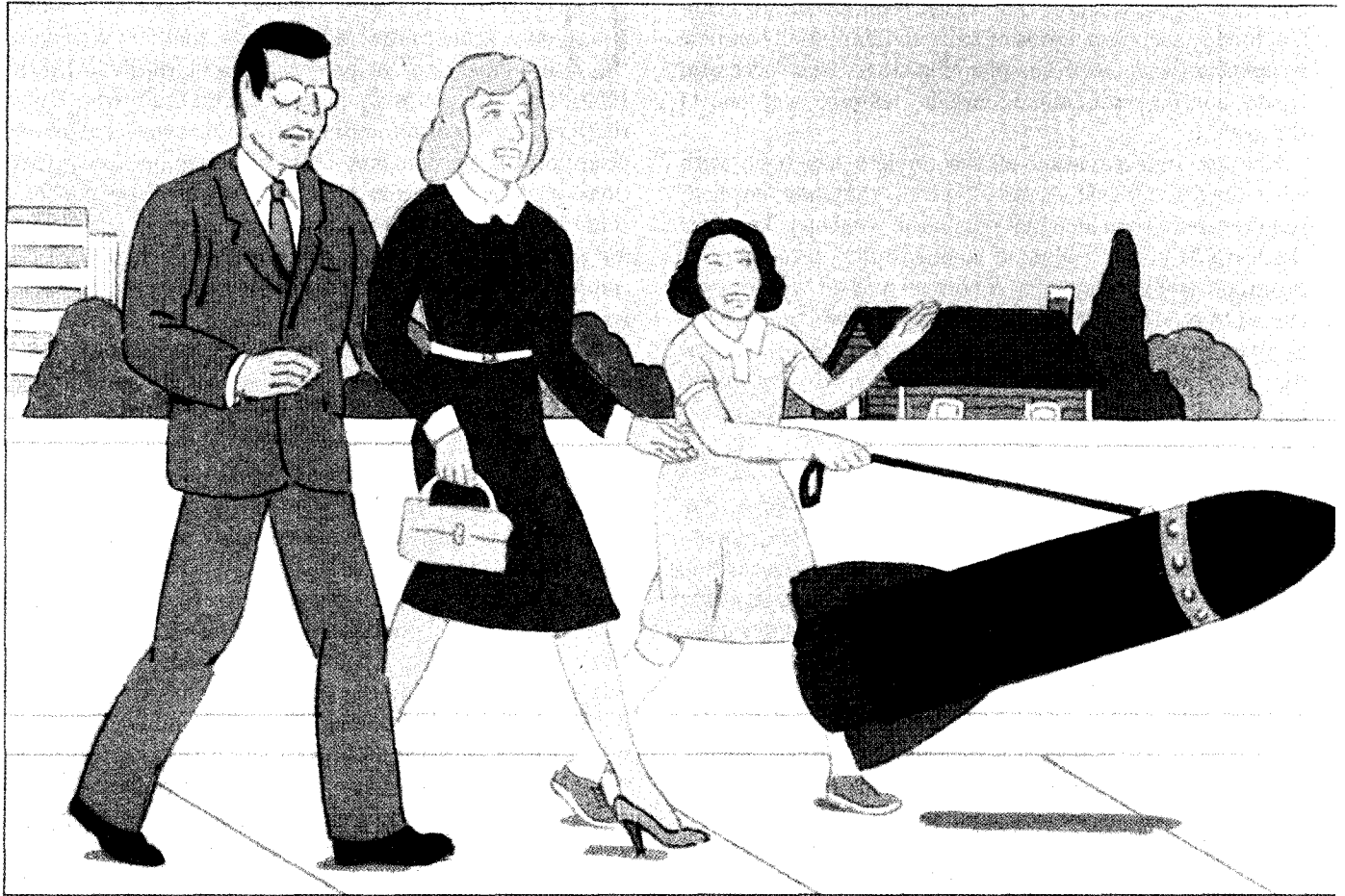
Andropov came into office last November at the age of sixty-eight. With only a few years to leave his mark, he may wish to move faster in arms-control negotiations. More important, he faces serious political and economic problems: a decreasing Soviet work force; minority pressures for larger roles; a chronically incompetent agricultural system; inadequate consumer-goods production; unrest in Eastern Europe; and, most of all, a shrinking economic growth rate that does not provide the base it once did for the Soviet military machine. Together, these pressures may induce a more active search for maintaining the military competition with the West at lower levels of risk and expenditure.

GIVEN THE DISTRUST BETWEEN EAST AND WEST, only arms-control agreements that are verifiable are likely to be negotiated and ratified. In the 1950s, the West routinely proposed, and the Soviet Union routinely rejected, measures to monitor arms-control and disarmament agreements that involved on-site inspection—that is, provision for the physical inspection of a country's weapons and facilities by foreign experts. During the next twenty years, however, both sides developed complex verification technology—most important, photo-reconnaissance satellites.

It was the revolution in verification technology in the 1960s that made possible the more ambitious efforts of SALT. Of necessity, the SALT process reflected the limitations of verification technology. Only delivery vehicles that were large enough to be seen from space (for example, ICBM launchers) or that, if mobile, could operate only from relatively few, known bases (heavy bombers and strategic submarines) could be verified. It was possible, however, to set limits on warheads and bombs, which were too small to be verified directly, by agreeing to somewhat arbitrary counting rules. Each type of missile, for example, was counted as having the maximum number of warheads ever tested on it, rather than the actual number deployed, which might be much less.

While the Soviets have elaborate surveillance equipment, they have less interest in verification than the United States, because of the very different nature of the two societies. The high level of reporting about American defense plans—from congressional hearings, media coverage, and leaks from officials—makes it likely that any American violation of an agreement will be publicized. This makes verification much easier for the Soviet Union. Exacting verification procedures are seen by the Soviets as something they "give" to the United States, for which they often want something in return. At the same time, the Soviets are extremely secretive about military matters, a tradition with deep roots in the history of their country, which has been invaded frequently. Many of the verification measures proposed by the U.S. look like espionage measures to the Soviets. Over the years, negotiations have helped convince the Soviets that such procedures are not a cover for espionage but an essential requirement for ratifiable arms-control measures. Yet in each instance, procedures must be justified in minute detail and negotiated in ways that minimize intrusiveness.

It should be remembered that the vast system of monitoring and intelligence collection that the United States must use for verification is needed whether arms-control agreements exist or not. Arms-control agreements, especially SALT II, have greatly increased our knowledge of the Soviet nuclear arsenal; both sides have promised not to interfere with each other's surveillance devices, and both have agreed that certain activities will not be concealed but will remain open to monitoring. The verification in future agreements will thus have a broader foundation on



which to build. Moreover, improvements in verification technology continue, and it is reasonable to expect that capabilities that were not possible in the past will exist in the future.

When matters of national security are at stake, both the government and the public wish to know for certain whether agreements are being kept. But in daily life, we know that we must live with some uncertainty. Verification of arms-control agreements is no different; some risks are inevitable. But an unrestrained arms race also creates risks. Risks must be balanced and judgments made about the adequacy of verification, which must enable us to detect any Soviet violation large enough to threaten our security in time for us to be able to make a sufficient response. If there were deep reductions in numbers, minor violations might be more dangerous than is the case with current high levels of weaponry.

Much of the U.S. internal debate during the SALT II negotiations and ratification hearings focused on such problems. Although the verification of some treaty provisions was seen to be less adequate than that of others, the trade-offs made between uncertainty and the importance of the item to be limited were generally agreed to be prudent.

The new weaponry scheduled for deployment in this decade raises new problems. Cruise missiles will present a

special challenge to verification. They are small and can be easily changed from conventional to nuclear warheads. The focus may have to be on restricting the ships and planes that carry cruise missiles and the regions of their deployment. Close monitoring of both sides' production plants may also help. Two difficult judgments will have to be made: what kinds of violations have significant adverse consequences on American security, and what is the probability that such violations could be detected? If one insists on absolute certainty in verification, then very little can be verified and arms cannot be controlled. On the other hand, if verification procedures are absent or lax, cheating may occur and confidence in the other side's compliance will be lost. The task is to find the right middle ground.

Verification procedures in future agreements will be subject to even greater scrutiny, for two reasons. First, the Soviet Union refused to cooperate with American efforts to discover whether an outbreak of anthrax in a Soviet city was a violation of the Biological Weapons Convention of 1972. Second, there is increasing evidence of the use of poison gas by the Soviet forces in Afghanistan and the use of toxins by the military forces they support in Cambodia. Neither the Geneva Protocol of 1925 nor the 1972 convention has the elaborate verification provisions and procedures that the SALT treaties have. These presumed Soviet actions have reinforced the importance of having



such provisions in any future arms-control agreements.

Despite all of these difficulties, however, over the past twenty-five years there has been a gradual improvement in Soviet willingness to provide information, to negotiate details of on-site inspections—for example, in the 1974 Threshold Test-Ban Treaty—and to engage in the discussion of verification requirements. It has been a slow process, but it should not go unnoticed.

Although no arms-control treaties of significance have been ratified during the past decade, the numerical growth of nuclear forces has been somewhat restrained compared with what it might have been, because of limits in the SALT II agreement (even though it was not ratified) and the retirement of aging weapons. From 1978 to 1982, the number of strategic launchers actually decreased by about one percent for the Soviet Union and about 9 percent for the U.S. The total number of warheads and bombs deployed by the U.S. remained essentially constant during that period. The Soviet Union, completing its MIRV (multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles) programs, did, however, increase its strategic warhead total by 60 percent, reducing the U.S. lead in that category.

The arms race in recent years has been not in numbers of weapons but in technological improvements. Both sides, for example, have greatly improved the accuracy of their forces. More improvements are to come. If new arms-con-

trol restraints are not negotiated, the next few years will see new weaponry incorporating even more remarkable technological changes: the building and testing of new bombers, new ICBMs, and new SLBMs (sea-launched ballistic missiles); the deployment of new cruise missiles on bombers, trucks, ships, and submarines; the attainment of absolute accuracy; and the development of anti-satellite weapons. Although many of these are planned replacements, there could be an increase of about 25 percent in numbers of weapons by 1990 if no agreements are reached.

A RMS CONTROL PROPOSALS CAN BE JUDGED BY whether they contribute to three dimensions of stability. The first is deterrence stability—assuring that our forces are capable and credible enough to deter the Soviet Union from political adventures that could lead to war through miscalculation. The second is arms-race stability—controlling the weapons buildup in the two countries so that the military relationship is more predictable and resources can be used for purposes other than weaponry. The third is crisis stability—creating forces of a type that provide no incentive for either side to launch a first strike in a time of crisis. In addition to these central criteria, arms-control proposals can be judged in terms of negotiability and possible verification.

People frequently think of arms control simply as formal treaties for reducing existing weapons. But bargaining and agreements can be informal as well as formal, and agreements can affect future types of forces even if they do not reduce existing forces. Some arms-control measures may be designed to build confidence or stability through improved communications rather than changes in forces. The range of possibilities for arms control can be usefully grouped under four headings, and some components from different approaches can be combined in interesting and complex proposals. At the risk of oversimplification, the four main categories are reductions, freezes, force restructuring, and stabilizing measures.

Reductions in the number of existing weapons are probably the most common measure by which the public judges arms control. They address the view, shared by many experts, that the nuclear arsenals of both sides have grown irresponsibly large, and that a much smaller nuclear force would be adequate and cheaper. An abundance of weapons,

some argue, encourages further planning for nuclear war-fighting, which leads to demands for even more weapons.

Reductions are, however, not as simple as they first look. The wrong kind of reductions could increase, not lessen, instability. For example, if single-warhead missiles were reduced instead of MIRVed missiles—which may happen, because MIRVed missiles are newer and more powerful than single-warhead missiles—fears of pre-emption would increase. That is so because each of the many warheads on a MIRVed missile threatens an entire missile on the other side. Imagine that each side had only 100 missiles, all of them MIRVed. An aggressor might be tempted to strike first because it could reasonably hope to knock out many of the other side's missiles with just a few of its own, secure in the knowledge that it would still have a large retaliatory force. But if each side had only 100 *single*-warhead missiles, an aggressor would have to fire all of its missiles to hope to knock out the other side's force; and it would know that anything less than complete (and unlike-



IN JUNE

Now the earth is warmer than the air.
The eyes adjust, but slowly; for a while, still,
dark is all but absolute. Remember—
somewhere to our left, and close, a deer
woke up—he came out of his dream disturbed
and curious; we heard him stand, stamp,
snorting, close, hooves jarring through our backs
and ribcages like heartbeat in the ground—
and let our breath out long and slowly as we
could, and held—

I felt your throat catch air—
as though the heart could hold its teacups-full
quite motionless above this pearly planet
here, oh, how we rattle, and I nearly
laughed out into that queer dark that leaves
the unconcerned household of the flesh
so clamorous—

We lay a long while yet.
The night was sweet with timothy we'd crushed,
and uncut all around us so, it seemed
to rise like grey earth-light; in time, it might
have cast our single shadow out among
the summer stars. This was in June. The stars
adjust. The moon had not then risen, but

its turbid light welled up and billowed like
a cool current furled in warmer water,
which appeared to stir some clouds a little,
water lilies on the near horizon—
Then, the dream: that you had moved away,
had balanced there and let your legs into
that light, cool scarves of it across your open
lap and belly and throat and thrown-back cheek—
and the planet strung, then, crescent in the curve
between your spine's arch and the straight line, nightfall,
black hair back to earth.

The deer has gone
up in some new and unlit constellation
by this time, and all his timothy
turned milk, or corn, or antler-silk torn loose
in the high Coal-sack; and we have changed, as well,
and yet—the memory is so strong now
it startles me a moment, lying here,
my arms around you, not to feel the slight
wax-quilled insignature, the watermark,
the grass impression on your shoulder blades
and strangely perfect back.

—Richard Kenney

ly) success would leave it open to unanswerable retaliation. This example is entirely theoretical, of course, because it leaves out nuclear submarines and bombers, but it does illustrate why MIRVed missiles are thought to be destabilizing.

Certain types of proportional cuts, such as cutting all existing categories by 50 percent, could also be destabilizing. It might be dangerous, for example, to cut in half the number of strategic submarines. Because we keep half of our nuclear submarines in port, fewer than ten submarines would then have to be tracked and destroyed for a successful surprise attack against what is now the most invulnerable part of our force.

Another problem arises because the forces on the two sides differ so much that each side prefers reductions in different areas. Each side urges reduction schemes that remove the weapons it most fears on the other side but that permit retention of its own preferred weapons. Disagreements over what is to be reduced take up much negotiation time. Treated wisely, however, asymmetries can become the means of agreeing on important trade-offs that have to be made if negotiations are to succeed.

Another problem with the deep-reductions approach is focus: if all efforts were concentrated on such reductions, would other aspects of arms control be neglected? The danger is that the search for the perfect becomes the enemy of the good. All arms control might be stalled or discredited.

This problem can be seen in both the Soviet and the U.S. opening position at the START negotiations. There are clear benefits in the reductions described in both proposals. The U.S. proposals attempt to alter the balance within the Soviet forces of land-based and sea-based missiles. These proposals are made in the interest of improved stability, but they require changes the Soviet Union is unlikely to make unless it is compensated by substantial gains elsewhere in the treaty. The U.S. proposal to postpone restrictions on bombers and cruise missiles, where much of the U.S. growth will take place, is also unlikely to be attractive to the Soviets, who propose severe restrictions only on areas of American advantage: cruise-missile deployments, new bombers, and new submarines. An agreement will not be easy. Still, there may be enough common interests to make a compromise possible.

Two new features are coming into prominence in negotiating reductions in missiles: rapid reload and mobility. Launchers for some new-generation missiles can be used more than once, and can be reloaded and refired if more missiles are available in nearby storage. Arms-control agreements would have to be worked out that would ban storage of extra missiles near the launcher. This was done for ICBMs in SALT II. The principal problem with mobile missiles is verification. The U.S. has taken the position that the side that proposes such deployments is obligated to devise an accompanying verification system satisfactory to the other side.

Finally, it should be noted that little progress has been

made in working out verification procedures for aircraft other than the heavy bombers treated in SALT II. The smaller and more numerous the aircraft, the more difficult it is to monitor them. The very large numbers of aircraft whose sizes lie between medium-bomber and short-range tactical aircraft can deliver both nuclear and conventional weapons; so can cruise missiles. Some easily recognized external feature on the missile or the carrier that distinguishes between conventional and nuclear weapons may solve the verification problem in principle, but negotiations will still be difficult.

FREEZES PRESENT MUCH THE SAME VERIFICATION problems as reduction schemes. SALT II was primarily a partial-freeze agreement, and the most time-consuming part of its negotiation concerned verification. In the current discussion of freezes, the importance of reaching an agreement in a relatively short time has stimulated some to propose that what is initially frozen be simply the items discussed in previous negotiations. This would include the strategic launchers of SALT II, atmospheric nuclear tests, and possibly anti-satellite weapons.

Another approach lies in taking the SALT II agreement as the starting point and modifying it to prohibit the deployment of the one new ballistic missile it allowed to each side, to carry out reductions over a number of years until 50 percent reductions have been achieved, and to halt the deployment of all cruise and Pershing II missiles in return for the elimination of the Soviet SS-4s, SS-5s, and SS-20s. This is about half a freeze and half a reduction scheme.

The real challenge comes in finding ways to meet the demanding requirements of those proposals that have produced such large public followings: to freeze the production, testing, and deployment of all nuclear-weapons systems on the two sides in a verifiable manner, and to negotiate this quickly enough to stop the arms race. Consider what this involves. It means devising and then negotiating verification procedures for the development, testing, production, and deployment of nearly a hundred kinds of weapons and delivery systems that make up the offensive and defensive forces at the strategic, intermediate, and battlefield levels of both sides. If stability is to be maintained in the long run, one must freeze countermeasures to these weapons, such as anti-submarine-warfare capabilities and air defenses. And one must decide what kind of maintenance and modernization is to be allowed for each weapons system. Are replacements to be allowed? If so, can they be improved versions of the same weapons systems? What if the original factories and components no longer exist? How much improvement is to be allowed?

A comprehensive freeze or comprehensive reductions would require extensive and elaborate negotiations. It seems unimaginable that such negotiations would not require several years, unless the arms-control budgets of the superpowers were raised a hundredfold or more, and many

teams negotiated simultaneously and were convinced that both nations wanted a comprehensive agreement. This is the challenge presented by those who advocate a negotiated comprehensive freeze or comprehensive reductions.

It may be too easy, however, to undercut the freeze idea by driving it to its maximum interpretation. Much of the public would be satisfied with far less than a total freeze. The verification problems for less-than-total freezes might be less difficult. Total bans of some new weapons systems may be simpler to verify than limits, because only one sighting would be sufficient to prove a violation. However, in the end there would undoubtedly remain some systems that would require special verification measures inside the other country; such requirements would have to be met if the freeze were to be truly comprehensive.

It might be possible to freeze the most destabilizing weapons first, followed by less dangerous weapons. Here there is a conflict, however, between two strongly held points of view. Many want a freeze that will stop all technology and development as completely as possible. Others see danger in disassembling the whole nuclear-weapons research-and-development and production establishment. These groups see virtue in allowing certain developments to proceed in order to allow less vulnerable and more stable weapons to replace existing systems. For example, a freeze in 1959 would have stopped deployment of our invulnerable Polaris submarine-based missiles, which would have made the 1960s *less* safe. On the other hand, a freeze in 1969 would have avoided the instability that was caused by the introduction of MIRVs on missiles in the 1970s.

It is an open question whether a freeze today would enhance crisis stability or not. Some threatening systems would be stopped. But a freeze could also prevent such developments as the new small single-warhead land-based missile that many experts, including the Presidential Commission on Strategic Forces, believe is the best way to remedy the problems created by MIRVs.

Clearly, there is a strong case for pursuing discriminating restraints on weapons technology rather than a total freeze. One such limited freeze is a cap on the number of nuclear warheads—each side has roughly 11,000 warheads on weapons with ranges of over 1,000 miles—requiring that any warheads added to either arsenal be compensated for by at least an equal number withdrawn. This would be consistent with the simplicity that is the great virtue of the freeze idea. It leads to a quick agreement on what is to be frozen (strategic warheads); it might be negotiated soon; and it would be verifiable by the already negotiated SALT rules and procedures being observed by both sides, coupled with negotiated procedures to verify warheads on cruise missiles and intermediate-range missiles. The cap on warheads would avoid the potentially dangerous approach of freezing the modernization of certain forces while letting their countermeasures run free. Moreover, it would lead quickly to more complex arms-control negotiations without reducing Soviet incentives to bargain.

FORCE RESTRUCTURING IS AN APPROACH THAT seeks simple agreements to change only certain weapons on each side. If other negotiations fail or proceed too slowly, it can still be tried. The proposed change could be one of several kinds: elimination, reduction, freeze, or replacement with new weapons less threatening to the other side. For example, the U.S. might propose, as it did several years ago, not to deploy the MX missile if the Soviet Union eliminated some proportion of its MIRVed ICBM force. Or, as the Soviet Union has already proposed, the construction and deployment of large ballistic-missile submarines could be stopped on both sides. If several such trades could be made in separate agreements, the effect would equal that of most proposed negotiations of a more comprehensive sort.

The most ambitious proposal of this kind seeks to solve one of the most debated problems confronting the two sides: the vulnerability of land-based missiles. This proposal would provide a schedule by which current land-based missiles would be replaced by much smaller mobile missiles. The schedule of replacements would be coordinated so that neither side could reap a temporary advantage. The key feature of the proposal is that the smaller missiles can carry only one warhead, and not a very large one. The consequence would be that over a period of ten to fifteen years, all the MIRVed land-based missiles on both sides would be replaced with single-warhead missiles, which are less useful in a first strike. This trade-off may appear to be unattractive to the Soviet Union, because of its investment in and commitment to large land-based missiles. It may be necessary to allow two or even three new missiles for each MIRVed land-based missile destroyed. In any event, the result would be not only a dramatic reduction in the numbers of warheads but a vast decrease in the vulnerability of the land-based forces of both sides, a feature that may become increasingly attractive to the Soviet government.

STABILIZING MEASURES AIM NOT SO MUCH TO DIMINISH or restructure nuclear forces as to introduce ways to make their use less likely. They try to reduce the chance of accidents that might lead to war, to bolster crisis stability, to ban certain weapons and tests, and to build confidence in the East-West strategic relationship by introducing a much higher level of communication. A few examples will illustrate this approach.

An agreement for both sides to abandon the development of weapons in space, either for satellite destruction or for ballistic-missile defense, would profoundly improve all three kinds of stability—deterrence, arms-race, and crisis—over the next few decades. Satellites have become increasingly central to early warning and to the command and control of nuclear forces. An attack on them would so threaten to blind the other side that it would be considered an act of war requiring immediate retaliation. Stopping

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work toward the capability to attack them would be mutually reassuring, as would stopping work on space stations from which ballistic missiles might be destroyed shortly after being launched. The costs of space stations might make them politically impossible, and their vulnerability would make them militarily unreliable; still, unless agreement is reached to prohibit them, development is likely to proceed on each side.

Stability would also be promoted by an agreement to prohibit the close approach of submarines to Soviet and American coasts, which puts bomber bases at special risk because it reduces warning time of an attack below that required for bombers to become airborne. Such an agreement would also reduce the risks of a "decapitation" strike, by giving more time for political leaders to evacuate in time of war. Another stabilizing measure would be an agreement defining ocean sanctuaries for submarines carrying nuclear missiles, reducing the likelihood of accident or misunderstanding in a crisis.

Another measure, already proposed at START, would be to agree to extensive notification of planned missile tests so that there would be no ambiguity when launches were observed. Bans or limits on flight tests (or nuclear tests) could help to reassure both sides that the pace of modernization of weapons was limited, and could reduce the confidence of any government considering striking first in a crisis.

Stabilizing measures and force-restructuring suggestions might best be handled by separately organized and continuing talks involving, for example, staffs of the Joint Chiefs and their Soviet counterparts as well as representatives from the other parts of government usually involved. Such a continuing forum could also try to resolve other important matters that might become conflicts, such as naval incidents, the meaning of ambiguous intelligence reports, misunderstandings that might arise from changes in force deployments in places such as Poland and the Caribbean, and technological developments that may be of benefit to both sides.

The establishment of a joint crisis-management center, suggested by Senators Sam Nunn and Henry Jackson, deserves serious examination. They have each proposed that the currently existing hot line be supplemented by a jointly manned information center, where all facts relevant to a developing crisis would be examined and discussed within permitted limits. Even more radical developments might be possible, such as establishing linked teleconferencing centers in both capitals, again jointly manned, which would be ready for use by high-level government officials whenever needed.

A number of initiatives to build further confidence could

also be tested and perhaps brought into operation through the technique of reciprocal restraint. For example, one side could announce that it would hold its nuclear submarines back a certain distance from the other's shores if the other side reciprocated, or that it would restrain its development of certain weapons if the other side did so. In short, even if formal and comprehensive arms control fails or proceeds slowly, there is much else that can be done outside such proceedings by means of separate steps. There is nothing to prevent such outside measures from being explored while formal negotiations are proceeding.

WHEN A COUNTRY IS FACED WITH A MILITARY threat, there is a strong impetus to match that threat. But an equally valid response is to try to constrain the threat. Arms control is an effort to constrain the Soviet military threat. If pursued wisely, it can save money as well as enhance our security. It should be seen as a part of a national-security policy that is as important as the defense budget. The two are not alternatives. They are partners in the pursuit of stability and security.

Although reductions and freezes have captured the most attention, partial agreements, informal approaches, and stabilizing measures can be of equal importance in averting nuclear war. If properly applied, these various approaches can be complementary rather than competitive with each other.

Viewed this way, arms control has accomplished more in the past two decades than is sometimes realized by those who point to the absence of deep reductions. Certain areas and technologies (for example, anti-ballistic-missile systems) have been "fenced off" from competition. A system has been set up to slow the spread of nuclear weapons to additional countries. Limits on existing arsenals may have helped to keep weapons and expenditures below what they otherwise might have been. Most important, the beginnings of a process of communication and cooperation have been established between the two major nuclear adversaries, and the process has weathered very difficult times.

Unfortunately, there are limits to what arms control can accomplish. It cannot be totally separated from the political problems in U.S.-Soviet relations. Even if both sides avoid the tactical temptation of linking progress on arms control to behavior in other political and economic matters, complete separation is impossible, particularly in democratic politics. Thus arms control will to some extent be limited by the overall condition of American relations with the Soviet Union. In the long run, arms control must be accompanied by some improvement in U.S.-Soviet relations if humanity is to cope with its nuclear predicament. □

Are we supporting murderers or reformers?

EL SALVADOR'S DIVIDED MILITARY

BY SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN

ONE EVENING IN MARCH OF 1980, A SLIGHTLY built man wearing glasses and the three gold stars of a full colonel in the Salvadoran Army went on television and told the nation that more than 200 of the largest private farms in the country were being expropriated, as part of the military's commitment to bring social and economic justice to the downtrodden. The next morning, Army troops led by officers waving the new decree moved onto the farms to begin setting up cooperatives run by peasants. During the coming weeks, in a temporary operations center at the High Command headquarters, an Army major kept track of completed takeovers by placing pins on a large wall map showing most of the farms in the country. Because of the tense atmosphere caused by the brewing guerrilla war and bitter opposition from well-armed landowners, it was thought that only the Army enjoyed the power and security to set the agrarian reform in motion, a job that otherwise would have been given to a civilian agency.

One night a few months later, uniformed men pulled up to one of the newly created farm cooperatives in an armored vehicle, awakened a dozen or so men—including cooperative members and government specialists assisting them—and shot them to death. Two agronomists died while they were trying to show the troops their government identification cards.

Most of the outside world has come to look on the Salvadoran military as a murderous, repressive, monolithic institution—the problem, if you will. But there is also the other side of the Salvadoran military—the one that is looking for solutions to the country's social, economic, and political problems, and that is willing to break with the past to find them. It is a military that cannot be characterized only with a set of good-bad, black-white images.

When I try to think of episodes or circumstances that capture the essence of the Salvadoran Army, it is neither the reforms nor the killings that come to mind. Rather, it is the night three years ago when a captain in his mid-thirties sat before me, a bandage on one shoulder visible through his freshly ironed yellow *guayabera* shirt. It was not a guerrilla-war wound that the bandage covered but a wound from the Army's own internal warfare. Someone had shot the captain as he drove down the highway from

Santa Ana, a provincial capital. He thought it was one of the supporters of Roberto d'Aubuisson, a vehement anti-communist major who had been invited to leave the Army a few months earlier, because he had refused to turn over to the new military-civilian junta his files on leftist subversion and political prisoners.

D'Aubuisson and about a dozen of his Army and civilian friends were being detained for allegedly plotting a coup d'etat on behalf of rich men who had lost land to the agrarian reform. Troops loyal to Colonel Adolfo Majano, one of the two military officers in the ruling junta, had swooped down on an isolated farmhouse the night before and captured the alleged plotters. The wounded captain was in an agitated state. Majano, who was his colonel, might be in danger; there had been threats from members of the d'Aubuisson camp. The whole officer corps, about 700 men at the time, was in confusion as it began several days of debate and voting on the crisis.

It was tempting to characterize the debate—as the captain did—in terms of Majano, a committed reformer, being under assault from a group of officers serving the interests of big money. But it was just as much, or more, a dispute over the undefined rules under which the officers of the Salvadoran Army hold themselves together as the ruling elite. Majano had ordered the arrests without consulting Colonel Jaime Abdul Gutiérrez, the other Army officer in the governing junta. Gutiérrez was angry. He too supported reforms, and was not fond of d'Aubuisson, but he thought the way to deal with the problem would be quietly to ship those involved abroad, instead of arresting them and running the unacceptable risk of Army officers killing other Army officers. The issue of what d'Aubuisson and his friends had, or had not, been plotting became entangled with what Gutiérrez thought of as Majano's questionable methodology.

Gutiérrez appointed a military judge to rule on the charges against d'Aubuisson. In a fence-straddling decision worthy of Salvadoran military tradition, Gutiérrez selected as judge a major who was strongly identified with the so-called Majanista, or reform, sector of the Army but who also had graduated from the military academy in the same class as d'Aubuisson. Gutiérrez hoped that a man with allegiances in both directions might somehow decide the case on its merits. To Gutiérrez that meant a decision avoiding a permanent rupture in the military institution.

Within the week, d'Aubuisson went free and fled to Gua-

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temala, and his alleged co-conspirators were dispatched in various directions. Majano lost a subsequent vote of confidence to Gutiérrez but remained in the junta until he was thrown out of the government, though not the Army, at the end of 1980. My captain subsequently did the unbelievable and took to the hills with the guerrillas. D'Aubuisson returned to relative glory last year, by founding a political party and getting himself elected president of the Constituent Assembly. Gutiérrez saw the government through to those elections, then stepped out of the picture and watched in dismay as some civilian politicians tried to undo the social programs he had helped put in motion.

WHERE IT BEGINS FOR most of these men is at the Captain-

General Gerardo Barrios Military School, a place of waxed tile floors, fresh paint, tropical flower beds, and polite cadets. The teachers talk of rewards that come with loyal service to the nation, and the cadets learn that the welfare of the Army and the welfare of the fatherland are indistinguishable. Most of the cadets come from lower-middle-class families who struggle to put their sons through high school in the hope that they will pass the entrance examinations for the military school, which provides four years of free education and living expenses. Becoming an officer is the most certain way to rise socially for an intelligent, earnest young man lacking family means. It will never put him on the same social level as those whose ancestors built the great coffee estates, but it offers the imprimatur of respectability in a country where that is denied to all but a few. It has traditionally led, at the very least, to influence; to moderate and sometimes great wealth; and to cabinet ministries and maybe the presidency.

Many enter the academy, few finish. Most officers now deciding the future of the country graduated in classes of twelve to twenty men in the late 1950s and the first half of the 1960s. They emerged from the academy with strong alliances and a sense of shared past and future; most received advanced training in the United States, Panama, Taiwan, Argentina, and Chile, and at the Army's own school of high command. By law, a professional military career lasts thirty years, beginning the day a young man



JAIME ABDUL GUTIÉRREZ

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enters the academy, which means that most officers retire before they are fifty. Though their paths may cross only occasionally in the years during which they move to seniority and power, no one forgets his classmates. Together they constitute what Salvadorans call a *tanda*. We might call it a caste, each graduating class a subcaste of the larger caste. If a member deviates too much from a line that nobody can define, he gets a stint abroad for re-education, drumming on a desk in a cubbyhole at a Salvadoran embassy in some country that hardly knows El Salvador exists. Seldom is a member of the caste turned out permanently.

The military in El Salvador is divided into two groups of armed bodies: those traditionally concerned with defense of the national territory and those concerned with keeping

internal order. The first group includes the 22,400-man Army plus the Navy and the Air Force, each of which has only a few hundred men. The second group includes the National Guard, with 3,300 men; the National Police, with 3,500 men; and the Treasury Police, with 1,700 men.

The creation of the internal-security forces is generally linked by historians to the conversion of El Salvador's agricultural economy, in the second half of the last century, to coffee growing and private ownership of land by *criollos*, Spaniards born in the New World. Such farms needed labor, so the emerging military forces were used to persuade Indians, who had previously farmed in an informal communal system, to work on the farms. When the National Guard was created, it was for the express purpose of carrying out a new law against vagabondism aimed at any Indians who did not want to work for the *criollos*. The Guardsmen also protected private property against thieves or squatters. The Treasury Police was created after the turn of the century to combat trafficking in all kinds of contraband, on which the central treasury was being denied its tax revenue. Specifically, however, it was understood that the Treasury Police agents were to prevent Indians from getting drunk on *chicha*, the local version of corn liquor, and being unable to work. Treasury agents chased the *chicheros* who produced and sold the liquor to the Indians.

Of the three branches of the internal-security forces,

only the National Police, which is assigned to handle police functions in the twenty largest urban areas, has dealt with anything remotely connected with protection of human life. Protection of the economic system was always the primary function of the security apparatus. By tradition, the toughest, meanest men in villages and rural townships were selected for the National Guard and Treasury Police, which offered lifetime careers that were attractive to men who had done their Army draft duty and needed work. Because of the large size of many estates, groups of Guardsmen or Treasury Police were often based on the farms and worked virtually at the direction of the owner or his manager. No one ever told these men to use finesse in carrying out their assignments. The prevailing philosophy of the security forces was found in a phrase thought to have been brought to the New World by instructors from the Spanish Civil Guard and repeated often in the Salvadoran National Guard: "Authority that does not abuse loses its prestige."

In addition, the National Guard, too short-handed to cover the entire country, organized canton patrols under the command of sergeants or retired sergeants and staffed by men who are not formally a part of the National Guard but are given uniforms and guns. As the war has developed, an additional paramilitary organization, called Civil Defense, has organized patrols in rural battle areas, with only loose connections with the nearest Army base. The quality of the manpower, and the attitudes toward individual rights among these two groups, are, at best, on a par with those of the National Guard and the Treasury Police.

The Army developed as a garrison force, and until the war began, more than three years ago, its strength was held to only about a third of its present size. The young conscript soldiers, recruited among the peasants and urban poor for twelve to eighteen months of service, sat in barracks in the fourteen departmental capitals waiting for war with a foreign power, such as the hundred-hour war with Honduras, in 1969, while the academy-educated officers devoted themselves to building the only political party that mattered at the time.

To a large extent, the officers have been the only element connecting these various defense and security forces,



CARLOS EUGENIO VIDES CASANOVA

and officers have traditionally come from that tight little network of graduates from the Army's military academy. In recent years, there has been some promotion from within the security forces, but the control and leadership of each force has remained with Army officers.

NEWSPAPER STORIES often say that El Salvador has been ruled by the Army for half a century. In fact, since Central America became independent from Spain, in 1821, El Salvador has almost always been governed by men whose right to power is based on guns. But historians usually treat 1932 as the watershed year in Salvadoran history. That was the year of a peasant uprising led by Farabundo Martí, one of the first Communists in Central America and the man

whose memory the present guerrilla movement invokes in calling itself the Martí National Liberation Front. A military dictator named General Maximiliano Hernández Martínez emerged to quell the uprising by killing a number of people, mostly peasants, put variously at between 7,000 and 30,000. He won for himself the designation of El Salvador's first modern military ruler. Before 1932, the rulers were men who commanded local armies or were combinations of landowners and warlords. After the bloodbath came a period of modernization. Highways were built, a communications system established, and a national currency created for the first time.

Even counting only from 1932, El Salvador has experienced the longest-running and most institutionalized military rule in Latin America. This rule has been centered in the military, in contrast to the personal dictatorships common in many other Latin American countries, where one man—a Somoza, a Trujillo, a Stroessner—ruled or rules through the military. In El Salvador during the past fifty years, no one individual has ever been allowed to place himself above the military, with the exception, to a certain extent, of General Hernández Martínez, who put the system in motion.

In the late 1940s, the Army organized a formal political party through which it governed the country, though other parties were not prohibited. At the beginning of the 1960s, the party was reorganized and named the National Con-

ciliation Party, but the system of relying on senior Army officers for leadership and for presidential candidates remained the same. The officers called elections every five years and established a national assembly. If the National Conciliation Party did not win the elections, the military stuffed the ballot boxes. The National Conciliation Party and its predecessor were not ideological parties; they existed for the purpose of attaining and holding power under a façade of legitimacy. An officer had to support the party. It was not something he learned in the academy but something he learned as he went along in his career. If he did not, he passed his days in dead-end hardship posts. The presidential candidate was always a military officer, though civilians were occasionally in the running for the nomination.

In 1966, General José Alberto Medrano, the head of the state intelligence agency (inspired, he says, by John F. Kennedy and the Alliance for Progress), founded a vast rural network called the Nationalist Democratic Organization, known by its Spanish acronym, ORDEN, to promote democratic virtues and combat communism. It served as the grass-roots structure for the party: white-collar civilians, particularly business and professional men, were also encouraged to support the party.

The birth of institutionalized Army rule in the 1930s came about in tacit agreement with the landed rich, usually referred to as the coffee oligarchy. It was not a hand-in-glove arrangement, in which the rich pulled the military strings, but an unwritten pact to use and abuse each other for mutual benefit. One coffee grower told me that the arrangement guaranteed an "accommodating" attitude by the military toward those with economic power. Another member of his class explained that the "productive sector" agreed to finance the government—i.e., pay taxes and close its eyes to the fact that Army officers steal a substantial amount—in return for being left in peace to make money. The rich financed the electoral campaigns and were allowed to name their own kind to the ministries dealing with the economy and foreign affairs. They looked down upon their military partners, who, in turn, felt great social resentment toward those who bankrolled them.

Corruption is still extensive. Officers are routinely



ROBERTO D'AUBUISSON

bought off or blackmailed by civilians seeking military influence. Some officers receive payoffs from men doing business in their territory; each provincial commander has the opportunity, for example, to make a profit on the monthly food budget for the 1,000 or so troops under his command. In some cases, it is difficult to draw the line between corruption and the granting of favors, such as the offering of bank directorships and jobs in private business after retirement from the military. Some officers accept only what is dangled in front of them; others aggressively seek payoffs. In 1976, the chief of staff of the Army was convicted in U.S. federal court in New York and sentenced to prison for his part in a scheme to sell \$2.5 million worth of submachine guns to American gangsters—guns he was intending to buy in the United States by

submitting to the State Department a false certificate saying that the weapons would be shipped to his own army.

Corruption is so much a part of anything related to the Salvadoran military that any time an officer changes his position on any question, Salvadorans automatically assume that someone has bought him. Over the past four years, I have heard so many whispered charges and countercharges of corruption from officers and civilians that I conclude that the alleged corruption adds up to an impossible amount. Even the rare officer who joins the left or so much as proposes talking to the insurgents is likely to encounter the allegation that the guerrillas have offered him money. One theory of why U.S. military assistance is not more successful as a pressure device for ending human-rights abuses is that it offers little prospect of individual rake-offs, because very little of it actually comes into El Salvador as money. Most comes as equipment and supplies or in the form of training Salvadoran soldiers in the United States and Panama.

DESPITE THE ELECTORAL FRAMEWORK CREATED BY the military and its pact with the rich, there have been periodic eruptions from within the military caused by various things: the desire for reform; individual officers overstepping acceptable bounds of corruption; pressures from younger officers eager for their turn at the

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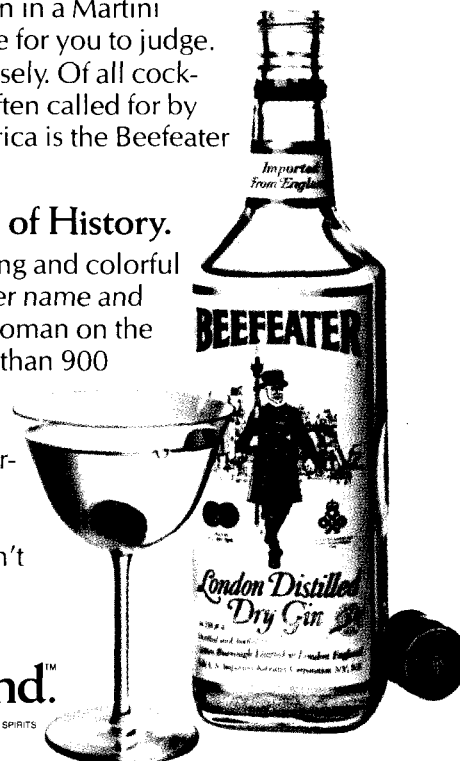
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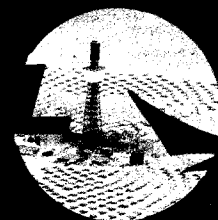
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top; and external events. Each such eruption, however, has had some lasting effect, because each new group of officers has justified the assumption of power with promises to create a fair society and hold free elections, and has taken at least some steps toward keeping them. Two tumultuous periods of coups and government reorganizations, one in the mid-1940s and another at the beginning of the 1960s, resulted in substantial improvements, relatively speaking, in social and labor laws and the freedom to organize opposition political parties. This freedom led, in turn, to the birth and growth in the 1960s of the Christian Democratic Party, now the strongest single party in the country, though it lacks an outright majority. Some smaller opposition parties to the left of the Christian Democrats also developed, including a legal front organization for the Communist Party. Throughout the 1970s, the Communists participated in elections as part of the opposition coalition, but a split in their party spawned three of the present guerrilla groups, and the party itself opted to become a guerrilla force at the end of 1979.

It was obvious that this gradual opening up of the society would lead to a victory by the opposition, given free elections. When that came close to happening in 1972, the year the coalition led by José Napoleón Duarte got a plurality and possibly an outright majority of the popular vote, the Army went through another eruption. It announced false election results, giving the victory to its own candidate. A month later, several officers, dissatisfied with the fraud, attempted a rebellion. Perhaps because this rebellion raised the ultimate question—whether the military would actually give up power—the rest of the Army put it down with a hundred or more deaths and no significant change in the power structure. Duarte was arrested, beaten, and sent into exile, though he had played no role in organizing the rebellion. Today, many officers, as well as foreign analysts, believe that the failure to allow Duarte his victory contributed to the growth of guerrilla groups and social problems.

In May of 1979, a small group of officers began to meet. They saw a burgeoning leftist movement that not only was raising tens of millions of dollars by kidnapping wealthy Salvadorans or foreign businessmen but could put 200,000 demonstrators in the streets at one time. They looked at Nicaragua, where the Somoza dynasty was in its death throes, and saw that the United States was doing nothing to rescue the Nicaraguan National Guard, a military institution that had been, until recently, as strongly entrenched as that in El Salvador. Finally, they considered the occupant of the presidential palace, General Carlos Humberto Romero, who was isolated from many senior officers, deaf to the pleas of moderate civilians that he take drastic measures to correct national problems, and out of favor with the Carter Administration because of the growing number of bodies turning up in trash cans and along the roads. The officers concluded that circumstances were such that the Marxist-Leninist guerrilla groups and their supporting or-

ganizations could carry out a successful insurrection by the end of the year. They decided to act before then.

On the morning of October 15, the three senior men in the small group of officers—Colonel Gutiérrez, Lieutenant Colonel René Guerra y Guerra, and Major Alvaro Salazar Brenes—took command of San Carlos, the headquarters of the First Brigade in the capital. Junior officers working with them demanded the surrender of barracks commanders around the country, then confirmed the takeovers to Guerra y Guerra. Gutiérrez telephoned President Romero to request that he leave the country.

Another shaking of the military tree was under way, and everyone involved thought that this one would turn out to be more momentous than any in the past. Salazar Brenes had said during the planning sessions that it would have to be the last military coup in El Salvador for at least twenty years. The political planning that went into it was even more careful than the logistical planning. A proclamation was written containing a heavy dose of theory about the redistribution of wealth—primarily through an agrarian reform—a vague promise to call elections, and a commitment to work to repair the divisions in Salvadoran society, presumably meaning an attempt to patch things up with insurgents. In a country desperately short of skill in political analysis and organization, the three officers represented a remarkably large amount of what skill there was. Gutiérrez, an engineer, had respected administrative and managerial talents. Salazar Brenes had earned a degree in political science at the Central American University after finishing military school, an unusual education for a military officer. Guerra y Guerra, more highly born than most military officers, consulted closely with a relative among the Jesuit priests, who dominate the teaching and administration of the university.

After much jockeying in the final days before the coup, Colonel Gutiérrez and Colonel Adolfo Majano were selected to represent the military in the new ruling junta, which was also to include three civilians. Guerra y Guerra wanted to be a member of the junta, but Gutiérrez insisted that only full colonels should serve, so Guerra y Guerra and the younger officers working with him asked Majano, then deputy director of the military academy, to represent them. He played no role in organizing the coup and apparently hesitated at the last moment, not arriving at the San Carlos barracks until late on the day of the coup.

Majano was then forty-one and Gutiérrez was forty-three; both were part of the small elite that full colonels constitute in a country where few make general. Like the U.S. Senate, the colonels form an exclusive club of people with great influence and status. After the coup, nearly sixty senior officers, including all of the generals and the majority of the colonels, were retired or sent abroad. Only about a dozen full colonels were allowed to remain, all of them handpicked by Gutiérrez, though the number was allowed to rise with promotions made in the months after the coup.

THE 1979 COUP WAS NOT the beginning and end of the military shake-down. The years since have brought an ongoing shake-down involving both power and ideas. The Salvadoran military has washed its linen in public as no other Latin American military institution has, providing a rare look inside a situation that would be reported with rumor and supposition in other countries. In part, this public display came about because the coup was followed by the assertion of a form of internal military democracy by the entire officer corps; for a while, everybody claimed the right to an opinion and a vote about every government policy. Gutiérrez thought that this was no way to fight a war, and set out to reassert the traditional top-to-bottom command structure. Eventually, some twenty-five commanders, all colonels or lieutenant colonels, assumed the power to make most military decisions, but the lingering effects of the democratization period have made it necessary for commanders to take into account the opinions of lower-ranking officers if they want their barracks to function. There was military unity when the coup was carried out in 1979, but within a few months it began to break down over various issues, and the consensus continues to be in debate today. Among the issues being debated are commitment or non-commitment to the promised reforms; past associations; corruption; relations with, and manipulations by, civilian groups; personal ambition; and, on occasion, conduct of the war.

Guerra y Guerra and many young officers, for example, viewed Gutiérrez as corrupt, because of his past position as head of the state communications corporation, a traditional source of rake-offs. The left regularly dropped the suggestion that Gutiérrez worked for the CIA. Guerra y Guerra was distrusted by Gutiérrez and his friends, who saw him as too personally ambitious and for that reason damaging to the agreed-upon goals. Gutiérrez, a somewhat retiring person, thought that Majano hogged the limelight too much for a man who had done nothing to bring off the coup. Majano, known to friends and detractors alike for honesty, intelligence, and naiveté, thought that as the elected representative of a group of younger officers he had the responsibility to improve the miserable



ADOLFO MAJANO

human-rights record of the armed forces. Robert E. White, the American ambassador, encouraged him in this role. In all the allegations of coup attempts and purges during 1980, it was never clear who was trying to do what to whom. Some officers accused Majano of flirting with the guerrillas, whose political front groups were tempting him to make a grab for total power with statements to the effect that they knew him to be "recuperable, not bloodthirsty." At the same time, some officers, particularly those friendly to the ousted Major d'Aubuisson, were viewed as being in the pay of the extreme right.

When the many versions of civilian government that have shared power with the military since the 1979 coup are added to this equation, the machinations and interests involved in any policy decision

are multiplied. The first junta, made up of the two colonels and three civilians and backed by a cabinet that ranged from businessmen to Communists, lasted through ten weeks of tears, shouting, and mutual accusations before the inevitable self-destruction. Most of the civilians in the junta and the Cabinet wanted Majano to assert the power of the younger officers to remove three senior officers the civilians perceived to be blocking progress: Gutiérrez, Defense Minister José Guillermo García, and Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova, the director of the National Guard. Those three colonels, on the other hand, claimed that the civilians were being manipulated by the extreme left. Majano was apparently swayed against attempting a takeover by the fear that he might be destroying the military.

When the first junta broke apart, the Christian Democrats joined the military in forming a government, and while they had more collective staying power than the first set of civilians, they were shaken by the unsolved killings of various party activists and the flight of others to exile and affiliation with the insurgents. Though close to Majano in social ideas, the Christian Democrats found him a difficult loner in day-to-day affairs, and decided that Gutiérrez was more realistic and effective.

At the end of 1980, Gutiérrez and Defense Minister García made a written pact with the Christian Democrats that led to restructuring the government in the form that lasted until the elections in March of last year for the As-

sembly, which is now writing a new constitution. The catalyst for the 1980 restructuring, aside from the power struggles involving Majano, was the murder of four American missionaries by a National Guard patrol. The idea was to give a respected civilian, Duarte, more power by making him president of the junta (there had been none since the coup), and to establish firmer authority lines in the Army and security forces. In the process, García, Gutiérrez, and Vides Casanova became generals. A month later, however, the Reagan Administration came into office almost simultaneously with the first big guerrilla offensive. The question of how to fight the insurgency on the battlefield quickly became more important than the question of abuse of authority.



JOSÉ GUILLERMO GARCÍA

CINDY KARP/BLACK STAR

by other officers of receiving payoffs to run death squads.

Distinct from the death-squad killings are mass killings in rural battle zones. The circumstances of these killings are clouded by great confusion and lack of information, such as whether the victims were families of guerrillas and whether they were killed intentionally by government troops, caught in crossfire, or eliminated in a no-holds-barred cleanup sweep. Sometimes what the guerrillas describe as the site of a military massacre the army will describe as a burial ground for guerrilla combat losses. A third category of killings is related to feuds in small towns and rural areas which are only nominally, if at all, related to any of the issues in the war. In the absence of legal and police authority, those who have guns—which seems to be

EL SALVADOR'S CON-
vulsions of the past four years have drawn attention to the terrible violence that has existed seemingly forever but that has increased as part of the reaction and counter-reaction to the insurgency. Somewhere along the line, the general principle that in wars people try to kill their enemies has been replaced in El Salvador with the notion that one kills whoever is easiest to kill. Usually, that has meant any young man between eighteen and twenty-four, families of government troops and of guerrillas, politicians who think it might be a good idea for the sides to negotiate, and nuns and other social activists who become involved with the intention of helping the poor.

The killings and abuses fall into several categories. One is crimes committed by so-called death squads or by individuals in them, which usually single out individual people or families, often those known nationally or in small towns for commitment to a particular cause, revolutionary or otherwise. It is accepted, among military officers and others, that the death squads are commanded by a few middle- or lower-level officers, who, in the pay of civilian groups, recruit gunmen, particularly enlisted men from the National Guard or Treasury Police, to carry out political assassinations. This theory is largely based on supposition, but there are some factual kernels that support it. Papers taken from the briefcase of a captain arrested with d'Aubuisson during the alleged farmhouse plotting three years ago revealed a list of last names of military officers suspected

almost everyone—resolve things in their own way.

Some analysts like to fix responsibility for this violence squarely at the top of the military structure, particularly on General García in his long reign as defense minister, beginning the day after the 1979 coup and ending with his resignation last April, and a few other men in key positions, such as the heads of the National Guard and the Treasury Police. But the structure of the Salvadoran military is so diffuse that there is no such thing as a clear order. By tradition, the defense minister presides rather than directs. He is dependent on the willingness of the fourteen departmental commanders and of the heads of the three security forces to obey him. Even the link from the heads of the security forces to their troops is imprecise, because the security-force detachments in the fourteen departments are responsible first to the provincial Army commander. When officers are inclined to clean up the units under their command, the old ways are often so imbedded as to prevent it. The two officers assigned to take over the National Guard and the National Police after the 1979 coup, General Vides Casanova and Colonel Carlos Reynaldo López Nuila, sought unsuccessfully in 1980 to be relieved of their posts, because they feared that it was impossible to get internal control of the organizations they were supposed to command. Further removed from the center of power and the command structure is the network of canton and civil-defense patrols in rural zones. These

patrols, unpaid or badly paid, appear to take the brunt of guerrilla firepower and, in turn, to bear a large part of the responsibility in mass killings.

There have been efforts to deal with these problems, with mixed degrees of enthusiasm and success. The National Police, the National Guard, and the Treasury Police have dismissed several hundred men during the past three years as part of a campaign to weed out those who abuse their authority and to replace them with younger men who might carry out their assignments in a more humane way. Since the time when he wanted to throw up his hands in defeat in his effort to control the National Police, Colonel López Nuila, a lawyer who previously served on the Army legal staff, has made some advances in teaching the police how to investigate crimes, particularly kidnappings, and in developing a code of conduct that includes keeping arrest records. Nevertheless, it is still routine for the police to beat up anyone they arrest. The Army High Command has held occasional meetings, which are well publicized, with the leaders of the canton and civil-defense patrols, to plead for better behavior.

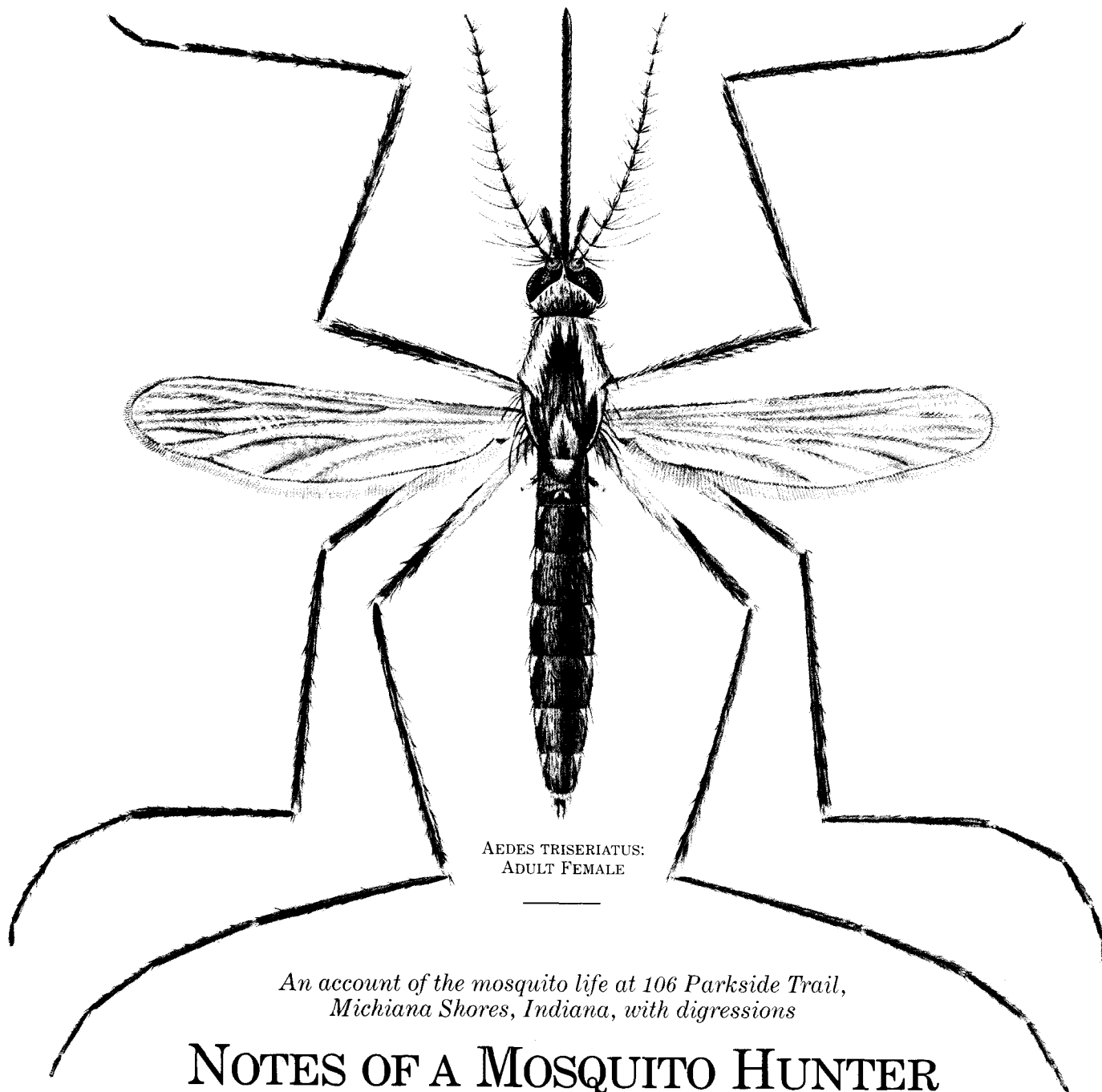
A key element in the problems of violence, to which military leaders point as proof that they cannot bear the full responsibility, is the absence of a functioning judicial system. Many people concerned with achieving human-rights progress in El Salvador, Americans as well as Salvadorans, believe that until the example of legal punishment is demonstrated, those who commit violent acts, whether they wear uniforms or not, will never change their ways. Some Army officers speak bitterly of arresting people and turning them over to the civilian courts for investigation and prosecution, only to find them soon freed on technicalities. Salvadoran judges are known for being easy to buy off and easy to frighten. Bombs, threats, and terrorist attacks are the established methods used by people on all political sides to influence judges. A colonel told me about a large cocaine bust in which he played a significant role several years ago: the defendants, two Peruvian women arrested in a San Salvador hotel, went free after a large amount of money came into the country and, according to the colonel, was generously distributed among key people in the judicial system.

Finally, there is the matter of what José Napoleón Duarte calls the "culture of violence" that prevails in El Salvador. Most Salvadorans are as convinced that extreme violence is part of their national character as they are convinced that corruption is endemic to the military and those who surround it. Government in El Salvador has tradition-

ally been based on the authority of terror, implied even when not exerted. Rumor, cruelty, and ignorance are also at play in many killings among the rural population, which is largely illiterate. Some argue that the issue of military abuse will be solved only as the entire society resolves its violence problem by a combination of education and legal punishment for the guilty.

"Each one has his own truth," a colonel commanding a post in eastern El Salvador once told me as he discussed the Army's degree of commitment or non-commitment to social change. Anyone trying to take an objective view will indeed find many truths about the Salvadoran military institution. A few truths are commendable, some are only barely palatable, and some are despicable. Some are simply facts that will not go away. Among them: the Salvadoran military has a lot of innocent blood on its hands, and admits it only reluctantly. It also has an ample historical sense of how its hands got bloody. It has reached a degree of consensus about the need to change the country's social and political attitudes, and to make the military put a high value on human life. But there are sectors in the armed forces not in agreement, men who believe that it is still possible to use the threat of a Communist takeover to justify oppression. There is also disagreement, even among the majority, about how to reach the national goals and how much internal change the military can absorb in time of war. Finally, as Salvadoran military history has shown, conflicts over ideas and policies often get deflected by personal ambition and greed. The error lies in believing only one of these truths about the Salvadoran military, whichever it may be, and ignoring the others. In the end, the military wants to survive, and its leadership wants to do what is necessary to ensure that.

Despite its own soul-searching of the past few years, the Salvadoran military, in large measure, looks to the United States to define what is necessary. The messages it gets are unclear at best, and often contradictory. Trying to interpret the demands coming from the many centers of power and influence in the United States—the White House, the National Security Council, the State Department, the Pentagon, Congress, the press, opinion polls, pressure groups, and demonstrators—leads some officers to conclude that it is enough merely to talk a reformist line, and others to see the disaster ahead if the military does not take the lead in effecting actual reforms. Without a clearer message from the United States, the officers may be unable to agree on what to do next. This is a military that is at war as much with itself as with the guerrillas. □



BY MICHAEL LENEHAN

DIGRESSIONS NOTWITHSTANDING, READERS MIGHT well inquire why they are being offered an account of the mosquito life at 106 Parkside Trail, Michiana Shores, Indiana. If we must have mosquitoes, readers might say, why not mosquitoes of a more general stripe, such as mosquitoes of the Midwest, or of North America? Why not urban, suburban, or rural mosquitoes, or just mosquitoes, period?

The problem is that the word *mosquito* is not very susceptible to generalization. The term—which comes from the Spanish for “little fly,” and seems to have displaced the

pithier Old English word *gnat* over the past few centuries—can properly be given to any member of the insect family Culicidae, a group that comprises some 3,000 species and subspecies and ranges over virtually the entire globe. In equatorial Africa, some insects called mosquitoes breed in small tree holes filled with rainwater; they do not take blood from other animals but feed solely on plant nectar and other sources of sugar. In Arctic Canada, other insects called mosquitoes breed in large, open ponds of melted snow; they attack warm-blooded animals in such numbers and with such avidity that they could, if left to do

so, suck a man dry in four hours. Between these extremes, mosquitoes conduct their essential business—eating, growing, reproducing, dispersing—in such a variety of ways that one can scarcely cite a rule of mosquito behavior that lacks an exception. For example, one of the most basic facts of life for mosquitoes is that in their immature, aquatic stages—the larva, which hatches from the egg, and the pupa, which metamorphoses into the flying adult—they breathe via organs that protrude through the water's surface. But the larva of a North American species called *Psorophora discolor* can stay under water almost indefinitely; it apparently takes dissolved oxygen directly from the water, through its cuticle and perhaps through a set of overdeveloped gills. Another general rule is that female mosquitoes must have a meal of blood if their eggs are to develop; but, in addition to the above-mentioned nectar feeders, several species of blood feeders have autogenous strains that can reproduce successfully without blood.

Nearly everyone knows that mosquitoes flourish in wet weather, but some species that favor stagnant pools do much better in dry times, when streams slow to a trickle or stop altogether. Some species prefer open sunlight, some shade. Some breed in the foulest of latrine pits, others in saltwater marshes, and some exhibit almost no tolerance for pollution or salinity. Some like to bite cows, others prefer humans, and still others concentrate on birds or reptiles; one genus—*Malaya*—inserts its proboscis into the mouth of the *Cremastogaster* ant and, without hurting the ant in any readily apparent way, helps itself to the food that the ant has gathered patiently into its crop. All these creatures are called mosquitoes.

This being the case, the reader will perhaps appreciate that the chronicler of mosquito life has to draw the line somewhere. To me, 106 Parkside Trail seemed to be as good a place as any. The property, which lies very close to the border between Michigan and Indiana, a few hundred yards southeast of the Lake Michigan shore, covers seven eighths of an acre of mature sand dune, heavily populated with tall oaks, numerous wild grasses and weeds, and—it has often seemed to me—enough mosquitoes to feed roughly half the world's birds. The address is ideal for another reason as well: scientists are encouraged, by tradition and economics, to conduct their inquiries close to home, or, when possible, close to their favorite vacation spots. I am not a scientist, but I do enjoy pretending, and I happen to own part of the summer house that sits on the hill.

ON A COOL, SUN-DAPPLED MORNING LAST AUGUST, as the wind off the lake and the leaves in the trees combined to produce a soothing wash of rustling white noise, I ascended the hill at 106 Parkside carrying a bag of small glass vials, each a little less than an inch in diameter. Together with my own flesh and blood, these vials gave me the makings of the adult-mosquito trap used

by generations of entomologists. Thanks to the efforts of those researchers, and my experiences during numerous twilight barbecues on the hilltop, I knew I did not really need to look for mosquitoes. The mosquitoes, I knew, would come looking for me.

How they would find me is a question still open to speculation, even though mosquitoes have been studied intensively for decades. Laboratory tests have shown that mosquitoes are attracted to certain ranges of temperature and humidity, and especially to carbon dioxide. Entomologists know that simply exhaling into a jar of mosquitoes can rouse them to such a frenzy that they will attempt to draw blood from the glass. For this reason, presumably, some species show a decided preference for animals' heads as opposed to other body parts; one species is said to go only for the nose. Color also seems to play a role in attraction: the chief yellow-fever mosquito, *Aedes aegypti*, has been shown to prefer black guinea pigs to white, and other species exhibit a similar preference for dark-colored objects. Certain chemical smells may come into play as well. Although the blood and sweat of various animals have not been found particularly attractive, some of the components of blood and sweat—for example, hemoglobin and certain amino acids—do attract. This makes sense from the hungry mosquito's point of view: better to have a taste for these basic substances, which are common to a wide range of animals, than to insist on the more specific smells of one kind of host. Picky eaters often go hungry.

These attractants, however, are effective over only very short distances—a few feet, at best. Light is the only thing known to attract mosquitoes over great distances (clouds of migrating mosquitoes have been observed making for the lights of a city skyline at night), but not all species respond to light, and light is obviously not necessary to attract a biting mosquito. What, then, brings the mosquito within close range of its victim? Although most experts are convinced that something does, they cannot say for sure what that something might be. The best explanation offered so far is that the mosquito simply flies upwind rather randomly until it stumbles upon evidence of its dinner.

As anyone who has tried to swat one in midair can testify, mosquitoes are expert fliers. Like all their relatives in the fly order, they have two wings instead of the four possessed by other flying insects. (The name of the order, *Diptera*, means “two wings.”) Over the eons, the other two wings have been modified into “halteres,” which appear to act like gyroscopes, providing stability in flight. Mosquitoes can hover, move vertically, and even fly backward. Though they can reach speeds of up to seven kilometers an hour, they typically cruise into the wind at a land speed of about half a kilometer per hour, judging and adjusting their speed visually, according to the apparent progression of the landscape below them. (For this reason, a high-flying mosquito can be fooled by appearances into flying faster than normal.) Flying into the wind is probably help-

ful in finding blood. The generally accepted theory is that the mosquito's potential animal victim exudes a "host beam" of warm, moist air, heavily laden with carbon dioxide. When the mosquito, flying into the wind but going nowhere in particular, encounters such a beam, it cannot determine the source, so it keeps flying straight ahead until it leaves the beam, then turns back into it. Zigzagging back and forth, into and out of the narrowing beam, the mosquito homes in to within a few inches of the victim, whereupon its senses of sight and smell apparently take over to identify the creature as palatable or not. Motion on the victim's part may help, somehow, to rouse the mosquito or guide it to the victim's general vicinity—a phenomenon noticed in the forests of Uganda by investigators who found that the best way to capture certain species was to move around, then halt briefly with collecting equipment at the ready. My own experience in the forest-like environs of 106 Parkside Trail confirms this. I spent hours sitting calmly, waiting for mosquitoes to call, but caught almost as many while doing something else.

Once, pausing briefly after walking up the hill, I noticed a mosquito developing an interest in me, and watched as it darted and hovered around my head; with its long legs bent at the knees and partially drawn up, it looked as though it were daintily pulling up its skirt before settling down to dine. Eventually it chose the back of my hand and went to work, burying almost its entire proboscis—which was about three millimeters long, roughly half the length of the mosquito's body—beneath my skin.

THE MOSQUITO'S PROBOSCIS CONSISTS OF SIX DIFFERENT shafts surrounded by an outer sheath. Four of the shafts are cutting and piercing tools; a fifth, whose tip can bend in different directions as the insect searches for a capillary, transports blood from host to mosquito; the sixth transports saliva the other way. Entomologists have long believed that in some mosquito species the saliva acts as an anticoagulant, ensuring a smooth flow of blood (though recent work indicates that this may not be so); in some species, it also serves to transmit malaria, yellow fever, dengue, and most of the other diseases for which mosquitoes are notorious. When you sense a biting mosquito on your body, you are not necessarily feeling the piercing of the skin or the weight of the mosquito (it weighs only about a ten thousandth of an ounce, though it will weigh two or three times that after it has tapped your blood supply). What you usually feel is an allergic reaction to the mosquito's saliva, which also causes the characteristic swelling and itch. That this reaction is allergic in nature helps explain why some people seem to suffer more when bitten than others—just as some people get hay fever and others do not. Often, two or three minutes pass before the

reaction becomes noticeable. If the mosquito has not filled up and flown off by this time, it ends up spread across the palm of your hand.

The mosquito on the back of my hand took about two minutes and thirty-five seconds to finish its meal. After about a minute of feeding, it appeared to withdraw, then reinsert, its proboscis; this was its only motion other than a few barely perceptible twitches of one leg and the gradual swelling of its gut, which turned bright red before my eyes. The mosquito was so intent on its task that it did not notice when I slipped one of my glass vials over it; it continued feeding for a full minute, discovering the trap only as it tried to fly away, at which point I turned the vial over and stoppered it with cotton.

My purpose in bottling the mosquitoes that came to me was to identify the species that inhabit the hill. In order to collect a representative sample, I had to offer myself at various hours of the day, because different species are active at different times. In this regard, mosquitoes are often classified as nocturnal, diurnal, or crepuscular. Diurnal species are generally active throughout the daylight hours, but with certain well-defined peaks of activity—at midday, say, or in early morning and late afternoon. These species characteristically inhabit the cool, shady environment of forests. Crepuscular species are most active at dawn and twilight. Researchers studying yellow-fever mosquitoes in the tropical forests of Africa found one species, *Aedes africanus*, whose feeding activity was highly concentrated in a twenty-minute period near sunset. In this study, mosquito catchers were stationed in the trees, at various heights, because different species are also known to prefer different altitudes. Some of the mosquito species that carry yellow fever, for example, stick almost exclusively to the forest canopy. Indeed, the cycles of yellow-fever transmission require mechanisms other than mosquitoes to bring the disease from infected monkeys in the treetops to human victims below; mosquitoes transmit the virus from monkey to monkey in the canopy and from human to human on the ground, but they cannot normally carry it from one level to the other. In Africa, the monkeys shuttle the virus down, receiving it from one type of mosquito in the canopy and delivering it to another type on the ground. In Central and South America, yellow fever is known as an occupational hazard of lumbermen, because their efforts bring the infected mosquito down to the forest floor; left to itself, this mosquito—*Haemagogus spegazzinii*—would remain in the trees and bother only monkeys.

I did not climb any trees in my mosquito hunting, but I did manage, after a couple of days, to assemble a modest collection of bottled specimens, and these I took to Dr. George Craig, director of the Vector Biology Laboratory at the University of Notre Dame, for identification. Craig's office is located in a third-floor corner of Notre Dame's biology building, behind a set of special doors that can be sealed to foil mosquito escape attempts. (The doors, Craig told me, were part of a ludicrous government ef-

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fort to eliminate the chief yellow-fever mosquito, *Aedes aegypti*, from the Western Hemisphere; the government apparently feared that if it got the job done—which of course it never did, despite the expenditure of about \$60 million—an escaped mosquito might ruin everything.) Mounted on one wall of Craig's office is a collection of hand-made metal butterflies fashioned by his wife, Betty, each one engraved with the name of a graduate student who received his or her doctorate under Craig's tutelage. I asked why butterflies rather than mosquitoes—Craig's laboratory, manned by a staff of about twenty-five teachers, students, and technicians, is devoted solely to mosquito research—and he answered that he found the butterfly more metaphorically appropriate to his purpose. Besides, where would you engrave a name on a model mosquito?

Craig took my bottled mosquitoes into his lab and, one by one, unceremoniously spilled them onto a counter and placed them under a microscope. At his side he had a book on Indiana mosquitoes, filled with drawings of identifying morphological characters, but he didn't bother to consult it. "*Aedes vexans*," he said of the mosquito that had taken a leisurely meal from the back of my hand. He recognized it by the narrow bands of light-colored tissue on its legs. This species, nearly ubiquitous in the forty-eight states, is most active at dawn and dusk. It characteristically breeds in temporary accumulations of water such as rain pools, ditches, and wheel ruts, but it is quite adaptable; it does well in sunlight or shade, in clean or polluted water. Because of its ubiquity and the huge numbers in which it breeds, *Aedes vexans* is considered the most troublesome pest mosquito in many parts of the northern U.S.

Another of my glass vials contained *Coquillettidia perturbans*, which must be something of a rarity at 106 Parkside. In its aquatic stages, this mosquito—which breeds in reedy lakes and swamps—has an ingenious method of obtaining oxygen. While most immature mosquitoes must spend the bulk of their time at the water's surface in order to breathe, *Coquillettidia* larvae and pupae, along with those of a few other genera, stay under water, boring into the submerged stalks of aquatic plants and using them as snorkels. They are thus safe from many types of predator, including the human type—the mosquito-control worker—whose most effective weapon is often the spreading of a larvicide over the water's surface. The *Coquillettidia perturbans* specimen I caught evidently had traveled quite a way to 106 Parkside; as far as I know, the closest suitable habitat is a cattail-lined swamp several miles from the hill. Craig told me that the species is able to fly as far as ten miles from its breeding place, which qualifies it as a long-distance flier among mosquitoes, though not, by far, the longest-distance flier. *Aedes sollicitans*, the obnoxious salt-marsh mosquito of the eastern seaboard, often migrates in swarms and can normally range up to forty miles from its birthplace; a considerable population, perhaps aided by high-altitude winds, was once found on a ship 110 miles out to sea off the coast of southern Virginia.

(By the way, though not all mosquitoes have such evocative names as *vexans* and *perturbans*, many do, including *Aedes tormentor*, *Aedes excrucians*, *Culex territans*, *Aedes implacabilis*, and *Haemagogus lucifer*. Several such species were named by the British entomologist Francis Walker, who seems to have spent most of the time between 1847 and 1866 cataloguing a vast collection of Diptera specimens accumulated by the British Museum. Apparently, he found ways to amuse himself.)

Dr. Craig identified all the rest of my mosquitoes as *Aedes triseriatus*, a species in which he is particularly interested. He invited me to admire one of the magnified corpses, and I was shocked by its brilliant silver coloring; it looked like something that had emerged from a metal-worker's shop, rather than from a pool of dirty water. *Aedes triseriatus* breeds most often in tree holes, the various notches, cracks, and cavities in trees that collect rainwater. The species seems to prefer its tree holes close to the ground; had I ventured into the treetops on my mosquito hunt, I probably would have found a closely related species, *Aedes hendersoni*, which prefers the holes at canopy level. *Aedes triseriatus*, a diurnal species, almost never ventures into the "light traps" that entomologists commonly use to monitor mosquito populations. Craig believes that because of this, and because of the near impossibility of finding and eradicating its breeding places, the species is far more dangerous than many mosquito-control workers realize. It is the chief vector of La Crosse encephalitis, also called California encephalitis, of which it is actually a subtype. This type of encephalitis is less severe than most other mosquito-borne types that affect humans, but in most years it accounts for the vast majority of cases reported in the United States. Craig seemed pleased that I had found *Aedes triseriatus* on the hill. I feigned enthusiasm.

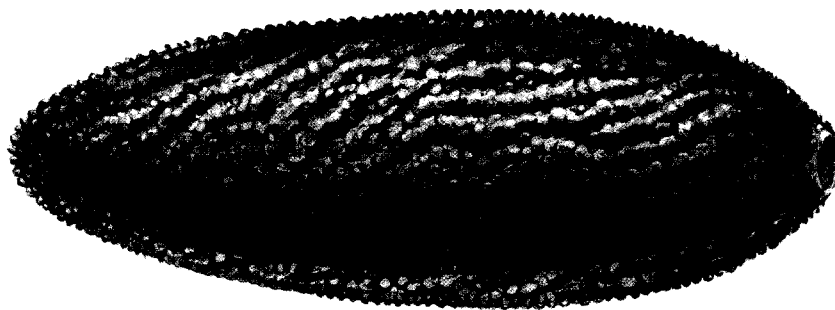
ALL THE ADULT MOSQUITOES I CAPTURED ON THE hill were females. Male mosquitoes do not suck the blood of other animals; incapable of piercing skin, they get by on plant nectar instead. Therefore, they do not patrol for animal hosts and do not transmit disease; therefore, they do not much interest entomologists. Like the males of many other insect families—ants and honeybees are probably the best examples—male mosquitoes are important for just one reason, and after they have served that purpose, they become superfluous. The female of *Culex pipiens*, the common species chiefly responsible for the misconception that all mosquitoes breed in polluted water, survives northern winters by resting in an attic, cellar, or similar man-made structure, usually with a load of sperm that she will use to fertilize eggs in the spring. The male of the species, having bestowed his seed, merely dies at the onset of cold weather.

If you have ever seen a congregation of mosquitoes flying busily in circles over a chimney, over a light-colored

object on the ground, or, as sometimes happens, over a person's head, you have probably witnessed a swarm of males preparing for their one opportunity to do something useful. Swarming is closely associated with mating in many flying insects. In the North American mayfly *Hexagenia bilineata*, for example, females clearly attract mates by flying into the swarm of males. The purpose or advantage of mosquito swarming is probably similar, but conclusive proof has been difficult to obtain, partly because mosquito swarms often occur in dim light and are easily broken up by outside influences. In any case, most species swarm before mating; however, some species of the genus *Aedes* need not swarm, and males of these species can sometimes be found skulking about near a human or some other host animal, waiting for a hungry female to happen by.

In the mayfly mating ritual, the female flies straight through the swarm, and her unequivocal flight path is the chief means by which the males recognize her; if an observ-

the primary means by which mosquitoes recognized suitable mates. The compelling aesthetic appeal of this theory seems to have kept it alive for a time, despite the knowledge that the wing-beat frequency in any species can vary according to the female's size, age, and whether or not she is carrying blood or mature eggs. H. Frederik Nijhout, then an undergraduate student of George Craig's at Notre Dame, helped lay this idea to rest in 1970, with a classically structured series of experiments. Nijhout exposed several species of *Aedes* males to females of their own and other species, to artificially produced flight tones, and to dead females, females whose wings had been immobilized, and females that had been glued to the head of a pin. He found that the female flight tone served only to excite the males and bring them into the females' vicinity, and that the same frequency would do the trick for several different species. (So would a tuning fork.) Copulation, however, did not generally occur until after the males had fondled their prospective mates and had somehow judged them suitable.



AEDES TRISERIATUS: EGG

er throws a stick or cigarette butt into a swarm of *Hexagenia bilineata* males, some in the swarm will make straight for it, and others will make straight for those straight-flying males. When mosquitoes mate, male finds female—and is stimulated to amorous behavior—chiefly by sound: the hum produced as the female beats her wings. The antennae of most male mosquitoes are equipped with bushy hairs that vibrate in sympathy with this hum, which is usually called the wing-beat frequency or flight tone. Typically, the antennal hairs do not become functional until the male is about a day old. By this time, the abdominal section bearing his genitalia, originally arranged in such a way as to make mating impossible, has usually rotated round through 180 degrees, so the young mosquito does not generally want to mate until he is also able to. Mating usually begins, and sometimes ends, in flight, the male hanging upside down beneath the female.

Biologists once believed that the male antennal hairs of any one species would respond only to the unique female wing-beat frequency of the same species, and that this was

Many insects are known to recognize each other by means of chemical substances called pheromones, though usually pheromones are perceived by smell, not touch. For mosquitoes, Nijhout postulated the existence of a "contact" pheromone, one that is received by touch, and suggested that in the absence of olfactory attraction, the sonic stimulation of the flight tone is necessary to initiate the fondling. The pheromone has not been isolated or synthesized, but the Notre Dame entomologists have given it a name: caressone.

THOUGH AN *AEDES AEGYPTI* FEMALE WAS ONCE OBSERVED mating forty times in succession, with one male right after another, the normal female mosquito needs to mate only once for life. Like many insects, she stores sperm in her body and fertilizes her eggs at the moment of laying; although she may lay more than a thousand eggs in her lifetime—which typically lasts about a month, though longevity varies widely with species and environ-

ment—one encounter with a male gives her all the seed she will ever need.

Shortly before or after obtaining it, she takes a meal of blood to provide the eggs with the protein they must have to develop. When the eggs are fully mature and ready to be fertilized—usually a matter of a few days—the female lights out in search of a place to lay them.

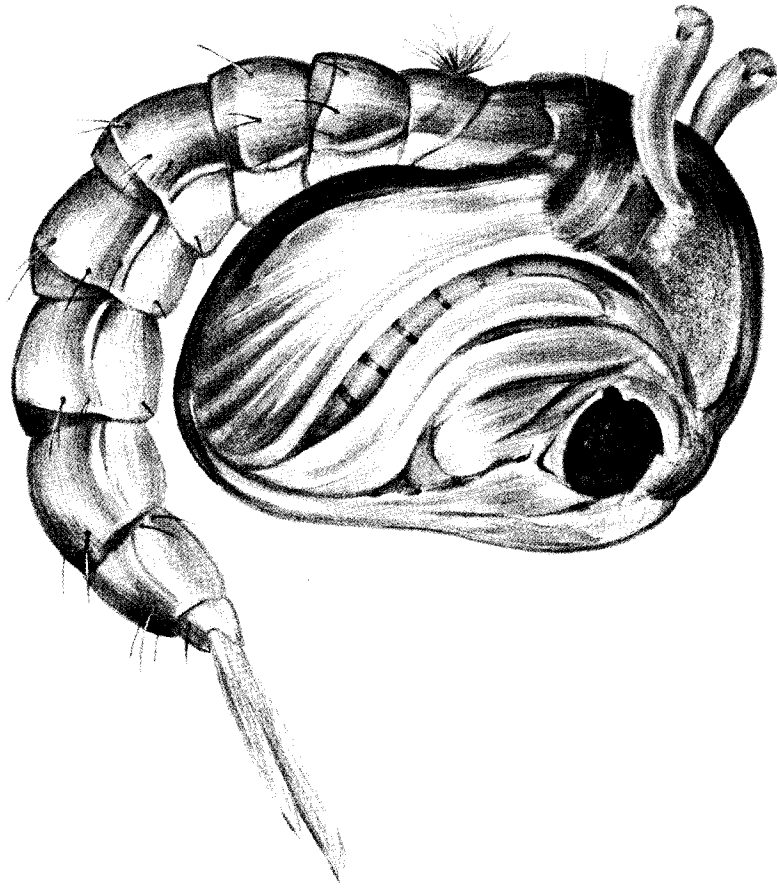
Because the female's choice of laying site determines the environment in which her offspring will hatch and grow—or fail to—the choice is an important one, though of course the criteria are different for different species. *Culex pi-piens* can lay in almost any available container of still water. On the other hand, *Wyeomyia smithii*, which is found in the eastern half of the United States, seems to lay only in water accumulated in the pitcher plant (the larva spends the winter encased in ice and becomes active again when the water melts); *Sabethes chloropterus*, of Central America, prefers the holes in bamboo stems, hovering beside them and flinging her eggs in with a flick of the abdomen. The means by which females find the appropriate site has been much studied in the laboratory, but is little understood. By and large, the choice seems to rely heavily on visual clues, the females of many species gravitating toward dark, reflective sites that may appear to be pools of moisture but sometimes are mirrors or other inappropriate objects. Some females take a sip of water before laying, presumably to taste for salts and other chemicals. In at least one species, smell also seems to be important: the female of *Aedes atropalpus*, found in the northeastern and midwestern U.S., lays in rock holes alongside running rivers; she evidently can recognize the smell of pupal skins left by previous generations, and thereby “knows” which holes have in the past been deep or hospitable enough to support hatching eggs to adulthood.

At 106 Parkside Trail, many different species lay in a fifty-five-gallon drum that is sunk into the ground beside the house—the remains, apparently, of a decorative fountain enjoyed by a previous owner. I have long imagined this drum, which is always filled with rainwater and decaying leaves, to be some sort of mosquito heaven, but before I knew what to look for, and how to look, I would peer at the water for minutes at a time without spying anything that might qualify as a mosquito larva. I consulted Dr. Craig at Notre Dame and quickly learned what I had been doing wrong. Every time I approached the fountain, I would hear a couple of gentle *kerplops*; toads, resting on the rocks around the perimeter of the fountain, were diving into the water to escape the danger I represented to them. In Craig's laboratory, I learned that mosquito larvae do much the same thing. When Roger Nasci, a postdoctoral research associate at the lab, took me into an insectary and pulled a pan of larvae from a covered shelf, the larvae dove for the bottom of the pan immediately upon sensing the motion of the water and the change in light intensity. Many species will dive for cover in this way no matter how the light changes, from dim to bright or vice

versa. The larvae in my hilltop fountain were apparently diving as a result of the shadow that I cast as I loomed over them; perhaps they were also reacting to the splashes made by the frightened toads. In any case, I knew now that although mosquito larvae spend most of their time at the water's surface, the surface is no place to look for them. Dr. Craig equipped me with the standard larvae hunter's tool, a long-handled white-enamel ladle that holds about two cups of water; it can be plunged into a pool to intercept diving larvae, and, upon being removed, it provides a light background against which to view them. Returning to the hill, I dipped the ladle into the fountain and, with a single flick of the wrist, brought up more than seventy small, wormlike larvae.

I also hunted with another tool that Craig had given me, a plastic pipette with a collapsible top, which worked like an eyedropper or a turkey baster. This tool was for drawing water out of small, inaccessible places, and I poked it into objects all over the hill, including hollow pipes and old beer bottles—to no avail—and several times into a ground-level hole in the oak tree that supports one end of the household hammock. This looked to me like a classic tree hole, and I was disappointed when I failed to find a larva in it—so disappointed that I kept returning to it until I eventually succeeded in extracting a few large, lethargic-looking larvae, obviously of a sort different from those in the fountain, which was about ten yards away.

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS AFTER THIS EXPEDITION, I always had a pan or two of mosquito larvae close at hand. I kept several pans at the house on the hill, a couple more at my apartment in Chicago, and, for a while, a jar full of larvae in my car. Watching them was an agreeable pastime. They were capable swimmers, able to propel themselves backward through the water with quick, whipping contractions of the body; in the larger, slower larvae that I had found in the tree hole, the motion was revealed to be rather serpentine, the larvae often taking the shape of the letter *s*. The larvae would swim whenever I disturbed the lighting or tapped the container, but left to themselves they preferred to hang around, nearly motionless, at the water's surface, eating and breathing. They dangled by their rear ends from the surface film at roughly a forty-five-degree angle, with only their respiratory tubes protruding to open air. Instead of patrolling for food, as they would have to do soon enough in adulthood, each larva beckoned food toward it with a pair of hairy, brush-like structures at either side of the head; these brushes, which were kept in constant, sweeping motion, created a current of food-bearing water that the larva examined with its mouth. A single larva, less than half an inch long, can filter more than a liter of water per day in this manner. Although primarily interested in such things as algae, bacteria, and detritus, it will apparently swallow any particle of the appropriate size. Its purpose is to eat



AEDES TRISERIATUS: PUPA

and grow; as it grows, it sheds its skin, or molts, four times.

These are the general facts of larval life, but, as always, researchers have noted some spectacular exceptions. Some species supplement, or totally replace, their filter feeding by preying on other mosquito larvae. One such predator is the African *Eretmapodites ferox*, which inhabits the water accumulated in plant axils and is known to eat larvae of its own species; it was observed devouring another species by the mosquito investigator A. J. Haddow: "If an [*Aedes*] *simpsoni* larva is placed in a small dish with a large [*Eretmapodites*] *ferox* larva, the latter will in many cases cross the dish straight to its prey. . . and, seizing it immediately, will begin to shake and worry it much as a dog shakes a rat. The savage nature of the larva is shown by the fact that it almost always occurs alone in an axil."

Some larvae are capable of survival outside of water, provided the environment is not too dry and they are not exposed too long. *Anopheles maculipennis*, a European species that sometimes breeds in the flooded hoofprints of large animals, has been observed crawling as far as seventy-five centimeters over moist ground, leaving one dried-up hoofprint for another, more hospitable one. *Aedes kochi*, of Australia and New Guinea, can crawl, caterpillarlike, from one leaf base to another, and larvae of the genus *Sabethes*, native to Central and South America, can evidently do something similar. All of these special cases,

including the cannibalistic *Eretmapodites ferox*, make their homes in small accumulations of water that could disappear in a stiff wind or over a long dry spell. Such mosquitoes are clearly more likely to succeed in life if they can relocate when necessary, and if they can grow quickly to adulthood by eating whatever is handy, even if it happens to be a sibling.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE LARVA AND THE adult mosquito offers the stuff of intriguing speculation. For example, the two might be considered as entirely different organisms: one swims through the water and eats algae, the other flies through the air and sucks blood from large animals. How much more different could they be? Or, if one insists on considering them the same organism, one might ask which is the *real* mosquito? Is the larva the growth stage, leading to adulthood? Or is the winged insect the sexual stage, which helps the larva colonize new aquatic habitats?

Between the two, in any case, comes another stage of development—the pupa, which resembles neither. With its bulbous head and short tail, which it usually keeps gathered in close to the body, it looks like a comma or a tiny, dark, cooked shrimp. While the larva breathes through the tip of its abdomen—its rear end—the pupa breathes through tubes in its head. Though the larva is

heavier than water, able to stay at the top only by the action of surface tension, the pupa is lighter than water, able to dive and generally to stay down only with a great expenditure of energy.

One thing the pupa shares with both its predecessor and its successor is an uncommon locomotive ability. Most insect pupae are fairly sedentary, but the mosquito pupa is a quick, agile swimmer whose comical dashes through water have no doubt amused mosquito watchers for centuries. By the time my larvae had begun molting into pupae, I was keeping them in coffee cans covered with plastic screens, because pupae generally become flying adults within two or three days. Often I tapped the sides of the cans just to see them scurrying for the depths, with a motion that reminded me of Pac-Man moving in three dimensions. The pupae swam by flexing their abdomens, extending their short tails and bringing them back again—Pac-Man's constantly opening and closing mouth—and somersaulting head over tail through the water like a rolling coin. As soon as they stopped their exertions, which generally propelled them toward the bottom at an angle, the buoyancy produced by an air pocket in the thorax would send them floating straight to the top. Another tap and off they went again.

In reading about mosquitoes (I am especially indebted, by the way, to J. D. Gillett's *The Mosquito* and Marston Bates's *The Natural History of Mosquitoes*), I had been told that the emergence of the winged adult from the pupal skin was a sight not to be missed, so I kept the coffee cans on my desk and checked them frequently, hoping to catch a pupa in the act. On many nights, I gave up and went to bed having seen nothing, only to find a few adults hanging from the screen, or resting on the inner side of the can, the next morning. One afternoon, finally, I peered into a can and noticed a small, feathery protuberance at the top of a nearly motionless pupa; I put my work aside and took up a hand lens to observe the big event.

I'm afraid I cannot report on it with the same enthusiasm that other writers have shown. The mosquito did not climb or push its way from the pupal skin; it just oozed out. As minutes went by, the thing was obviously emerging—there was always more of it sticking out than there had been a while ago—but, aside from a few twitches of the pupal tail early on in the process, I could discern no movement whatsoever, just a straight line of tissue protruding from the pupal skin at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the water's surface. Gradually the legs and mouthparts spread out from the body; about twelve minutes after I had first noticed it emerging, I was willing to concede that the thing looked like a mosquito. About three minutes later, it was free of the pupal skin and resting on the water, making tiny indentations in the surface film with its fragile legs. As it dried, its color darkened from greenish to the familiar gray. Now and then, it moved a leg or flapped a wing, but for the most part it just sat there, while I lost my patience. At 3:46 P.M., two hours and thirty seconds

after I had begun watching, I turned my attention elsewhere (as I'd done several times previously), foolishly neglecting to cover the can. At 3:59, the mosquito was gone.

Having amused myself sufficiently with my colonies of larvae and pupae, I plucked a sample of specimens from the water with an eyedropper, executed them in vials of alcohol, and took them to Dr. Craig's lab for identification. As I had suspected, the large, lazy larvae that I had found in the tree hole were *Aedes triseriatus*, the tree-hole species common in this part of the country and the vector, as I have already mentioned, of La Crosse encephalitis. Two of the species that I'd found in the fountain were *Culex pipiens* and *Culex restuans*, both of which have been implicated in the transmission of St. Louis encephalitis, and another was *Culiseta melanura*, a vector of eastern equine encephalitis. *Culiseta melanura* rarely bites humans or horses; it generally infects only birds, leaving to another species the job of transmitting the disease from birds to animals. Unfortunately, that other species is *Coquillettidia perturbans*, which I had also found on the hill, in adult form. In other words, of the four insect-borne encephalitis most commonly found in the U.S., three can be transmitted to humans by the mosquito population at 106 Parkside. (The fourth type is called western equine encephalitis.) Since malaria was routed from the U.S. in the 1950s, these encephalitides—all of them viral diseases of the central nervous system—have been our only significant mosquito-borne diseases, and in most years they are not terribly significant: in 1982, the Center for Disease Control recorded 183 confirmed cases and four deaths. However, epidemics are possible. In 1975, an outbreak of St. Louis encephalitis, centered in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, struck more than 1,800 people and killed at least sixty-eight of them.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO REMOVE THE RAINWATER from an old automobile tire? If not, think about it for a minute. It can be done, but it is not a job for the impetuous, or the hydrophobic.

Something else about tires: tires that are buried in landfills have an annoying habit of working their way back up to the surface. This tendency is evidently a result of the rubber's plasticity and the tire's configuration; rather than filling up with debris, the tire cavity traps air—as indeed it was designed to do—and the resulting buoyancy causes the tire to bend and ooze and wiggle upward, reaching daylight in months or years, depending on how deep and with what other materials it was buried. For this reason and others—tires also take up a lot of space and are nearly impervious to biodegradation—landfill operators are becoming disenchanted with tires. Many will accept them only if they are cut up or shredded, but in the day of the steel-belted radial, cutting and shredding (and, incidentally, retreading) are more difficult and expensive than they

HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH TO DRINK IF YOU'RE DRIVING?

USING THIS CHART MAY HELP YOU KNOW YOUR LIMIT.

First, you should understand that drinking any amount of alcohol can impair your ability to drive.

The generally accepted way to measure intoxication is by your Blood Alcohol Concentration (BAC). In most areas, the legal definition of intoxication is .10 percent BAC and above. However, long before you reach .10 BAC, your judgment and motor skills deteriorate rapidly. In fact, some states include the definition of impaired driving ability, which usually begins at .05 percent.

Important factors to keep in mind are how much you've drunk in a given period of time, how much you weigh and whether you've been eating. Your age, individual metabolism and experience with drinking are also factors. However, it simply is not true that beer or wine is less likely to make you drunk than so-called "hard" drinks. A 6-ounce glass of wine, a 12-ounce can of beer or 1½ ounces of 86-proof whiskey have about the same amount of alcohol and will have about the same effect on you.

How to estimate your Blood Alcohol Concentration. Although the effects of alcohol vary a great deal, the average effects are shown in the accompanying chart prepared by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Find your weight in the left-hand column and then refer to the number of drinks you have had or intend to have over a two-hour period. For example, if you weigh 160 pounds and have had four beers over the first two hours you're drinking, your Blood Alcohol Concentration would be dangerously beyond .05 percent, and your driving ability would be seriously impaired—a dangerous driving situation. Six beers in the same period would give you a BAC of over .10 percent—the level generally accepted as proof of intoxication.

It is easier to get drunk than it is to get sober. The effects of drinking do taper off as the alcohol passes through your body, but the drop is slow. In the example above, the person who had six beers would still have significant traces of alcohol in his blood six hours later.

have any doubts, don't drive.

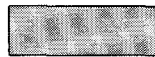
Even if you're not drinking, other drivers may be. Your best protection is still the seat belts in your car. Accidents do happen, and wearing lap and shoulder belts doubles your chances of coming through one alive.

DRINKS (TWO-HOUR PERIOD)

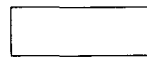
Weight

1½ ozs. 86° Liquor or 12 ozs. Beer

100	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
120	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
140	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
160	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
180	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
200	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
220	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
240	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12



BE CAREFUL DRIVING
BAC TO .05%



DRIVING IMPAIRED
.05-.09%



DO NOT DRIVE
.10% & UP

Source: NHTSA

The chart shows average responses. Younger people generally become impaired sooner, while older people have more vision problems at night. Tests show a wide range of responses even for people of the same age and weight. For some people, one drink may be too many.

Having a full stomach will postpone somewhat the effects of alcohol, but it will not keep you from becoming drunk.

Black coffee, cold showers, or walking around outdoors will do nothing to make you sober. Of course, someone who claims, "I'll be okay as soon as I get behind the wheel," may be making a fatal misjudgment.

At General Motors, we have developed a device which tests a driver's reflexes and motor responses before it allows the car to start. The Department of Transportation is now testing it in California as a deterrent to repeat offenders. Today, you, the driver, have to know your limits and when you've gone beyond them. If you

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.



Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

used to be. The tire and waste-disposal industries devote a good deal of time to the problem of tire disposal; they are especially hopeful that tires will one day be exploited for their considerable energy content, which, according to one estimate, makes each twenty-five-pound tire worth about two and a half gallons of oil. At present, however, we lack places and uses for the vast majority of the scrap tires generated in the U.S., and each year we add about 180 million to the pile.

George Craig is nearly fanatical on this subject. He will talk tires to anyone who will listen. The first day I met him, he showed me color slides not of mosquitoes but of used tires piled high in lots and trash dumps. Because of their ability to retain water, and perhaps also because of their black, shiny appearance—which, as we have seen, is favored by many egg-laying mosquitoes—tires are prime mosquito breeding grounds.

The mosquitoes with which Craig is most concerned, those of the genus *Aedes*, are remarkable opportunists, having evolved adaptations that enable them to inhabit the most unlikely of environmental niches. Mosquitoes are thought to have evolved in the tropics, some 100 million years ago or more, and about three fourths of the world's species still live in the relative comfort of the tropics and subtropics. *Aedes* species have been found less than 1,000 kilometers from the North Pole; these species include the ones that breed and bite en masse, as of course they must, given the short warm season and the scarcity of animal hosts in their environment. Similar adaptations help to make *Aedes* mosquitoes the most troublesome kind in the northern U.S. Some species lay their eggs not in water but in places that are likely to contain water in the future—on a moist ground depression that will flood with heavy rainfall, for example, or around the rim of a tree hole or man-made container. The eggs develop fully in such places, but just before hatching they lapse into a state called diapause, and they will not actually hatch until immersed in water. Eggs deposited in just the right place—say, two inches from the bottom of a coffee can that contains just one inch of water at the time of laying—will not hatch, therefore, until the amount of water in the container is sufficient to support the larvae through the week or two they will need to reach adulthood. Because the eggs are fully developed when they enter diapause, they can hatch immediately when conditions are right, so no time is lost while the precious water evaporates. The eggs of some *Aedes* species can survive for years in diapause, even in sub-freezing temperatures; some species, in fact, will not hatch unless the eggs are cooled and subsequently thawed. While *Culex pipiens* spends the winter as an adult—the inseminated female resting indoors—and *Wyeomyia smithii* spends it as a larva, frozen in the pitcher plant, many *Aedes* species spend the winter as eggs.

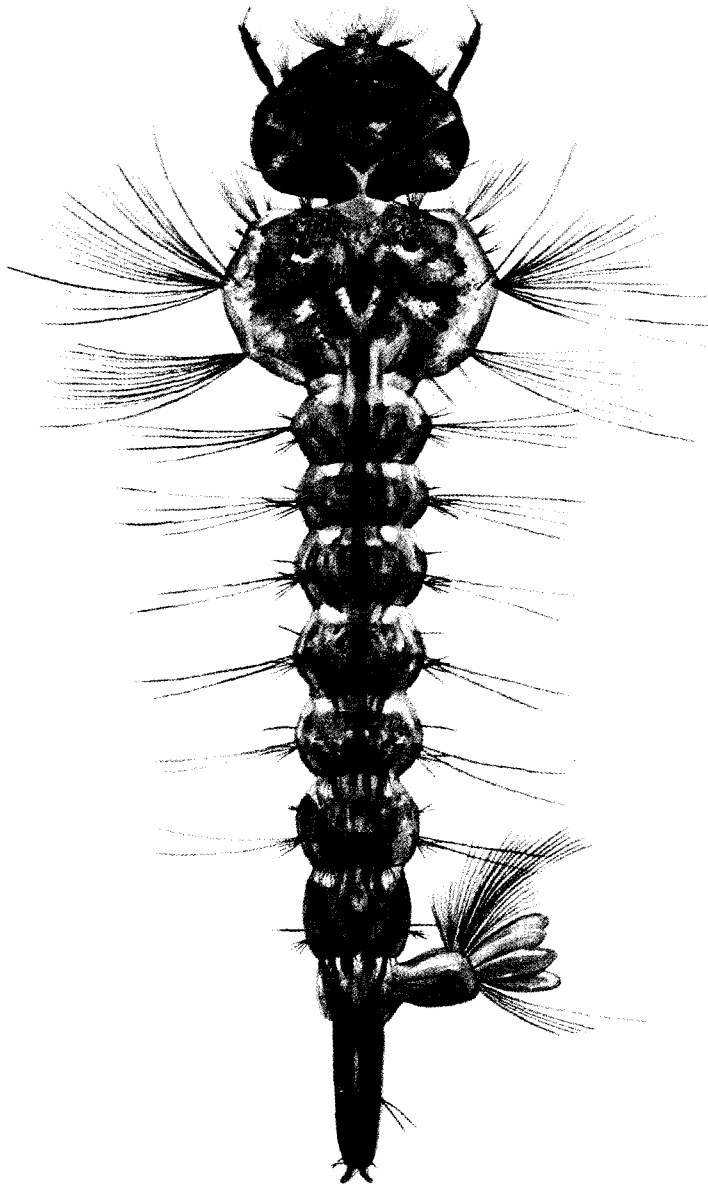
Aedes triseriatus—Dr. Craig's pet mosquito—shares fully in this admirable record of evolutionary adaptation. For decades, this tree-hole species has been losing its natu-

ral habitat, as midwestern forests have fallen to subdivisions, shopping malls, and other forms of human development. But as man taketh away the tree hole, he giveth back the scrap tire, and *Aedes triseriatus* has made the transition neatly. According to studies done at Notre Dame, the species emerges sooner, grows larger, and lives longer if hatched in a tire than if hatched in a tree hole. The relationship between mosquito and tire has grown so close that the city of La Crosse, Wisconsin (where the La Crosse encephalitis virus was first isolated, in the early 1960s—from the brain tissue of a dead child) has recently been fighting its disease problem by attacking its tire-disposal problem. The results of the effort cannot yet be reported conclusively, but the cleanup seems to have reduced the city's number of cases, formerly fifteen to twenty per year, by as much as 90 percent. La Crosse's lesson is the one that George Craig wants to spread.

Having found *Aedes triseriatus* in abundance at 106 Parkside Trail, I devised a modest experiment to test their adaptive prowess. Because trees are far more plentiful in the area than tires, and because I had found a few *Aedes triseriatus* larvae in a tree hole on the property, I assumed that the specimens on the hill had grown up in tree holes, not tires. If a tire was offered to them, would they colonize it? I drove off from the house one morning in search of an old tire, and I found one within about three minutes—which may indicate the severity of the tire-disposal problem. I washed the tire out as best I could, to remove any eggs that might have been deposited there previously, poured tap water in, and set this home-made mosquito farm out on the hill. A few weeks later, sure enough, I had a colony of *Aedes triseriatus* larvae.

AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, MOST READERS HAVE probably wondered how they might best protect themselves from mosquitoes, or at least how they might relieve the discomfort that mosquitoes can cause. Before bringing this account to a close, therefore, I offer these few hints:

1. *Accentuate the positive.* If you live in a temperate climate, you might remind yourself that in other parts of the world your mosquito problems seem ridiculously trivial. Contrary to the myth that persists in comfortable lands such as ours, malaria and yellow fever were not banished from the planet upon the completion of the Panama Canal. Mosquito researchers are still able to pepper their papers and grant proposals with statements to the effect that mosquito-borne diseases kill more people annually than any other single cause. In 1979, Lewis T. Nielsen, a University of Utah biologist and a former president of the American Mosquito Control Association, reported in *National Geographic* that malaria alone strikes an estimated 120 million people each year, about one million of them fatally. Remember this the next time you spill your gin-and-tonic trying to swat a biting mosquito.



AEDES TRISERIATUS:
LARVA

While you're at it, you might meditate for a moment on the benefits that mosquitoes have brought to humanity and to the natural community at large. This should be a fairly simple mental exercise, for, as far as I have been able to determine, the list contains only three items, and the third may or may not be seen as a benefit, depending on one's point of view. First, mosquitoes provide a handy and plentiful source of protein for birds, fish, reptiles, and other insects. Second, in feeding on plant nectar, mosquitoes pollinate certain wild flowers. Third, mosquitoes liberated Haiti and drove the French from the Louisiana Territory. In 1801, Napoleon sent an army to America to subdue revolution in Haiti and, according to the medical

historian Edwin H. Ackerknecht, to conquer the Mississippi Valley. Ackerknecht reports that the force numbered 33,000, of whom 29,000 fell to yellow fever in 1802. By 1804, Haiti was independent, and the U.S. had picked up the Louisiana Territory for less than three cents an acre.

2. *Adopt a barnyard animal.* Do not flatter yourself: given a choice, a great many mosquitoes would rather dine on some other animal's blood. In 1937, J. B. Rice and M. A. Barber offered to a cage of *Anopheles* mosquitoes a man's abdomen on one side, and the shaved flank of a cow on the other. After the mosquitoes had fed, the investigators analyzed the blood found in their guts and discovered that in two of the three species tested, the cow had won hands down; the third species had also preferred the cow, but only slightly. At least one strain of *Anopheles maculipennis* has shown a similar preference for oxen, and several species seem to be particularly fond of swine. "It has long been known in Italy," J. D. Gillett reports, "that those who sleep with a pig in the room tend to remain free of malaria."

3. *Try a homemade larvicide.* If your neighborhood is blighted by a water drum, a ditch, a standing pool, or even a particularly deep birdbath, you can poison the mosquito larvae that no doubt reside there with diesel fuel or heating oil. Detergent will produce the same result by reducing the surface tension of the water, making it impossible for the larvae to hang in their usual fashion. They will sink and drown.

4. *Smear chemicals on your skin.* Some people seem to be naturally immune to the attention of biting mosquitoes. This condition might result from any one of a number of factors—body temperature, skin color, personal odor or lack of it—but more often it is probably due to a happy combination of all these factors and more. In any event, those of us who are not so blessed can achieve a sort of artificial immunity with N, N-diethyl-meta-toluamide, the main active ingredient in most commercially available insect repellents. Mosquito experts seem to agree that this stuff is truly repellent to mosquitoes, and that the higher the concentration of it, the more effective the product.

5. *Start your own mosquito farm.* As noted earlier, some adult mosquitoes do not take blood, whether they are male or female, and some mosquito larvae eat other larvae. These winning characteristics come together in the genus *Toxorhynchites*, which has consequently attracted the attention of mosquito-control workers. As a larva, this mosquito is a wanton killer, able to consume up to 250 other mosquito larvae in the course of its four larval stages. Toward the end of its fourth stage, when, apparently, it has had its fill, it goes on a murdering binge in its tree-hole home, killing—but not eating—everything that moves therein, perhaps to protect the vulnerable pupal stage from predation. In any case, the mosquito seems to get all the protein it needs as a larva, for the female adult does

not require blood for her eggs, and her mouthparts are incapable of obtaining it. Attempts to use *Toxorhynchites* species as mosquito-control agents have not succeeded so far, but work continues at the University of Notre Dame as well as in New Orleans and French Polynesia. Although chiefly a tropical genus, *Toxorhynchites* is found in the U.S. as far north as Illinois and as far west as Texas. As a rule, adults of this genus are extraordinarily large and colorful, a worthy addition to any backyard menagerie.

6. *Think twice before buying an electronic bug-zapper.* Electronic bug-killers, long used at such commercial establishments as golf ranges and drive-in restaurants, are now popular for backyard use, casting an eerie blue glow over suburban America and punctuating the night air with their incessant *tzzzitt-tzzitts*. Their "black" ultraviolet light attracts insects from more than 100 feet away, luring them to execution on an electrically charged grid. Roger Nasci, who, with two other researchers, tested a well-known national brand last summer, is convinced that, although the machines do kill many insects, they do not reduce mosquito biting in outdoor situations. A similar study done in Canada six years ago reached the same conclusion.

Nasci compared the mosquito biting activity in six adjacent back yards on six different summer nights; two of the yards, chosen at random each night, were equipped with electrocutors, two with conventional light traps, and two with nothing. Human workers in the yards collected the mosquitoes coming to bite, and they switched yards every fifteen minutes in case some workers were more attractive or more adept at collecting than others. Overall, those in the electrocutor-equipped yards suffered no fewer bites than the others; in fact, they suffered slightly more, though not to a statistically significant degree. Over five different periods of twenty-four hours each, the electrocutors killed an average of 3,200 insects per period; less than 7 percent of these insects were mosquitoes, and nearly half of the mosquitoes were harmless males. One of the two mosquito species common in the area was almost never killed by the machines, because it was not attracted to the light. In the electrocutor-equipped yards, the number of mosquitoes collected by the workers was invariably higher than the number killed by the machine over the same period. This last finding suggests (though Nasci does not suggest it) that the machines are actually capable of increasing mosquito biting in some cases, and it helps explain why the distributor recommends that the devices be placed twenty-five to fifty feet away from the area of human activity. A mosquito might be lured to your back yard, then

decide upon arriving that you are more appealing than the glowing fluorescent tube.

7. *Consider the odds.* To give the bug-zappers their due, they do seem to be effective indoors against many kinds of flying insects, mosquitoes included. Outdoors, in Nasci's study, they did kill about 100 mosquitoes per machine per day—probably more than you could exterminate with oil, garden sprays, or the palm of your hand. Their distributor recommends that they be kept running continuously, the implication being that they might reduce insect populations over time. Nasci did not test this possibility. He concluded that the machines produced no decrease in biting on any given night, but he did not compare the mosquito population on the first night with that on the last; indeed, because so many variables affect population size and collecting efficiency, even from one night to the next, he says, making such a comparison would be impossible.

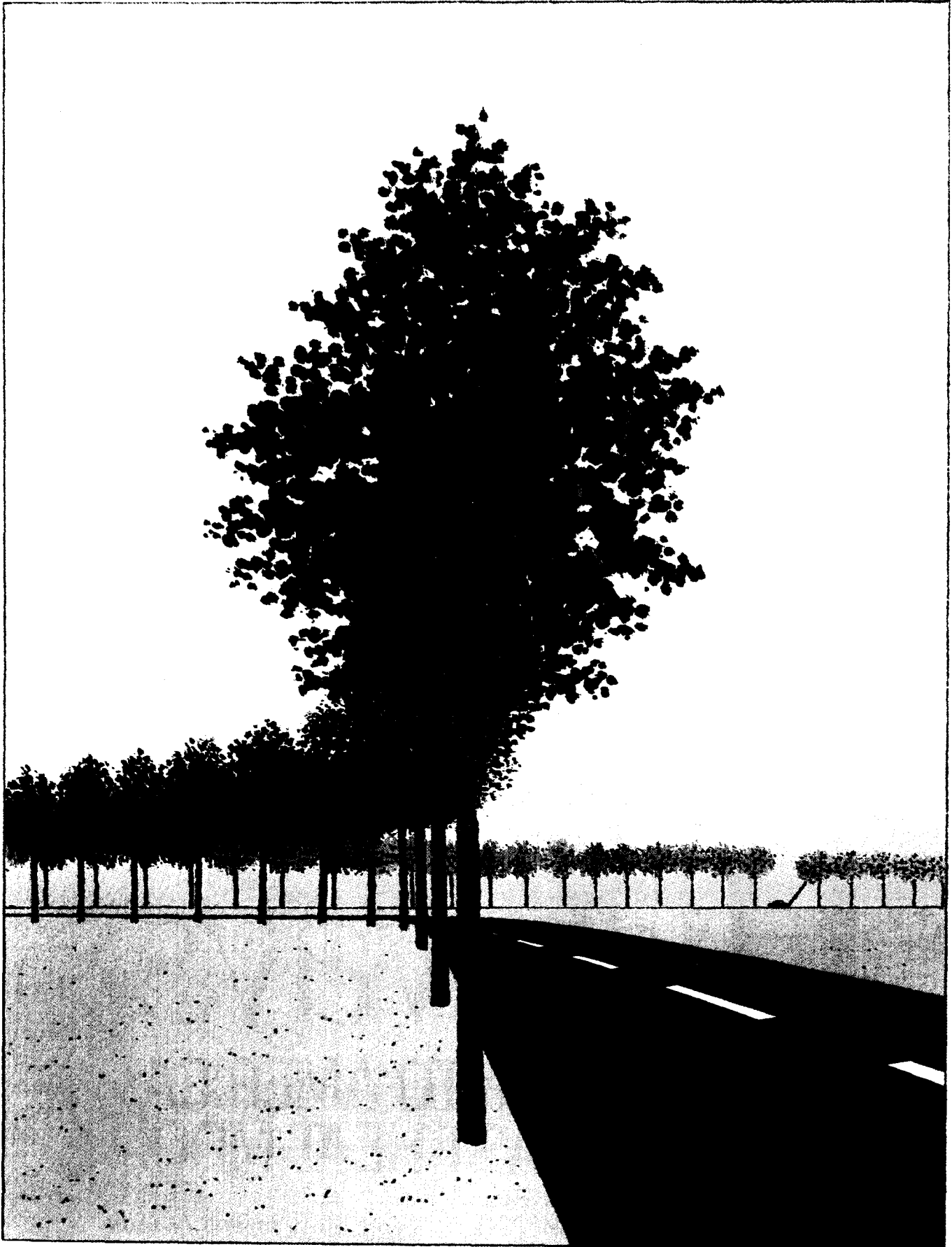
It is possible, however, to make an educated guess about your chances of success in any sort of backyard mosquito-extermination effort, electronic or otherwise. First, figure out how many mosquitoes you've got. As you might imagine, this is a difficult task, but a couple of researchers named D. E. Eyles and W. W. Cox tried it once in Tennessee, by releasing a known number of marked mosquitoes into a natural habitat. After allowing their mosquitoes time to disperse, they returned to the area and collected whatever mosquitoes they could find, counted the number of marked and unmarked specimens, figured the proportion of marked mosquitoes to the total, and thereby calculated the natural population density. They were dealing with only females of one species, and they calculated that in the height of summer (July and August), the test area harbored from 8,450 to 14,750 of these females per acre.

Consider this number, as rough as it may be, along with the tendency of some mosquito species to fly up to forty miles, and along with the uncanny ability of the family as a whole to exploit the tiniest niche offered by nature, be it a cesspool, a few ounces of water in a leaf base, or a suburban back yard whose natural population has suffered a sudden decline. Consider also that the females of some species lay more than 400 eggs in a batch, that many are able to lay several batches in a lifetime, and that, in order for a mosquito population to maintain its numbers over time, only two of each female's eggs must hatch and survive long enough to mate and produce offspring of their own. Finally, consider the expert testimony of Dr. George Craig, who says that killing a few hundred mosquitoes per day is like "trying to ladle out the ocean with a teaspoon."

In other words, consider giving up and going inside. □

COLLISION

BY GUY BILLOUT



"A masterpiece"

"When 'Least Heat Moon' (the translation of the tribal name in his mixed blood) lost his job in a college in Missouri, he got a half-ton Ford van, packed a few necessities including *Leaves of Grass* and Neihardt's *Black Elk Speaks*, and set out to follow the track of various ancestors and write a book about America. The book is called *BLUE HIGHWAYS*, and it is a masterpiece....Least Heat Moon has a genius for finding people who have not even found themselves, exploring their lives, capturing their language, and recreating little (or big) lost worlds, or moments. In short, he makes America seem new, in a very special way, and its people new. *BLUE HIGHWAYS* is a magnificent and unique tour"

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

"A joy to read!" —ANNIE DILLARD

"An overwhelming book!" —JIM HARRISON

"An inner look at the still-beating heart of forgotten America!" —FARLEY MOWAT



Blue Highways

A JOURNEY INTO AMERICA
WILLIAM LEAST HEAT MOON

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

Cover Story in The Atlantic

THE FREE RADIO

A SHORT STORY
BY SALMAN RUSHDIE

WE ALL KNEW NOTHING GOOD WOULD HAPPEN TO him while the thief's widow had her claws dug into his flesh, but the boy was an innocent, a real goof, you can't teach such people. That boy could have had a good life. God had blessed him with God's own looks, and his father had gone to the grave for him, but didn't he leave the boy a brand-new first-class bicycle rickshaw with plastic-covered seats? Looks he had, his own trade he had, there would have been a good wife in time; he should have taken a few years to save some rupees, but no, he had to fall for a thief's widow before the hairs had time to come out on his chin, before his milk-teeth had split, one might say. We felt bad for him, but who listens to the wisdom of the old today? I say who listens? Exactly, nobody, certainly not a stone-head like Ramani the rickshaw-wallah. But I blame the widow.

I saw it happen, you know, I saw most of it until I couldn't stand any more. I sat under this very banyan smoking this same hookah, and not much escaped my notice. And at one stage I tried to save him from his fate, but it was no go. The widow was certainly attractive, no point denying it; in a sort of hard, vicious way she was all right, but it was her mentality that was rotten. Ten years older than Ramani she must have been, with five children alive and two dead. What that thief did besides robbing and making babies God only knows, but he left her not one new paisa, so of course she would be interested in Ramani. I'm not saying a rickshaw-wallah makes much in this town, but two mouthfuls are better to eat than wind. And not many people will look twice at the widow of a good-for-nothing.

They met right here. One day he rode into this street without a passenger, but grinning, as usual, as if someone had given him a ten-chip tip, singing songs he'd heard on someone's radio, his hair greased like for a wedding. He was not such a fool he didn't know the girls watched him all the time. The thief's widow had gone to the *bania* shop to buy

three grains of *dhal*, and I won't say where the money came from, but people saw men at night near her rutputty shack—even the *bania* himself, they were telling me—but I will not comment. She had all her five brats with her and suddenly, cool as a fan, she called out, "Hey! Rickshaaa!" Loud, you know, like a truly cheap type. Showing us she could afford to ride in rickshaws, as if anyone were interested; her children must have gone hungry to pay for the ride, but, in my opinion, it was investment for her, because she had decided already to put her hooks into Ramani. So they all poured into the rickshaw and he took her away, and with the five children as well as the widow he had to pull quite a weight, so he was puffing, and veins were standing out on his legs, and I thought, Careful, my son, or you will have this burden to pull for all of your life. But after that, Ramani and the thief's widow were seen everywhere, shamelessly, in public places, and I was glad his mother was dead, because if she had seen this her face would have fallen off from shame.

Sometimes in those days Ramani came into this street in the evenings to meet some friends, and they thought they were very smart, because they would go into the back room of the Irani's canteen and drink illegal liquor, only of course everybody knew, but who would do anything, if boys ruin their lives, let their parents worry. I was sad to see Ramani fall into this bad company; his parents were known to me before they died; but when I told Ramani, he grinned like a sheep and said that I was wrong, nothing bad was taking place. Let it go, I thought. I knew those cronies of his; they all wore the armbands of the new Youth Movement; this was the time of the state of emergency, you understand, and these friends were not peaceful persons. I heard stories of beatings-up, so I sat quiet under my tree. Ramani wore no armband, but he went with them because they impressed him, the fool.

These armband youths were always flattering Ramani. Such a handsome



ILLUSTRATION BY TOM LULEVITCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chap, they told him; compared with you, Dev Anand and Shashi Kapoor are like lepers only; you should go to Bombay and be put in the talkie pictures. They flattered him with dreams because they knew they could take money from him at cards, and he would buy them drink while they did it, though he was no richer than they. So now Ramani's head became filled with these dreams, because it had nothing else inside to take up any space, and this is another reason why I blame the widow woman, because she had more years and should have had more sense. In two ticks she could have made him forget all about it, but no, I heard her telling him one day for all to hear, "Truly you have the looks of Lord Krishna himself, except you are not blue all over." In the street! So all would know they were lovers! From that day on I was sure a disaster would happen.

The next time the thief's widow came into the street to visit the *bania* shop, I decided to act. Not for my sake but for the sake of the boy's dead parents, I risked being shamed by a . . . no, I will not call her the name; she is elsewhere now and they will know what she is like.

"Thief's widow!" I called out. She stopped dead as if I had hit her with a whip, jerking her face in an ugly way. "Come here and speak," I said. Now, she could not refuse, because I am not without importance in the town, and maybe she thought that if people saw us talking they would stop ignoring her in the street, so she came, as I knew she would.

"I have to say this thing only," I told her with dignity. "Ramani the rickshaw boy is dear to me, and you must find some person of your own age, or better still, go to the widows' hostel in Banaras and spend the rest of your life in holy prayer, thanking God that widow-burning is now illegal."

She tried to shame me, by screaming and cursing at me and saying I was a poisonous old man who should have died years ago. Then she said, "Let me tell you, mister *retired* teacher sahib, that your Ramani has asked to marry me and I have said no, because I wish no more children, and he is a young man and should have his own. So tell that to the whole world, and stop your cobra poison."

For a time after that, I closed my eyes to this affair of Ramani and the thief's widow, because I had done all I could and there were many other things in the town to interest a person like myself. For instance, the local health officer had brought a big white caravan into the street and had permission to park it out of the way under the banyan tree; every night men were taken into this van for a while and things were done to them—I did not care to be around at these times, because the youths with armbands were always in attendance, so I took my hookah and sat in another place. I heard rumors of what was happening in the caravan, but I closed my ears. There are things it is better not to know if one wishes to avoid putting a strain on the heart.

But it was while the caravan, which smelled of ether, was in town that the extent of the widow's wickedness became plain, because Ramani suddenly began to talk about his new fantasy, telling everyone he could find that very shortly he was to receive a special and personalized gift from the government in Delhi, and this gift was to be a brand-new, first-class, battery-operated transistor radio.

Because we had always believed that Ramani was a little soft in the head, with his notions of being a film star and what not, most of us just nodded tolerantly and said, Yes, Ram, that is nice for you, and What a fine, generous government it is that gives radios to persons who are so keen on popular music. But Ramani insisted it was true, and seemed happier than at any point in his life, a happiness that could not be explained simply by the imminence of the transistor.

Soon after the dream radio was first mentioned, Ramani and the thief's widow were married, and then I understood everything. I did not attend the nuptials; it was a poor affair by all accounts; but afterward I spoke to Ram, as he came past the banyan with an empty rickshaw one day. He sat by me, and I asked, "My child, did you go to the caravan? What have you let them do to you?"

"Don't worry," he said. "Everything is tremendously wonderful. I am in love, teacher sahib, and I have made it possible for me to marry my woman."

I confess I became angry; I almost wept as I realized that Ramani had gone voluntarily to subject himself to a humiliation that was being forced upon the other men who were taken to the caravan. I scolded him bitterly. "My idiot child, you have let that woman deprive you of your manhood!"

"It is not so bad," Ram said. "It does not stop love-making—forgive me, teacher sahib—or anything. It stops babies only, and my woman did not want children anymore, so now all is tip-top. Also it is in the national interest," he confided. "And soon the free radio will arrive."

"The free radio," I repeated.

"Yes. Remember, teacher sahib," Ram said confidentially, "some years back, when the tailor had this operation? In no time the radio arrived, and from all over town people gathered to listen to it. It is how the government says thank you. It will be excellent to have."

"Go away, get away from me," I said to him in despair, and did not have the heart to tell him what everyone else in the country already knew, which was that the free-radio scheme had ended years ago.

AFTER THESE EVENTS, THE THIEF'S WIDOW, WHO was now Ram's wife, did not come into town very often, being no doubt too ashamed of what she had made him do, but Ramani worked longer hours than ever before, and every time he saw any of the dozens of people he'd told about the radio, he would put one hand up to his ear as if he were already holding the thing in it, and he

would mimic broadcasts with a certain energetic skill. "Yé Akashvani hai," he announced to the streets. "This is All-India Radio. Here is the news. A government spokesman today announced that Ramani rickshaw-wallah's radio was on its way and would be delivered at any moment. And now some music," after which he would sing songs by Asha Bhosle or Lata Mangeshkar in a high, ridiculous falsetto. Ram always had the rare quality of total belief in his dreams, and at moments his faith in the imaginary radio almost took us in, so that we half-believed it was indeed on its way, or even that it was there, cupped invisibly against his ear, as he rode his rickshaw through the streets of the town. We began to expect to hear Ramani, around a corner or at the far end of a street, ringing his bell and yelling cheerfully, "All-India Radio! This is All-India Radio!"

Time passed. Ram continued to carry the invisible radio around town. One year passed. Still his caricatures of the radio channel filled the air in the streets. But when I saw him now, I saw a new thing in his face, a strained thing, as if he were having to make some phenomenal effort that was much more tiring than driving a rickshaw, more tiring even than a rickshaw containing a thief's widow and her five living children and the ghosts of two dead ones, as if his whole being were having to work to keep up the myth of the radio, as if all the energy of his young body were being poured into that fictional space between his ear and his hand, and he was trying to bring the radio into existence by a mighty, and possibly fatal, act of will. I felt most helpless, I can tell you, because I had divined that into the idea of the radio Ramani had poured all his worries and regrets about what he had done, and that if the dream were to die he would realize the full extent of his crime against his body and understand that the thief's widow had turned him, before she married him, into a thief of a more terrible kind, because she had made him rob himself.

And then the white caravan came back to its place under the banyan tree, and I knew there was nothing to be done anymore, because Ram would certainly come to get his gift. He did not come for one day, then for two, and I learned afterward that he had not wished to seem greedy, he didn't want the health officer to think he was desperate for the radio, and besides, he was half hoping they would come and give it to him, perhaps with some kind of formal presentation ceremony. A fool is a fool, and no one can account for his notions.

On the third day, he came. Ringing his bicycle bell and imitating weather forecasts, ear cupped as usual, he arrived at the caravan. In the rickshaw sat the thief's widow, the witch, who had not been able to resist coming along to watch her companion's destruction.

It did not take very long. Ram went into the caravan gaily, waving at his armbanded cronies who were guarding it against the anger of the people, and I am told (for I had left the scene to spare myself the pain) that his hair was well oiled and his clothes were starched. The thief's widow

did not move from the rickshaw, but sat there with a black sari pulled over her head, clutching at her children as if they were straws. After a few moments, sounds of disagreement were heard inside the caravan, and then louder noises still, and finally the youths in armbands went in to see what was happening. After that, Ram was frog-marched out by his drinking chums, and his hair grease was smudged on his face and blood was coming from his mouth. His hand was no longer cupped by his ear; and still, they tell me, the thief's black widow did not move from her place in the rickshaw, although they dumped her husband in the dust.

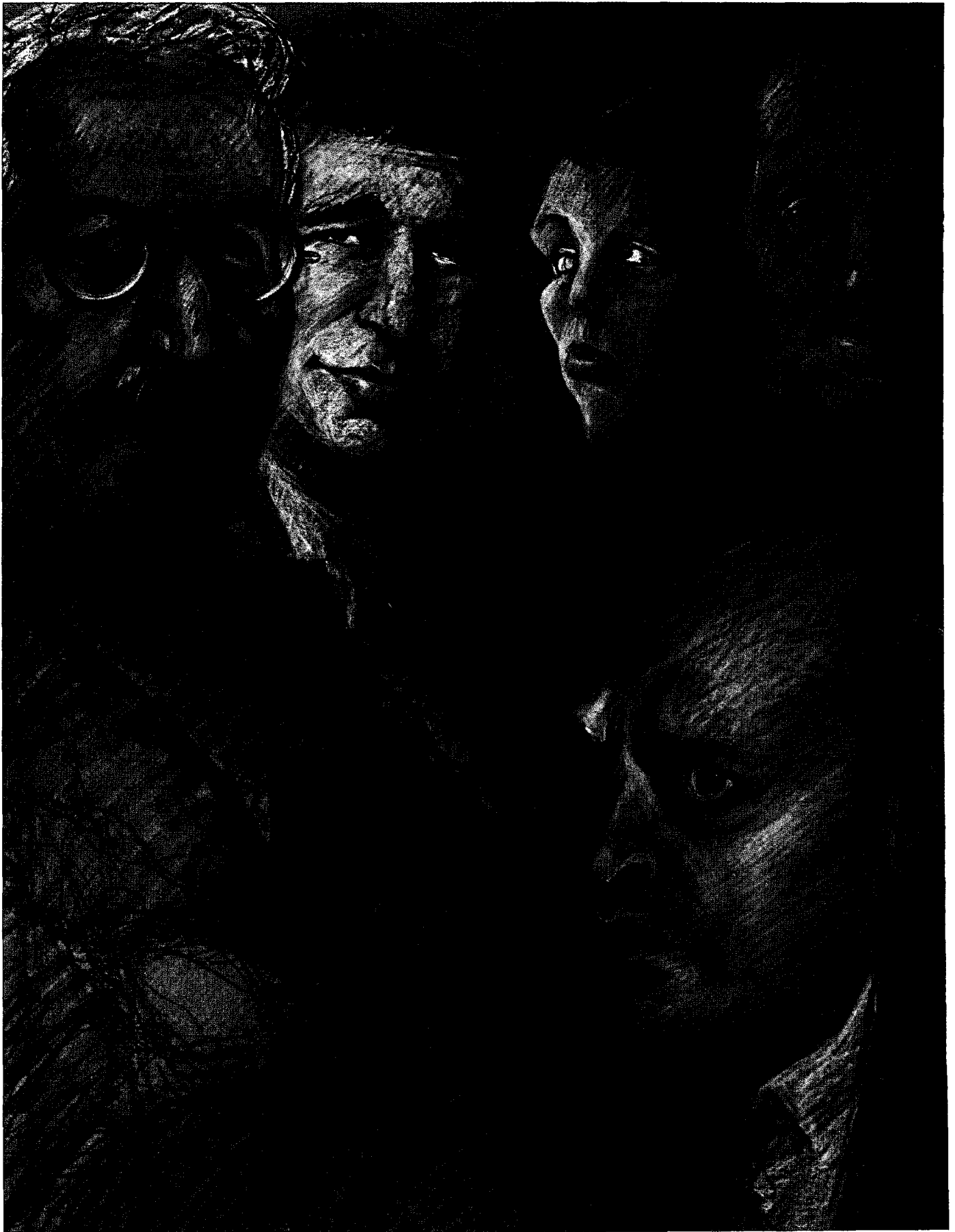
YES, I KNOW, I'M AN OLD MAN. MY IDEAS ARE wrinkled with age, ideas of the old school, and these days, they tell me, sterilization and God knows what is necessary, and maybe I'm wrong to blame the widow as well. Why not? Maybe all the views of the old can be discounted now, and if that's so, let it be. But I'm telling this story, and I haven't finished yet. Some days after the incident at the caravan, I saw Ramani selling his rickshaw to the old Moslem crook who runs the bicycle-repair shop. When he saw me watching, Ram came to me and said, "Good-bye, teacher sahib, I am off to Bombay, where I will become a bigger film star than Dev Anand or Shashi Kapoor, even."

"I am off?" I asked him. "You are going alone?"

He stiffened. The thief's widow had already taught him not to be humble in the presence of elders.

"My wife and children will come also," he said. It was the last time we spoke. They left that same day on the bus.

After some months had passed, I got his first letter, which was not written by himself, of course, since how could he know how to write? He had paid a professional letter-writer, which must have cost him many rupees, because everything in life costs money and in Bombay it costs twice as much. Don't ask why he wrote to me, but he did; I have the letters, and can give you proof positive, so maybe there are some uses for old people still, or maybe I was the only one who'd be interested. But, anyway, the letters were full of his new career. They told me how he'd been discovered at once, a big studio had given him a test, now they were grooming him for stardom. He spent his days at the Sun-n-Sand hotel at Juhu beach, in the company of top lady stars such as Sadhna and Sonia; he was buying a big house on Malabar Hill, built in the split-level mode; the thief's widow was well and happy and getting fat; and life was filled with light and success and a little legal alcohol. They were wonderful letters, brimming with happiness and confidence, but whenever I read them, I remember the expression that came into his face in the days just before he learned the truth about his radio, and the huge, mad energy that he had poured into the act of conjuring reality, by an act of magnificent faith, out of the hot thin air between his cupped hand and his ear. □



*Instant access
to Dwight and "Cal,"
Kazin and Bellow,
and the widow of Delmore's
psychiatrist*

UNSENTIMENTAL EDUCATION

BY JAMES ATLAS

"I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE GOING TO DO A BIOGRAPHY of Delmore, but I don't envy some of the interviews you are going to have," Alfred Kazin had warned me in a postcard I kept pinned above my desk. What was he talking about? The chance to interview Delmore Schwartz's contemporaries was one of the things that had drawn me to this unlikely project in the first place. Ever since I'd read Delmore's famous story "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities" in high school, I had been fascinated by his generation. Other aspiring writers looked to the expatriates of the twenties for inspiration, to Dylan Thomas or T. S. Eliot; for me, the literary life was "exemplified"—as I put it in a college seminar paper on "The Politics of Culture in the Postwar Era"—by that group of writers known as the New York Intellectuals.

Delmore Schwartz and Alfred Kazin, Harold Rosenberg and Philip Rahv, Lionel Trilling and Isaac Rosenfeld, may have had fewer acolytes than Fitzgerald or Hemingway, but they represented a world I knew, the world of the urban Jewish middle class. And Delmore was such a doomed romantic figure. Widely considered the most promising poet of his generation before he was twenty-five, he eventually went mad and died, a virtual derelict, in a Times Square hotel. To be a poet in America is hard: I would never find more dramatic evidence for this axiom than in the life of Delmore Schwartz. His ruin was so poignant that it would scarcely have been credible as fiction.

Just out of graduate school, I persuaded a publisher to give me a modest advance, and started writing to Delmore's famous literary friends. Surely they would be eager to reminisce about this tragic figure. One afternoon in the spring of 1974, I stepped off the elevator at *The New Yorker* offices on West 43rd Street, on my way to see Dwight Macdonald. He was Delmore's literary executor, and thus responsible for the cache of papers that was ru-

Delmore Schwartz, center. Left to right, behind him: Dwight Macdonald, Alfred Kazin, Jean Stafford, Saul Bellow, William Barrett, Robert Lowell.

mored to have turned up in a Greenwich Village warehouse after Delmore's death.

"Dwight's a colorful character," my editor had told me—a description that turned out to be literally true. His white hair and goatee were streaked with yellow; his skin had a ruddy flush; his Caribbean-blue tropical shirt shimmered in that dusty cubbyhole. Smoking a long cigarette in a holder, his shirt riding up over his big belly, he gave me a sly smile. "So you want to write Delmore's biography," he said, slouched over his desk as if he were protecting an exam from a neighbor's prying eyes. "But why did you come to me?" His voice, a high-pitched stutter, was incredulous. He found the whole scene—the young man in his office, the idea of a biography of Delmore, the fact that he was Delmore's literary executor—comical. Didn't I see the joke? "What makes you think you could write his biography?"

"Well, no one else has done it," I said, provoking another outburst of merriment. I had read Macdonald's *Against the American Grain*, and admired its polemical style, the nonsense attitude toward middle-brow culture. But the stern critic was nowhere in evidence; he was vague, good-natured, uncomprehending—a shrewd peasant playing dumb.

The whole idea was impossible, he assured me. Delmore's papers were in the hands of a graduate student at Hofstra who had somehow contrived to borrow them; and besides, Delmore's brother had the last word, and no one knew where he was. Still, Macdonald conceded, waving his cigarette at me, maybe something could be worked out. He had promised Delmore's papers to Yale, and was arranging for them to be transferred there. He'd let me know as soon as they arrived. My effusive thanks cracked him up again, and he gave me a pat on the back as he walked me down the hall.

GOING THROUGH DELMORE'S JOURNALS OCCUPIED me for nearly a year. Surrounded by scholars laboring away over Dryden variorums and Shakespeare folios in the basement of the windowless, marble-walled Beinecke Library at Yale, I read up on Philip Rahv's wives, Robert Lowell's philandering, Sidney Hook's opinion of Mary McCarthy, absorbing what Isaac Rosenfeld called "social history." Despite his garrulous disposition, Delmore had lived alone in Cambridge after his wife left him, and his journals were a way of keeping himself company.

Reading them, I found him witty, sympathetic, observant even when he was depressed. He was a good companion. The simplest note—"July 1st, to Falmouth and Truro; cocktail ecstasy; moonlight summer country evening"—brought back Delmore's once-living presence. And I was

touched by his sorrowful ruminations—"snubbed by waitress, consoled by sandwiches"; "I drank in the darkness, arose, looked at my picture, & drank more"—which evoked moments several decades ago with the vivid immediacy of a photograph.

In Syracuse, where Delmore taught during his last years, I made my way through a depressing archive of bank statements, canceled checks, old photographs, spiral notebooks filled with a nearly indecipherable scrawl, and letters (many of them never opened) from psychiatrists and tradesmen to whom Delmore had owed money. When the library closed, I trudged back to the Mohawk Lodge, where he had once wrecked his room—perhaps the very room where I lay on my bed watching reruns of *The Twilight Zone*. One night in the Orange Bar, Delmore's hangout on the Syracuse campus, I sat in the corner eating a grinder and mourning the shabby poet in a black raincoat who had sat there a decade before.

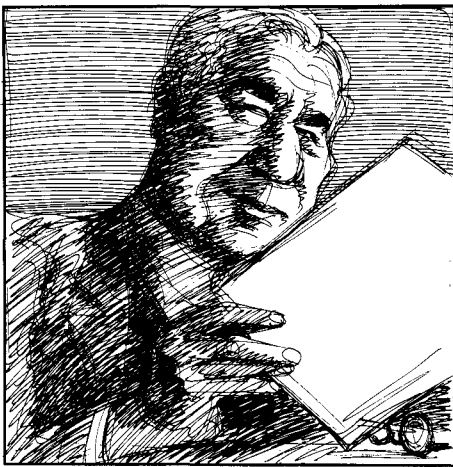
Like "the heavy bear who goes with me" in Delmore's poem, he was always there, "breathing at my side." Lonely in Cambridge, Delmore would flee to New York, and when I felt ready to confront his friends, I made my way there in his shadow. In Pennsylvania Station, I headed toward the bank of phones in the waiting room. Delmore had spent most of his life in New York, and by searching through the phone book I could generally find names I had come across among his papers. "Delmore?" said Joseph Lotterman, his counselor at the Pocono Camp Club in 1923. "He was a good boy—and a lot tougher than you'd think." It was as if he had been waiting for the call. While I sat in the phone booth, sweating in my overcoat, he launched into a long story about a fistfight in which Delmore had floored one Herman Hochberg—unlisted in the Manhattan directory, so I never got his side of it. Nor did I have much luck with Leonard Nudelman, one of Delmore's teachers at P.S. 69. "I'm sick on account I just ate a TV dinner," said a feeble voice that I assumed belonged to Mrs. Nudelman. "Mr. Nudelman ain't here no more." But I did find Julie Salomon, who remembered Delmore's bar mitzvah, and Hannah Ehrlich, whose late husband had been Delmore's mother's dentist.

I had instant access to people's lives. I called on the widow of Delmore's psychiatrist, a millionaire who had lent him money, a clerk in the Times Square hotel where Delmore died, a dancer who claimed to have had a child by him, a waitress in the Minetta Tavern. In cafeterias and coffee shops, Greenwich Village studios and apartments on West End Avenue, I sat with my notebook open on my lap. My archival interest in the period encouraged candor. I seemed objective, scholarly; and besides, how often do people get to talk about themselves? My sources confided in me: "I wanted to be a writer then . . ." "That was when my second wife and I were living on Bedford Street . . ." "Delmore was going out with a girl I had been in love with when I first came to the Village . . ."

These interviews lasted hours. For every anecdote

James Atlas, an associate editor of The Atlantic, is the author of Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet.

about Delmore, I had to listen to the story of someone's life. And every name suggested another, a classmate or a neighbor summoned up out of the infinite past—an inexhaustible procession of the living and the dead. I jotted down new sources: "Have you spoken to Norman Jacobs? He was at NYU with Delmore." "There was a girl named Emily Sweetser who worked in the New Directions office." "What about Arthur Berger? He was a graduate student at Harvard when Delmore studied philosophy there in the thirties." "He doesn't live anymore," the poet Louis Simpson said when I mentioned a friend of Delmore's—a locution that has haunted me ever since, the present tense canceling out the past.



AS NERVOUS AND DAMP-PALMED AS IF I WERE CALLING up a date, I dialed Alfred Kazin's number from the phone booth of a cigar store on Columbus Avenue; if Delmore was "the genius, the writer of the old *Partisan* gang," as Kazin had maintained in his postcard, Kazin was the critic.

"Where are you?" he said.

I glanced around the store, a dingy grotto with a wall of girlie magazines. "Uh, at the New York Public Library."

"You culture types. All you care about is books." He seemed glad to hear from me, and invited me down to his office. Emerging from the subway at 14th Street and Eighth Avenue, I was elated; this was like putting down *The Goncourt Journals* and going out to interview Gautier, Flaubert, Saint-Beuve.

Only was I on the right street? I studied the numbers on the transoms of cheap clothing stores and luncheonettes. Racks of dresses and leather jackets crowded the sidewalk; men in overcoats were hawking gloves and lingerie out of cardboard boxes. Salsa blared from a loudspeaker above a record shop. The number Kazin had given me was next to a Spanish-language auto-driving school. There were no names on the mailboxes in the hall, but the door was open, and I groped my way up the steel-treaded stairs. On the first landing, I heard the faint clack of a

typewriter and knocked on the metal door, relieved when I heard locks being unbolted on the other side.

The room I stepped into could have been Delmore's last residence. The walls had a damp cafeteria look, and the windows were covered with iron mesh; in the corner stood a grimy porcelain sink. There were books everywhere: on the floor, the couch, the wobbly coffee table.

Kazin, in a dark suit and tie, his silvery hair trim as a stockbroker's, seemed out of place in this office. He was professorial, proper; there was nothing bohemian about him. His high cheekbones and pouchy, narrow eyes bore traces of the same ancestry Delmore had boasted of (he called it "Tartar blood").

"So you're writing about Delmore," Kazin said. "A dear, tormented man. Who else have you seen?"

"You're one of the first, actually. I've wanted to meet you ever since I read *A Walker in the City*."

"Yeah, yeah." He draped a hand over his face and kneaded it like dough. "But who's on your list?"

I mentioned a critic who had known Delmore at Harvard. "A self-promoter," Kazin muttered. "I don't know how he got as far as he did." I mentioned another name, a poet. "He hasn't written anything in years."

Like any smart, competitive family, the New York Intellectuals got on each other's nerves. To Kazin, they were the old *Partisan* gang. But to me, they were published authors, names, and no matter how many back issues of *Partisan Review* I read, I could never know who had insulted whom at a Greenwich Village party three decades ago, whose contemptuous dismissal of whose book had gotten back to the author, whose politics had changed to accommodate what fashion.

Kazin was then at work on *New York Jew*, the third volume of his memoirs, and offered to read me some passages about Delmore from it. He spread a bulky notebook open on his lap, and suddenly the bristling critic gave way to the rhapsodist of *A Walker in the City*. Reading in a rapid, eager voice, he recalled Delmore in his youth, "a pillar of agony" with a "stone-white, sweaty brow, knotted with intellectual indignation," his face radiant with "the fine distraction, the obstinate love behind the familiarly Jewish-frantic manner." And when he described his last visit with Delmore, Kazin faltered as he told of the tortured poet "accusing, erupting, plotting, demanding, suffering" in his "squalid box of a room."

"Why don't you show me some of your book?" Kazin said when he was done. "Did you bring any of it with you?"

I did, I admitted, flattered by his interest. Only then did I remember that the chapter I had in my briefcase included a few typical instances of Delmore's malice—and that Kazin was among his victims. "But it's not really very good," I said, stalling. "I mean, it's just a first draft."

"That's okay," Kazin said affably. "We all have to write first drafts." He held out his hand.

Clutching my briefcase, I said, "The thing is that Delmore . . . He's very nervous in this chapter, because he's

about to publish *Genesis* and he's worried about the reviews and . . ." He was that way with everyone, I explained; his letters were full of insults, and it was even worse when he had a book coming out; and besides, it was just a way of blowing off steam. He didn't really mean it.

"What did he say about me?" Kazin demanded.

I blurted out the offending phrase: Delmore had called him "a serious menace to criticism"—only a few months after Kazin had praised him in *On Native Grounds* as one of the most promising critics of their generation.

"How could he say that?" Kazin lamented, rubbing his eyes. "We never quarreled." I could see him brooding over their various encounters in his mind. What forgotten slight could have prompted such a remark?

"Believe me, it was nothing personal," I assured him. "You should hear what he said about other people."

"Like what?" Kazin eyed me dubiously. I arrived on the scene and awakened painful memories, then spoiled his elegiac mood by delivering bad news. Still, he was curious despite himself. "Look, what are you doing for dinner?" he said. "There's a nice Italian restaurant around the corner."

Sliding into a booth at Alfredo's, I considered myself lucky; in ancient Greece they murdered the bearers of bad news. Kazin was in a talkative mood; after all, this was his life we were discussing, his social history. Every name evoked memories. Reminiscing about a party in Greenwich Village in the thirties, he could recite the whole guest list: Max Eastman, V. F. Calverton, Josephine Herbst . . .

"Who?"

Kazin was stunned. "God, Atlas, where have you been? She was one of the greatest novelists of my generation. How can you pretend to know about the period if you've never heard of Josephine Herbst?" I stared at the candle dripping down a Chianti bottle. "You know what I don't get about you?" Kazin was studying me intently. "You don't stand up for yourself. I've read your reviews. You say whatever you want in print, you take on this big book, and then you sit here like a schoolboy in the principal's office."

"It's hard," I murmured. "You bully me." The more annoyed he got, the more unnerved I was. Cowed by his intensity, I was afraid to open my mouth. My way was to creep up, toss in a grenade—"Delmore considered you a serious menace to criticism"—then melt away before he could get off a shot. But Kazin *liked* to argue; it was a way of working off grievances, improving one's mental circulation. For him, rudeness was to conversation what polemic was to journalism—a style, a genre, an expressive mode.

Kazin paid for dinner and we shared a cab uptown, starting out of the rain-beaded windows at the traffic on Broadway. "Thank you very much for dinner," I said as we pulled up in front of Kazin's apartment. "I really enjoyed myself."

Kazin slammed the door. "I like you, Atlas," he said, leaning down to the window, "but cut the crap."



I WAS TROUBLED BY DELMORE'S OBSCURITY. WHEN I told people I was writing a biography of Delmore Schwartz, the name usually elicited a laugh. So I was ecstatic when I bought an issue of *Playboy* with an excerpt from Saul Bellow's new novel and discovered that it was about Von Humboldt Fleisher, a "grand, erratic, handsome" poet whose first book had made him famous in the thirties, "a Mozart of conversation" who went insane and "died in a flophouse near Times Square." Not even the Playmate of the Month could distract my eye from Bellow's prose. It was him, all right: the eloquent monologues on success and its perils, the 3 A.M. heart attack in the corridor of a seedy hotel, even the year that "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities" was published. "Nineteen thirty-eight was his big year," I read. "Conrad Aiken praised him, T. S. Eliot noticed the ballads favorably (this was intoxicating; Humboldt worshipped Eliot). Even that unappeasable purist Yvor Winters had a good word to say for them. Humboldt was made." Perfect!

I dashed off a letter requesting an interview and got back a cordial reply: Bellow would be glad to tell me what he knew about Delmore.

When I called up, his secretary urged me not to come out to Chicago on his account because he was very busy, but it was too late; my bags were packed.

Bellow found time for me when I phoned again from O'Hare, and I took a cab over to his office, which was in one of those stony neo-Gothic buildings on the University of Chicago campus. His secretary showed me into a linoleum-floored room with a metal desk and a filing cabinet. A coat-rack stood in the corner, bare except for a herringbone fedora—Bellow's hat.

I pretended to study my notes, glancing up whenever I heard footsteps in the hall, and at last he came in, a small man with sad, liquid eyes and a head of silky white hair. I had read somewhere that he was an elegant dresser, and I wasn't disappointed; his raincoat had a Burberry look, and his gray-plaid three-piece suit gave off an expensive, thready sheen. He sank down in a chair by the window, shielding his brow from the light overhead as if he had a

migraine. "So how can I help you?" he said. No small talk here. I opened my notebook and began.

"I gather you're writing a novel about Delmore."

He raised his hand from his forehead like a visor. "Where did you get that idea?"

"Well, that story in *Playboy* . . ."

"It's not about Delmore," he said resentfully. "It's a composite portrait of a few poets I knew: Berryman, Jarrell, Delmore. I'm writing a novel, not a biography." He leaned back in his chair, waiting for the next question as if it were a dentist's drill.

I retreated to safer territory. When had he first met Delmore? "I met him in Greenwich Village. That was where the cultural action was in those days, and Delmore was the man to know. But it was when we were teaching at Princeton that we really got to be friends." Bellow related a complicated tale about Delmore's efforts to land a job there in the fifties, his tireless maneuvering in the English department, his elaborate scheme for getting the Ford Foundation to underwrite a chair in poetry.

"But then he went nuts," Bellow said in his Augie March idiom. He threatened Hilton Kramer, who happened to be a neighbor of his at the Chelsea, claiming Kramer was having an affair with his wife, and ended up at Payne Whitney. Bellow collected money for his treatment, but Delmore used it to hire a private eye, who tailed Bellow and made his life hell. "This Stanzioni was making a good profit off Delmore. All the money I raised ended up in his pocket."

Bellow looked pale in the weak winter sunlight streaming through the window. Delmore had tormented his friends with recriminations during his terrible last years, and had bequeathed them a legacy of unresolved emotions. "I thought about Humboldt with more seriousness and sorrow than may be apparent in this account," Bellow's Charles Citrine declares in *Humboldt's Gift*—the protestation of an author guiltily settling old scores. Delmore had put Bellow through a lot with his lawyers and private eyes and phone calls in the middle of the night.

"What a maniac!" I said.

Bellow nodded. He was tired of Delmore and his biographer. But I had a message to deliver. "My mother was very grateful for your note to Lucy Stein," I said. Lucy, my mother's closest friend, was dying of Hodgkin's disease, and Bellow, who had had a crush on her in college, had written her a note. "She wanted me to tell you how much it meant to Lucy's family."

Bellow eyed me warily. "She was a beautiful girl," he remembered. I waited for more, but he just stared out the window, and I was overcome with that empty feeling one gets when the houselights go up at the end of a movie. The interview was over.

When Bellow's novel began to circulate in galleys, I managed to wheedle a copy out of his publisher. As I was skimming through the first few pages, my eye fell upon a passage about young scholars "fabricating cultural rain-

bow textiles" out of the forties. "People doing articles, academic theses, and books wrote to me or flew in to discuss Humboldt with me." I read on nervously. "Young people, what do you aim to do with the facts about Humboldt, publish articles and further your careers?" says Charles Citrine. I was glad when Citrine moved on to a rumination about Humboldt's death. A satirical aside was one thing; a whole portrait I didn't need. Still, as Citrine says of his tragic but malicious friend, "To be loused up by Humboldt was really a kind of privilege. It was like being the subject of a two-nosed portrait by Picasso, or an eviscerated chicken by Soutine." If I was going to be made fun of, at least it should be done by a pro.

One thing I wasn't clear about from the excerpt in *Playboy* was how much of a role Humboldt played in the book—there was a whole other plot about Citrine and some Chicago gangster—and how closely he was modeled on Delmore; this Humboldt with his early success, his manic tongue, his sordid fate, sure sounded like Delmore, but who knew what Bellow would do with him? After all, Bellow had been a good friend of Berryman's, too, and I remembered his annoyance when I asked if Humboldt was Delmore. But I was stunned as I hurried through the fat yellow galleys, and encountered the very episodes that Bellow had told me about Delmore in our interview; Humboldt drinking gin out of a jar in the ramshackle New Jersey farmhouse he rented in the fifties; hiring a private eye named Scaccia to follow Citrine around; ending up in Mount Sinai; making trouble at Princeton; being hauled off to Bellevue in a paddy wagon. Well! This would put Delmore on the map.

I wrote Bellow to clear up a minor point. He had read *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities* at the University of Wisconsin, where Citrine had read Humboldt's *Harlequin Ballads*; he had gone to New York on a Greyhound bus, just like Citrine. From this I could deduce that Bellow had written Delmore a fan letter, right? After all, Citrine had written Humboldt one. Wrong. I was confusing fact with fiction, Bellow replied. He wrote no such letter.

I could give up hoping for a blurb from him.

STILL, THE REVIVAL OF DELMORE'S REPUTATION WAS under way. "The stockmarket of American literary success can be as unpredictable as Wall Street," William Barrett observed in a memoir of Delmore that appeared in *Commentary* in 1974. It was a moving portrait of his old friend, whom he obviously still mourned. Describing their traumatic last encounter, when Delmore raged on uncontrollably in a Greenwich Village restaurant, Barrett recalled the ancient story of the Stoic philosopher who berates a father weeping over the death of his son: "Why do you weep? It is irrational. Your weeping will not bring him back to life." "That is why I weep," the father replies. "Because it cannot bring him back."

Not that Barrett didn't try. Sitting in a dark booth in the

Grand Ticino Restaurant, on Thompson Street, in the middle of the day, stuffing his pipe and ordering more wine, he dwelled with brilliant, obsessive concentration on the smallest details of Delmore's life: what he read in the bathroom (Boileau); what records he listened to and what he wrote in the margins of his books; what he said to Paul Goodman in 1934 and to I. A. Richards in 1937. Wine-dazed in the restaurant gloom, I listened with flagging attention. There was much relevant lore in these monologues, but also much else—meandering anecdotes about how Barrett and his friend Apostle, a young Greek translator, would sit around in their underwear on hot summer afternoons poring over Aristotle's *Metaphysics* in the original; recitals of the menu at the Foltis-Fisher Cafeteria, on 23rd Street; descriptions of Jackson Pollock's misbehavior at the Cedar Tavern. I could have slid out of the booth and crept off through the empty restaurant; Barrett wouldn't have noticed. His mind was on the past. In the dim restaurant, the little shaded lamp in the booth giving off a reddish glow, he reminisced in his broad Irish New York twang with a doleful, droning ardor. When Joyce died, Delmore had summoned Barrett up to Cambridge to "keen for their dead brother"; when Delmore got married, he had invited Barrett to join the newlyweds on their honeymoon; when Delmore got back to New York, he had expected Barrett to show up for dinner every night; in the fifties, Delmore's psychiatrist had requested an interview with Barrett, and Delmore had paid for their session. Even a decade after his death, Delmore still had Barrett powerfully in his grip.

But if their friendship had been so special, I ventured, why had Delmore and Barrett quarreled? What was the "squalid anticlimax" mentioned in his memoir? I had heard enough about their splendid youth; what happened later?

"It was nothing important," Barrett murmured, pulling on his pipe. This was his closest friend we were talking about; I could imagine them recalling their youthful adventures like Deslauriers and Frédéric Moreau in *Sentimental Education*, crying "Do you remember?" and deciding that their visit to a brothel was "the best time we ever had." Only here he was, sitting across from this kid instead of dear Delmore, so promising once, who had died in the hallway of a Times Square fleabag.

"Why are you so obsessed with Delmore?" I said.

Barrett gave me a bewildered look. "I don't know." He peered at me as if he were trying to remember who I was. Delmore was dead: that was the message I had unwittingly delivered. I was like that Stoic philosopher in Barrett's memoir, demanding "Why do you weep?"

IN LOS ANGELES TO CONSULT AN ARCHIVE OF Delmore's papers at UCLA, I drove out to a stucco apartment building on the fringes of Hollywood to see Maurice Zolotow, a friend of Delmore's from his University of Wisconsin days who had written biographies of John

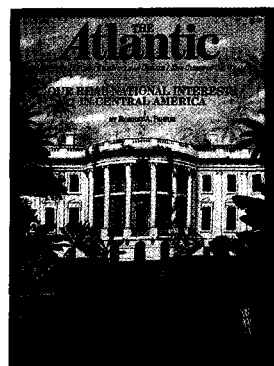
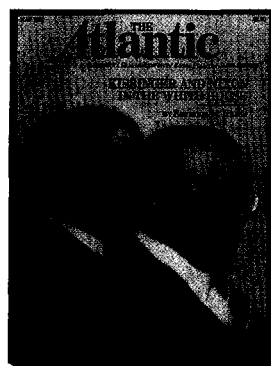
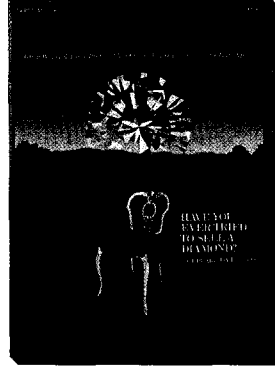
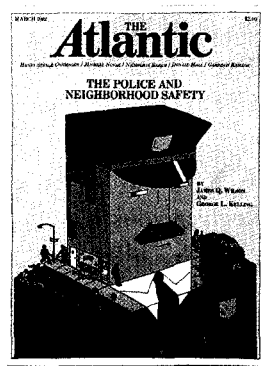
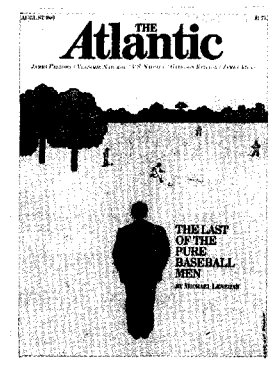
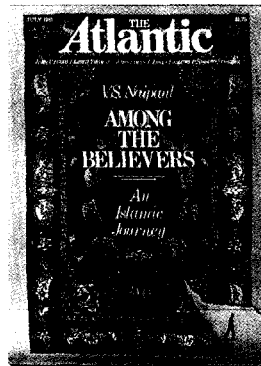
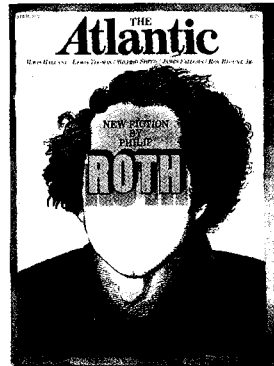
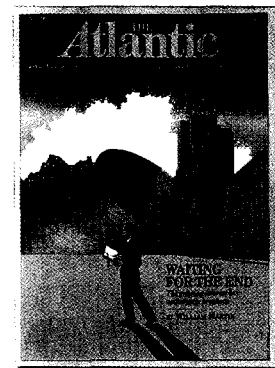
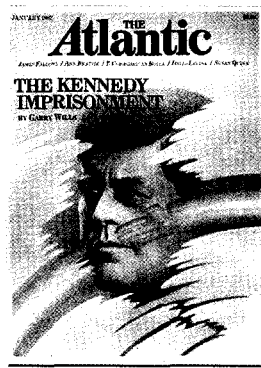
Wayne and Marilyn Monroe. I was waiting in the lobby beneath a portrait of Grace Kelly when a man in sandals and white ducks approached me. I thought that he was a towel attendant but he introduced himself as Maurice Zolotow.

In his apartment, he pushed aside a pile of magazines to make room for me on the couch. "So you're writing a book about Delmore," he said in a gravelly smoker's voice. "What a wonderful idea. I wrote a book about him myself, a novel: *Oh Careless Love*." (I took it out of the library when I got home, but had a hard time figuring out which character was Delmore.) Zolotow's fluffy gray hair stood out on his head. "God, I hardly know where to begin," he said wearily, leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes. "I knew him for so many years." They had met at the University of Wisconsin in 1931, when a drunken Zolotow was reciting Hart Crane's "The Wine Menagerie" and Delmore knocked on the door in his pajamas: "He knew the poem by heart." Zolotow looked as if he'd been up all night. "We used to go to a speakeasy called Paratore's," he said. "The Paratores were lovely people; Papa Paratore looked a little like Vanzetti. He'd been an anarchist in Naples during his youth." He lit a cigarette, thinking. "They had a daughter at the University. What was her name?" Zolotow tried to remember the name of the daughter of the owner of the speakeasy he and Delmore had frequented in 1931. I waited. "Angelica!"

His memory was avid. He could recall which magazines Delmore had read at seventeen (*transition* and *Hound and Horn*); what kind of car Delmore's father had bought him in Chicago (a white Packard); which courses Delmore had taken at NYU in 1933 (James Burnham's "Aquinas and Dante," Philip Wheelwright's "Philosophical Analysis"). Below Zolotow's window, the rush-hour traffic swished past and the sky grew purple through the sliding glass doors; but he was in Madison forty-five years before, exulting in the time he had gotten arrested for singing the "Internationale" and Delmore had bailed him out.

The later years were a different story. The farmhouse where Delmore had lived in New Jersey was littered with empty gin bottles; there were no chairs to sit on, just packing crates. A psychiatrist at Bellevue told him Delmore's "brain was rotting" from alcohol and amphetamines. Zolotow's face grew sad. He ground out his cigarette in a seashell and lit another. "The waste of it," he said. "His last years were crazy, demonic, right out of Dostoevsky." More troubling memories emerged: Delmore boasting about how much money his father made; belittling Hollywood journalism; storming off at a picnic and walking back to town. "He was self-absorbed," Zolotow said. "He took, but he never gave." Zolotow had testified at his divorce trial; Zolotow had visited him in Bellevue; Zolotow had lent him money. "And for what? That he should tell me I was a sell-out?" He buried his head in his hands, wrestling with the two Delmores, then looked up, startled by a new insight: "Delmore was a bad person."

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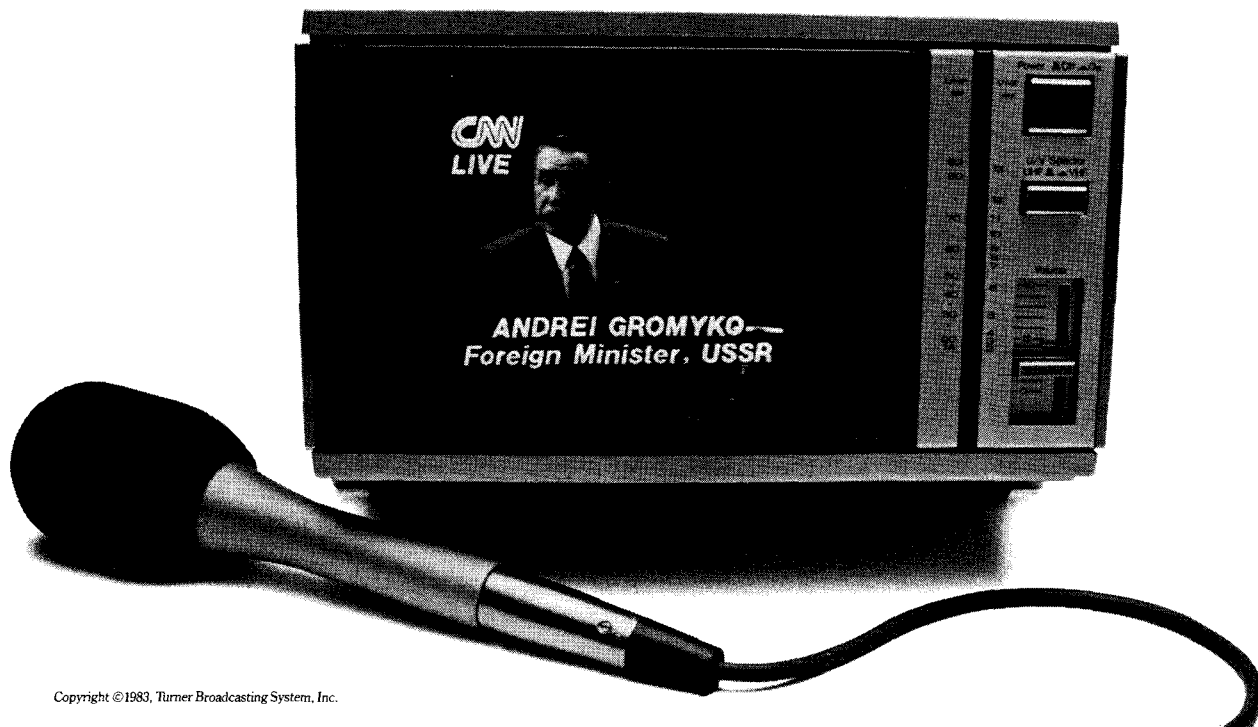
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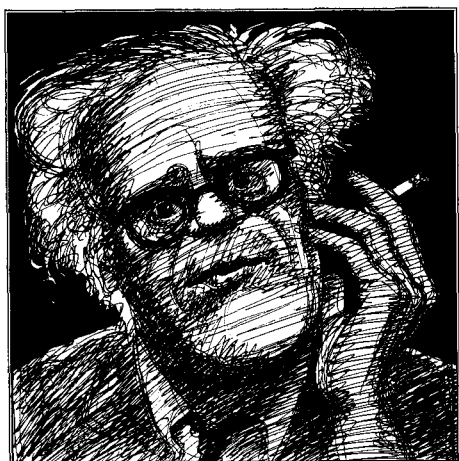
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and spoiled our long maneuvered visit
from T. S. Eliot's brother, Henry Ware. . . .

ROBERT LOWELL'S POEM TO DELMORE IN *LIFE Studies* was a droll account of a Cambridge evening in the forties when the two poets "drank and eyed/ the chicken-hearted shadows of the world." Lowell and Jean Stafford, who was then his wife, had spent a few months at Delmore's apartment on Ellery Street, but I gathered from a note in Delmore's journal that things had ended badly; there had been a falling-out.

Lowell was living in Brookline with his third wife, the novelist Lady Caroline Blackwood, and their two-year-old son, Sheridan, when I interviewed him. He came to the door, a stooped figure in bedroom slippers, and led me into the kitchen, where Lady Caroline sat peeling vegetables, a cigarette in a tin ashtray by her side. In her riding boots and denim shirt open at the neck, her coppery hair fanning down her back, she was both slovenly and beautiful, very much the mermaid with "*bel occhi grandi*" celebrated in Lowell's Dolphin poems. "This is Mr. Atlas," he said in his tentative drawl. "And this is Sheridan." It was a dark winter's day, and there were no lights on in the house. I could scarcely see the small boy who stood in the doorway until Lowell reached down and picked him up. "Say hello, Sheridan," Lowell prompted, but his son eyed me silently.

The house had an unoccupied feel to it. The rooms on the first floor were empty, and I soon realized why Lowell had chosen his upstairs bedroom for our interview: it had a chair. I pulled it up to the bed, where he sprawled out amid books and manuscripts, and opened my notebook like a doctor taking a history.

It was an ordeal to remember Delmore. "He was grieved about Eliot, thought him anti-Semitic but wanted his approval." "He persuaded us to boycott a faculty picnic at Kenyon because our wives hadn't been invited, saying it

was homosexual to go without them." "He showed up drunk at a party in New York, was abusive to Hannah Arendt, and flaunted his ripped trousers."

Lowell smoked morosely. Hadn't there been some disastrous quarrel in Cambridge? I asked. He stared out the curtainless window. "I sat on his overcoat on the train up to Bangor, and he made a lot of mad accusations, complained I'd treated Jean badly." Lowell fixed me with a melancholy eye. "People say Delmore slept with Jean," he murmured. "Someone said they could tell by the way he lit her cigarette."

I closed my notebook and stood up. Get me out of here.

"Have you seen Jean yet?" Lowell said as I was putting on my coat. I hadn't, but the following summer I called on her in East Hampton, where she lived in a weathered old clapboard house with a view through the pines to Long Island Sound. A hand-lettered sign on the screen door warned, "Use of the word 'hopefully' not permitted on these premises." Then nearly sixty, she seemed like the girl Lowell had in mind when he spoke of "Jean"—the girl he'd married in the forties. She had a co-ed's bony shoulders and skinny waist, wore her straw-colored hair in a pageboy, padded around in a red pullover and saddle shoes. Only the wrinkled skin around her eyes and her blue-veined hands betrayed her age. "I was just making some eggnog," she said in a croaky voice. "That way I don't have to eat."

She led me into the parlor, a comfortable, old-fashioned room with oval throw rugs and a fireplace, and curled up in a wing chair. I opened my notebook and glanced over my questions: When did she meet Delmore? What was he working on then? How did she and Lowell end up on Ellery Street? But she had questions of her own: Had I seen Cal yet? ("Cal" was Lowell's nickname, bestowed on him at St. Mark's.) Had I met his new wife? How did he seem? Was he happy? On our third eggnog, I finally brought the conversation around, feeling as rude as if I were talking about myself. "Didn't they have some kind of quarrel?"

"They sure did." She peered at me over the glass cupped in her hands. "I shouldn't tell you this, but if I do—" She lit a cigarette. "It's yours."

I maintained a psychiatric silence.

"Cal was a terrible anti-Semite. He once told me he could never have a close friend who was a Jew." She waited for that revelation to sink in, studying its effect with a clinical eye. "We all had dinner at the Lowells' one night—Cal's parents—and Cal kept going on about this ancient relative of his who was Jewish, and how this made Cal himself one-eighth Jewish, until Delmore was just livid. When we got back to Ellery Street that night, they slugged it out, and we left the next morning for Maine."

She regarded me with satisfaction. I knew a little about her unhappy marriage to Lowell—though it wasn't until I read Ian Hamilton's biography that I learned he had left her for Delmore's estranged wife, Gertrude Buckman—and I could see that she was glad to even the score. I was

an emissary shuttling between old flames, a conductor of the passions that still flowed between them.

It was dusk when I got up to leave. She followed me into the kitchen and kissed me on the cheek as I stood by the screen door. I left her opening a can of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee ravioli.

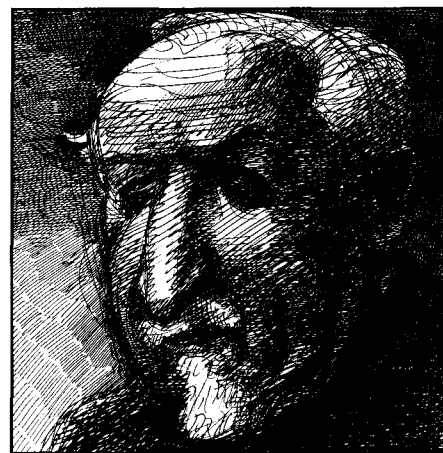
LEON EDEL ONCE CLAIMED THAT BIOGRAPHY IS "THE costliest of all labors on this earth," and after a few months of sitting in my Cambridge study for twelve hours a day, struggling to assemble the detritus of Delmore's life into a coherent narrative, I knew what he meant. Note cards, letters, manuscripts, clippings, transcriptions of interviews, and Xeroxed articles lay strewn about the floor. "Omission, generalization, intensification: that's your clue!" Dwight Macdonald had advised me—advice I chanted to myself like a mantra as I faced my chaotic archive every morning. Delmore had never thrown anything out, and my original fear that I wouldn't have enough documentation soon gave way to despair over how I would ever get it all in.

My days were of stupefying length. I rose at dawn, and by nine o'clock, when my neighbors were pulling out of their driveways and heading off for work, I would have written three or four pages. I did the dishes, called up my editor, dawdled over *The New York Times*. I stood in front of the bamboo cage in which a pair of finches I had gotten to keep me company hopped from perch to perch, and draped bits of string over the bars for them to add to the nest they were building, which grew bigger as the pages of my biography mounted up. On warm days, I took the cage out to the yard—"walking the finches," as my neighbors called this practice—and removed the balsa-wood floor tray so they could forage in the grass. Did Leon Edel do this? I wondered, as I sat on the damp lawn beside the bamboo cage.

Delmore and I were like two quarrelsome shut-ins—except, of course, that his quarrel had been with life, and mine, unrequited, was with him. Why did he publish his awful translation of Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell* without even consulting a French dictionary? He should have known the critics would slam it. Why did he waste so much time on that hopeless epic poem *Genesis*, when he should have been working on his stories? And why did he have to drink so much? Look how I sacrifice for you, I berated him. I try to make a decent character of you, and what do I get? Bad judgment, neurotic behavior, poems that get worse and worse . . . Time and again I felt like the narrator in "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities," who watches his father propose to his mother on a flickering screen and shouts, "Don't do it."

Like a scientist who focuses his microscope on a slide and discovers there a whole unseen realm, I found Delmore and his friends becoming known to me in a way I could never know my own contemporaries; I could see

their lives from beginning to end, and discerned in these gray-haired men the boys I had read about in Delmore's stories, loitering in cafeterias, hanging around their parents' parlors, going off to Greenwich Village parties. As they talked, their faces acquired a rapt, distracted look. And when they came out of their reveries, they saw before them, in the guise of Delmore's biographer, their vanished youth. My presence couldn't have been more unsettling if I'd worn a hooded cloak and carried a scythe.



MACDONALD'S HESITATION ABOUT MY PROJECT vanished once I got it under way, and he had even agreed to edit my work-in-progress. The chapters I sent him came back marked up like freshman themes. His challenges, objurgations, rebukes—and occasional praise—defaced every page. Phrase after phrase was judged "pretentious," "cliché," "verbose." "Oh, God!" he expostulated, denouncing a failed rhetorical flourish: "You have a great vocabulary of vague and dull terms." "Why summarize what the letter will tell the reader in twenty-five seconds?" he exploded over some lame paraphrase. "You're like a museum guide who talks too much." When I glossed over a religious crisis in Delmore's life, he noted simply: "weasel." (I knew what he meant.) And when I skirted the reason for Delmore's fistfight with Robert Lowell, he scribbled: "Can't you explain? For *once*!"

If I said too little on that occasion, I generally said too much. "Leave the reader alone!!" Macdonald protested; I was always "reader-nudging." Quoting a journal entry in which Delmore confided his anxieties, I summed up: "No more succinct or thorough evaluation of Delmore's malady is to be found in all his work"—to which Macdonald retorted: "And no more vague recapitulation of the main aspects of D's malady that have been described a dozen times. You keep wandering back to the old boneyard like a dog that's forgotten just where he buried that bone." And when, only a page later, I returned to the subject yet again, he exclaimed: "MY GOD, you're back sniffing around again for that lost bone already!?"

I subsisted on crumbs of praise. "Trust you realize that I, unlike the sundial, only record the *cloudy* hours," he remarked at the bottom of one heavily scored page. There was an occasional "good" or "brilliant" or "masterful" (amended to the correct "masterly") to keep me going—and, once, a terse but eloquent "Ah!" For a while, Macdonald got in the habit of annotating pages with stars "à la Mimi Sheraton," but he doled them out even more sparingly than the famous food critic, and was so scrupulous that he once crossed out a "very fine" and replaced it with "fine." The manuscript had a battle-scarred look; there were singed holes where smoldering cigarette ash had been scattered over the page, and one chapter, edited from the hospital bed where Macdonald was recovering from an operation, arrived in the mail wrapped in gauze, the pages smeared with blood—visible evidence of the surgery he was performing on my sickly prose.

What prompted this editorial zeal? In part it was Macdonald's loyalty to the memory of his friend, and in part a love of editing: he was a veteran journalist, who had worked for *Time* and *Fortune*, had been on the staff of *Partisan Review*, and had edited his own magazine, *Politics*, during the war. But I think what mainly inspired him was literary enthusiasm. He often complained that he was having trouble writing, and spoke wistfully of the memoirs he couldn't seem to get started on. My manuscript gave him the opportunity to roll up his sleeves and go to work.

I was cautious in the early drafts, in the grip of a priggish restraint attributable to my youth and lack of confidence, and Macdonald had little patience for this infirmity. "Can't you spur your pegasus into a livelier gait?" he exhorted me.

At times he canters, sometimes even gallops (when you give your own personal ideas their head) but too often he ambles along at an academic jog trot. You seem to back away from or edge up to what you want to say, putting everything into indirect (and impersonal) discourse, using passive, circumlocutory syntax as if you were looking over your shoulder at a PhD committee and were afraid they'd catch you with your feelings and ideas too nakedly exposed. The nervously qualifying adverbs, the doubled adjectives (a belt **AND** a suspender) and the defensive—and needless—summings up of what you have established or what you are going to establish, mostly at the start or the end of a paragraph—these academic tics are part of the same stylistic disease.

You're a writer, with your own peculiar viewpoint on D, not a Congressional Investigating Committee, and you should only record what gives you pleasure. Enjoy yourself as a stylist, simplify and generalize acc. to YOUR taste & pleasure & fun, kick those Facts around, ignore them if they don't strike you as important to YOUR view of D. In short, be a (literary) man, not a (research) mouse.

I quailed whenever I saw a letter from Macdonald in the mailbox, instantly recognizable by the rubber-stamped return address in the corner, framed by a boldly drawn box

in red or purple Magic Marker. But he was good cop as well as bad cop. "You've got the makings of a superb and definitive biography of Delmore," concluded a harsh critique of my "clotted and verbose," "long-winded, heavy-breathing" prose. "Only why not write in your own personal voice, addressing, directly and informally, friends, acquaintances, and in general people like you, as bright as you, not academic bonzes who have to be elaborately briefed in woolly prose because they're so much dumber than you (or me)?"

Macdonald responded to literature with an Orwellian directness, undeterred from judgment by an author's reputation, and was effortlessly well read in what now seems an old-fashioned way, as familiar with Byron, Dickens, and Sir Walter Scott as with the latest Updike novel. In his letters he ranged back and forth from Delmore to Shelley, Jane Austen to Evelyn Waugh, with a chattily brisk authority.

"Just read your excellent wrecking job on that academic . . . Bruccoli's hagiography of O'Hara," he wrote me about a review of mine:

You make just the right points re. O'Hara (fair but strict—one negative you MIGHT have noted is his lack of love/feeling, w. is why he's so inferior to Scott [Fitzgerald], whose snobbishness like Proust's came from a romantic love, while O'Hara's came from Thersites envy: his catalogues of social hierarchy are cold, boring, repulsive and Madame-Tussaud-wax-museum-like, while Scott's—as in the Homeric catalogue of the people who came to Gatsby's parties—were alive and moving bec. he wrote about the milieu as a guilty and so "involved" participant and not as an "objective"/Zolaesque "social scientist" cum snarling outsider).

Quite a parenthesis.

There was nothing labored about these flights of literary criticism; they were utterly spontaneous, dashed off to make a point. He dismissed Edith Wharton as "middle-brow," compared Delmore to Wilde and Poe ("ALLAN, for Christ's sake!" he scolded me when I misspelled Poe's middle name. "For a Harvard man to commit this solecism! Youth is no excuse—or maybe it is—in the wake of the post-fifties Zeitgeist"), urged me to study Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*, which he had just read "for 4th or 5th time with usual delight." When I complained that I was bogged down in the boring details of chronology, he noted that Poe had wrestled with the same problem in *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*: "He can't manage the kitchen-work of making his fantastic tale plausible except by throwing in huge sections of undigested factual stuff from voyages and natural histories that don't work (Defoe could do it because he *wasn't* at all imaginative)."

I tried to loosen up, but my authorial voice was still hopelessly solemn. "The students would enter the classroom in Sever Hall to find him sitting behind his desk, and when they left he would remain there motionless, as if to discourage conversation," I wrote of Delmore at Har-

vard—prompting Macdonald to object that “any professor in any class would be thus ‘found’ by his students unless he had a trampoline or a trapeze installed in Sever 106.” A stiff remark about the “terrible irony” of Delmore languishing in a shabby hotel while a lead article in *The New York Times Book Review* celebrated him as a major poet was likewise hooted down: “You sound like a Victorian moralist on the perils of drink.” And when I offered a morose interpretation of some Delmorean quip, Macdonald circled it in red and wrote underneath, in purple block letters, “JOKE: SIGNED, D.M.”

He was so bristlingly impatient that I often mistook for anger what was only high-spiritedness. “What?” he would cry in amazement when I claimed that Ford Madox Ford was a better novelist than Conrad; that Martin Green was a good critic; that *A Farewell to Arms* was Hemingway’s masterpiece. “How can you say that?” and he would embark on a vehement refutation, willing to hear me out but determined to get to the heart of the matter. “Do you really believe that Delmore didn’t write *any* good poetry in the 1950s?” he said once, challenging a claim I’d made in an early version of the manuscript. He took out the most soiled handkerchief I’d ever seen and mopped his brow, as if convincing me that I was wrong required physical exertion. “What about all those poems in *Summer Knowl-*

edge?” He rubbed his stubbly beard. “And even if it’s true, which I doubt, why *say* so, for God’s sake, this early in the book?” Gesturing with his cigarette, he reasoned, “But if you *don’t* say so, you’re holding back from the reader, who will find out your opinion later and wonder why you didn’t say so *then*.” Baffled by this dilemma, invigorated by its moral ambiguity, he got up and strode around the room. In the end, we both gave ground; I came to admire a handful of the late poems, and my opponent conceded that he was partial to Delmore’s work just because it was Delmore’s.

“You make me out in my usual role of a stubborn Scotch arguer, I see,” Macdonald complained about my portrait of him in the book, but it was an image he cultivated. Once, after a long afternoon spent going over a new chapter at his house in East Hampton, he hurried me off to a cocktail party, only to arrive an hour early. We got back in the car, drove to the beach, and trudged up and down in the sand. Our subject that day was Edmund Wilson, whom I persisted in overpraising. “Wilson was a classic middlebrow,” Macdonald declared, halting in his tracks to make a point. “Look at *To the Finland Station*,” he said, indignant at the thought of how wrong Wilson was about so many things. “Don’t tell me you *liked* that book!” Obscurely ashamed of myself, I admitted that I did. He looked at me as if I had just said I believed in reincarnation. Ignoring the waves that swirled about his ankles, he made me explain what I could *possibly* like about such a badly written, shoddily organized, poorly researched book, a book that was written only to *popularize* ideas Wilson never really understood in the first place and that, furthermore, Macdonald didn’t believe he was even *interested* in, except for the purpose of showing off how much he’d read—“which is what he *always* does,” Macdonald argued, his voice cracking in dismay. “He doesn’t know a *thing* about politics; there’s hardly a word about Stalin. It’s just another subject he’s read up on.”

Back at the party, I could hear Macdonald’s braying voice across the room as he explained to a surly Vassar girl why David Reisman’s *The Lonely Crowd* wasn’t “an American classic.” But he hadn’t finished with the Edmund Wilson question, and driving me back to the train station that night, he crept along the road at five miles an hour, afraid we would arrive before he’d gotten his main points across.

Yet for all his shrewdness in debate, Macdonald could be willfully naive, and his literary acumen deserted him at the most improbable moments. Not long after *Humboldt’s Gift* came out, we were gloating over the various characters Bellow had made fun of: the manic Delmore, the blandly genial Carlos Baker, the bibulous R. P. Blackmur. “What did you think of Orlando Huggins?” I said—“one of those ever-youthful lightweight high-spirited American intellectuals,” as Bellow described Humboldt’s “argumentative” literary executor, a blustering, “rosy-faced” character with a “tall man’s belly,” a “neighing stammer,” and a “white billy-goat beard.” There was a stunned silence. “Was that *me*?”



THE COLLECTORS

Nothing is wrong with the rag rug, muted, modern and matching every other discrepancy here. If we named them all, early pine chest to brass bed, it would take us days. All fixed in some other place by others, their makers surely had no particular desire that we, so late and unrelated, should plunder their estates and take their furniture. Still, they might be glad the pieces in our care

are clean and valuable. But these family and unhinged wedding photographs are not so easy.

Is it wrong, as if we sat on tombstones, to display these lost wives and aging babies, the young men skewed and crumbling on the yellow page? Tell me what you’ll trade for that serious assembly and this small boy, painful in his lace.

Tell me what you’ll give to keep that lovely face.

—Kathleen Atkins

VIGILANT ABOUT PROSE, MACDONALD WAS UTTERLY indifferent to possessions. His apartment on East 87th Street, noisily patrolled by a yapping terrier that skidded up and down the hall, ignoring Macdonald's exasperated cries, was dowdily comfortable: ceiling-high bookshelves, a plump-cushioned sofa, threadbare Persian rugs. His bungalow in East Hampton reminded me of a cottage in Devon or Cornwall—lead windows, stucco walls, a flagstone terrace decorated with a curious assortment of relics. Terra-cotta statues of animals and saints were scattered about on the lawn. The walls of the gazebo that Macdonald had made into a study were festooned with magazine ads of women in kilts and pullovers.

Macdonald had spent a good deal of his modest inheritance on *Politics*, the magazine he published and edited during the 1940s, and he was always short of money. He and his wife, Gloria, had to rent the East Hampton cottage for the lucrative summer months and sweat it out in New York. But there was no pose in his simplicity. The only thing he cared about was the subject at hand—whatever it was. I once saw him get so distracted by what he was saying that he spilled a steady stream of bouillabaisse on the carpet, utterly unaware of its splattering cascade as he refuted some hapless literary critic.

One afternoon I called on him at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice, a gloomy building on West 56th Street, beyond Ninth Avenue, where he was teaching a film course to future New York City policemen. His office was a bare room with a metal desk, a grimy window that looked out on an air shaft, and a flickering fluorescent light—a fitting backdrop for the cross-examination that was about to occur. Macdonald wasn't in a genial mood. Fierce, irascible, antagonistic, he paced about the room—Dostoevsky's Inspector Porfiry interrogating Raskolnikov. Only whom had I murdered? The memory of Delmore. "You lean over backward to be unfair to him," he complained, handing back a chapter of my manuscript that chronicled the years when Delmore was in and out of psychiatric hospitals. "You're turning my old friend into a nutty paranoiac."

"But that's what he was then," I protested.

"I knew him, and he wasn't. I really think you have some grudge against him. You're unconsciously hypercritical." I had sided with Malcolm Cowley against Delmore in my account of a literary feud, disparaged his movie reviews, belittled his wittiest essays. And why had I dismissed as 'neurotic' Delmore's fury when a high-handed editor cut the last sentence of one of his reviews? "He had every right to be furious."

Had I been unfair to Delmore? It was certainly possible. I was charmed by his letters, amused by his journals, moved by his work, but I found his self-destructiveness oppressive. The sad story of his later years—the squandered talent, the mental suffering, the chaos of his life—weighed on me, and perhaps I judged him the way we judge those closest to us: harshly. But if I was impatient with Delmore, Macdonald was curiously obtuse. "He al-

ways made sense to me," he said when I described one of Delmore's paranoid soliloquies, and when he came to the scene in my book where Delmore insulted Macdonald over the phone, then tore it from the wall, he noted mildly: "Don't remember." Loyal to the very end, he simply couldn't imagine that his old friend had gone insane.

I left Macdonald's office that afternoon in a rebellious mood. I was tired of his objections, his lectures, his jocular editorial asides. In fact, I was sick of Delmore and his whole generation. Diatribes in restaurants, boring accounts of life in the thirties, drab offices in neighborhoods that made my heart pound: was this what the literary life was all about? Maybe Bellow was right: I was fabricating cultural rainbow textiles, busily weaving away on the loom of literary nostalgia a design of my own invention.

It wasn't until some months later that my thwarted pride sought revenge—and then it was unconscious. In the last chapter of the manuscript, I told of a scene that had been reported to me by an editor who had accompanied Macdonald to the hotel where he went to collect Delmore's belongings the day after his death. "Standing amidst a sea of papers, magazines, notebooks, and clothes, Macdonald tried on a jacket of Delmore's," I wrote. "After all, it would have been a small reward for his loyalty and generosity over a decade."

"Ye Gods, No!! What's the matter with you?" Macdonald fulminated in the margin, underscoring the words with a purple pen. "Not my feeling at all. Not a dime-store ghoul. I liked the idea of wearing a jacket to remember D by—not 'getting a small reward.' Minuscule indeed. If I'm to be made a burlesque ghoul, at least record that I paid D's last hotel bill, \$25—and have not yet collected."

Chortling over this comic outcry, I turned the page—only to find that he had been just warming up. "Really, Atlas, it's as if you weren't *there* half the time and were just wordily going through the motions," he scrawled on the last page. "I think you should put the ms away for six months or a year and then maybe you'll see how dead and tedious large parts of it are." I was stunned. He had been hard on me before, but no matter how unsparing his annotations, they had invariably been witty, specific, suffused with enthusiasm. And for once I thought he was wrong. The book was good now, it was finished; I just knew it.

I called him up. "I really wonder about you," he shouted over the phone. "After all these years, and all the time I spent on the manuscript, you don't even *mention* me in your acknowledgments!"

I felt awful. I should have known I would find some way to get even. Apparently that business about Delmore's jacket hadn't been revenge enough for the mockery I'd endured. I had managed to mention in my acknowledgments every minor character I'd interviewed, every librarian who had given me access to Delmore's letters, every friend and relative who had put me up for a night, yet failed to include even a single reference to the man who had authorized my biography, made available to me Delmore's ar-

chive, spent hundreds of hours poring over my work-in-progress. As Macdonald commented in the margin about some Delmorean misdeed: "What a guy!" Still, hadn't I been good-natured about Macdonald's brutal annotations? It had been a great education, but a hard one, and I was still smarting from the welts raised by his red felt-tip birch. Guiltily, I held the phone away from my ear. "And who's this person on the dedication page?" Macdonald demanded.

"My wife." Was I supposed to dedicate it to him? "If I'd thanked you the way you deserve," I joked, "you couldn't have written the blurb you promised me."

But Macdonald had been doing some calculations of his own. "What are you going to do with the manuscript when you're done?" he said.

"Publish it, I guess."

"No, I mean the one I've edited."

"I don't know. I hadn't thought about it."

"Why don't you deposit it at Yale, among my papers?" So that his editorial genius—and my ineptitude—would be known to posterity.

A week later, we met in my publisher's office—neutral turf. Macdonald had just gotten out of the hospital, and he hobbled in with a cane, his lips trembling through his ivory beard. But he revived when we sat down over the manuscript, his pencil hovering like a harpoon ready to spear offending phrases. Once more we made our way through my disheveled pages, only this time I remembered Kazin's advice and stood up for myself. I had been working on this biography for three years now, and knew Delmore better than those who had known him. After all, they couldn't see him as I did, day by day, through what he divulged in his journals, his letters, his conversation, even the margins of his books.

Macdonald enjoyed my new militancy. Hunched over the desk, dropping cigarette ash on his turtleneck, he beamed like a violin teacher with a blossoming pupil whenever I refuted an objection. "Our last session was vivifying for me bec. you so readily accepted my revisory suggestions when you were convinced," he wrote me later that summer, "and so clearly explained why you rejected them when you weren't."

It was vivifying for me, too, but also sad. This would be our last editorial skirmish. When he got to the end, Macdonald stood up and patted me on the back—just as he had the day I first met him. Then he shuffled off down the hall. The elevator was slow to come, and when I walked by a few minutes later he was still there, leaning on his cane.

Back in Cambridge, I rewrote my acknowledgments page, giving a full account of Macdonald's role in the book and stressing that "his brilliant, copious annotations had a

profound influence on my style and ideas." Meanwhile he was laboring over a blurb. "Took me well over a week, off and on (mostly off, guiltily fretting) in my present dilapidated period to get down a page and a half," he reported—and he wouldn't have relinquished it then if my editor's assistant hadn't shown up at his door like the boy who fetched Dr. Johnson's copy for *The Rambler*.

It was a generous blurb, and I responded with a grateful letter. "No reason for you to be 'overwhelmed' by my statement," Macdonald replied—less than a month after he had urged me to put the manuscript away for a year. "Didn't you *know* how good it all finally came out?"

I STILL SAW MACDONALD FROM TIME TO TIME, AND once brought him something I was working on, but somehow it wasn't the same. Our bond, the source of our friendship, had been Delmore, and now that he had discharged his obligations as Delmore's literary executor, we had less to talk about. Gradually we drifted apart. The years that separated us, a natural constraint that had been waived in the course of our collaboration, weren't as easily overcome.

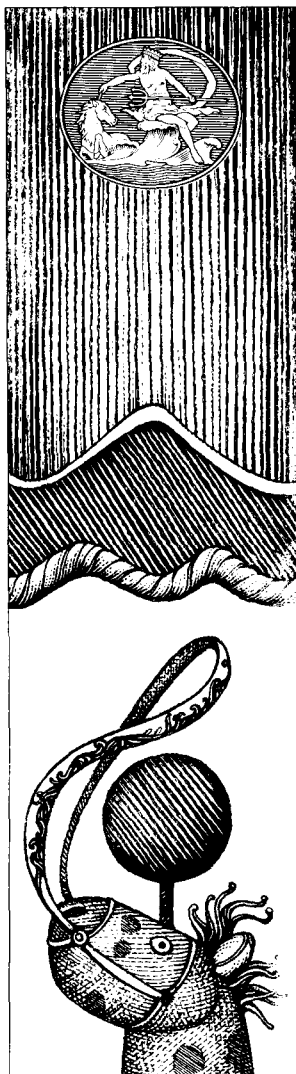
A year after my book came out I heard from Barrett. "I put off reading your book for so long because I knew it would be painful to me," he wrote. "My friendship with Delmore was the closest I'd ever had, and it is still very painful to think of him in his decline. One of the things I need to do for myself is to retrieve in my memory what was good and fine in that friendship, as well as to retrieve the image of what, with all his conflicts, was beautiful and wonderful about Delmore before he began slowly to come to pieces." We met for lunch, but our talk was desultory, and I felt the same awkwardness I had with Macdonald, a sense that we had laid Delmore's memory to rest and weren't about to exhume it.

I had a brief correspondence with Kazin in which he referred to "our first and apparently fatal interview." "I just let myself go & talked naturally," he explained. "I'm sorry that my spontaneity was misdirected and misunderstood." And I was sorry, I replied, that I had called him a "culture *apparatchik*" in the pages of *The New York Times*—the old guerrilla tactic again, my unconscious redressing grievances the good boy in me had suppressed.

I knew that Macdonald wanted me to write about our collaboration; he had said as much. And I wanted to write about it, to thank him for the education he had given me. But he died last December, before I got around to it. Now that I've finally told this story, I can't help wondering what he would have thought. I can hear him protest in his crackling voice, "You think that's funny? You must be out of your mind!" □

FUN-LOVING COUPLE SEEKS LIKE-MINDED SAME

BY ROBERT M. STROZIER



San Clemente couple seeks correspondence, photo exchange, phone fantasy, possible meeting with other couples and select singles. Discretion assured. No pros, phonies, far-outs, heavies, please. First-timers welcome. Come to the sun. We are slim, attractive, college-educated, considerate. Love all feel-good fun. Light smoking okay, no drugs or pain. Finest social times a must. Want to meet couples who were good then, better now. Friday's child is loving and giving. Hurry. We are for real. X-8974.

Dear X-8974,

We saw your ad and frank foto in *Swing Magazine Internationale*, and you're for us. Can host or travel. Enjoy poker, dancing, bowling, HBO, nitelife. We think people are superstars. Friend Eddie voices for us when we're away. We're tired of fake bar scenes, restaurant pickups. Our motor's running, and we're in overdrive. Have juice bar and mat room in basement. Come park in our stable of joy. We both have dynamic legs. Enclosed is a beautiful, revealing painting on velvet of the two of us. Deck our halls. She has permission to meet generous businessmen on trips to Wichita. Let's get recommitted. Take us out to the ball game.

Love,
Willis & Tessie Fiske

Dear X-8974,

This is the first time I've ever answered an ad. I am shy and anxious. I could never work up the nerve to actually meet you. I am feeling embarrassed.

Sincerely,
Cheryl D.

Dear X-8974,

You're not going to believe this. We know you. Very well. Sperry. Jan. Why didn't you ever say anything before? No picture is enclosed. We like to tease. Does that ring a bell? Comfortable ranch house provides complete privacy. Orange juice isn't just for breakfast anymore. Boy oh boy, what a waste. All

Robert M. Strozier, a frequent contributor to The Atlantic, is writing a book about becoming rich.

these years. If only we'd known. We enjoy mellow evenings around the campfire with good friends. Will cross your t's and dot your i's. Darlings, it's us, Mark and Belinda. YES! I think we're supposed to get together Thursday, aren't we? Just wanted you to know. We've always longed for you but were afraid to say anything. Incidentally, can Mark borrow your buzz saw? Love thy neighbor. Fly us to the moon. See you Thursday at 6.

Much love,
you know who

Dear X-8974,

I am the mayor of a small town in Sardinia, just north of Cagliari. Surprising as it may seem, no one in this area has ever swung before, and we'd like to find out how to do it. We did start a swing club, The Barley-Growers Hideaway Steamy Eager Place, but no one ever went. We want to learn your ways. Can you help us, X-8974?

Sincerely,
Mayor Vito Caltagirone

Dear X-8974,

Isn't it thrilling, this swinging? I just wanted to say it.

Fondly,
Patti P. Mullins

Dear X-8974,

Look, this is a little weird, but we are the research staff for a popular TV talk show in New Brunswick. We were sitting around at a meeting last week, and as a gag someone passed out copies of *Swing* to everybody. We made a number

of jokes about swinging, as you might expect, but then the conversation took an unexpected, serious turn. It was odd but it was real, and all of us felt drawn together. We are five, but it was suddenly as if we were one person, wanting—as one—one other (or two). Let us be frank, we are only human, as a whole. Collectively, we weigh 874 pounds, and some of the sand has slipped. To the exact extent that we are the overall totality of who we are, we have a rather big nose and a slight lack of sufficient chin, but once we get going we are a huge amount of fun and there's no telling what we'll do. Take a vice squad in your arms.

Love to love you,
All of us here

Dear X-8974,

I do a weekly column on swinging for *The New York Times*, and I would like to interview you for a book I'm doing on marriage. Recent studies show that 87.58 percent of all married Americans have switched partners at least once, and the vast majority of those swing regularly like "a pendulum gone berserk." For perhaps the first time in 300 years, the face of America is smiling, and I want to get it to talk.

The wish is automatic father to the deed, and spouses of our period start in their teens and swing well into their nineties and hundreds. They play with matches but never burn their fingers. Your body is your best calling card, and you should present it at every door. Seize every opportunity to tell people about swinging, too, even if you've just met. Though they may finally say, "Now, if you don't mind, I think we have to be on our way," you can almost hear them thinking, "Should I or shouldn't I?"

Complete the enclosed questionnaire and return it to me immediately. It contains 800 probing questions, such as, "Would you swing with a congressman and his wife?" and "Can it be said of you, 'Like tired old inner tubes, they deny themselves their own humanness and creep home together from parties, unsated'?"

Affectionately,
Toulouse MacLeish
"Dr. Swap"

Dear X-8974,

Knepr River Basin couple itches to switch with you. She sincere, big-boned, bi fox, seeking Dwayne Hickman look-

alike. Is there someone out there who can help me? Want to try inflatable fun figures from Walt Disney past. Will give and receive Vada/Voda, the Maid of Pskov, and "Nipsy" Hotel. Tell us why you deserve to serve two Dutch masters. She will do nude modeling for art students and star in porn movies. He wants to put hands on the other guy's gal, cross-dress when the sun goes down.

Love & kisses,
Mitchsky & Vera

Dear X-8974,

If you plan to host a large gathering, a cautionary note: all swingers "prowl parties" in search of lovers, but parties sometimes also attract prowlers in search of loot. Police report a dramatic increase of thefts during swings this year, so be careful.

The Council for Safer,
Looser Sex

Dear X-8974,

I bet you're getting a lot more letters than you thought you would, aren't you? Come here. I am dangling the long, delicate, scented fingers of my hand in a still pool. The swarms of jewelfish are nibbling on my nails. Let's build our nest in a chimney top. The flowers of the monkey-bread tree are big and white. Sing your camel to sleep.

All things,
Dino Zarra

Dear X-8974,

Ecclesiastical tribunal from Kiriwina wants to party. Male Taurus, Miss Vicki, several El Camino orgiasts, and the research staff from a New Brunswick TV program approve, join in. Ache to bake a sunshine cake.

The tribunal

DEAR SPERRY & JAN,

RECEIVED YOUR LETTER OF THE 8TH STOP WANT TO DISCUSS THIS MATTER FURTHER STOP FEEL SURE WE'RE RIGHT FOR YOU STOP ARRIVING SAN CLEMENTE TUESDAY WILL DROP BY STOP WE HAVE YOUR ADDRESS NOW THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO STOP MAKE YOUR OWN GAME WE WANT YOU TO BE HAPPY STOP LOVE MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE UNAVAILABLE STOP WANT YOU MORE EACH DAY STOP YOUR UNCHAINED MELODY FROM MYRTLE BEACH DEREK AND DOT □

BALLET TAKING INVENTORY BY HOLLY BRUBACH



YOU COULD TELL that Balanchine was in the theater, or so the saying went, if the boy tossed the girl into the air in *Symphony in C*. Because that moment was so perilous, the dancers could always be counted on to resort to the safer, alternative version when Balanchine wasn't there. But usually he was—stationed in the downstage right wing, surveying the dancers he had trained as they executed the ballets he had choreographed, missing nothing.

New York City Ballet dancers have always performed more for Balanchine's approval than for the audience's applause. For years, it was he who taught company class every morning, who made new ballets, who cast the repertory. Other ballet companies turn loose a variety of styles and methods of training on stage and hope for the best, rather than sanctioning any one at the expense of the rest. They cast by committee and hire freelance choreographers. These companies, attempting to make a virtue of eclecticism, are run along the lines of a democracy. The New York City Ballet is a monarchy, founded on one man's vision, didactic but consistent.

For several years now, City Ballet regulars—not a handful of fanatics but several hundred highly opinionated, fixedly loyal people who live at the company's performances—have been speculating on what would happen to the company when Balanchine was no longer in command. Was there a young choreographer qualified to succeed him? Balanchine had made classical ballet a modern art, but who would take it from there? What none of us figured, in our efforts to prepare ourselves for the inevitable by fretting about it, was that more than the future of ballet choreography would be at stake—that without Balanchine, the dancers, who had always looked to him, would have to find some new motivation for their work from day to day.

Last October, Balanchine was hospi-

Holly Brubach is a staff writer for *The Atlantic*.

talized. Though rumors about his condition varied widely from one day and one source to the next, it soon began to seem unlikely that he would ever return to running the company. This realization slowly settled in over the dancers and the audience. But instead of the lassitude one might have expected to settle in along with it, there was a redoubled energy in most performances, almost as if the company were dancing for dear life. For many young dancers, last season was a breakthrough. There were debuts in new roles every week. The company was keeping busy.

AT THE SAME time, the regulars in the audience were busy re-examining their motives for returning every night. A good many City Ballet fans are devoted to Balanchine's work but not to dance itself. Balanchine's work has been so extensive that his followers can almost get away with thinking that it is all anyone needs to know about dance. The full measure of that work has just been demonstrated in *Choreography by George Balanchine: A Catalogue of Works*, a big fat book published by the Eakins Press Foundation, in a limited edition of 2,000. Compiled by researchers in thirteen countries, and edited by Harvey Simmonds, it lists 425 ballets, operas, Broadway musicals, movies, and what have you.

The total is deceptive, because several works are entered twice—once for their world premieres, if they were made originally for a company other than the one Balanchine directed at the time, and once for their first production by his own company. Even so, the body of his work is staggering. One's first reaction is that no single lifetime could be long enough to encompass all this choreography. No one year could be time enough to make five ballets, eighteen opera ballets, and one dance number for a "comedy with music," which is what Balanchine did in 1932.

Still more astonishing is the range of his work. Balanchine was apparently willing to do anything, and for anybody. For example, in honor of the treaty resuming Anglo-Soviet trade relations, in 1921, he staged a foxtrot for a party in Petrograd. In 1953, he choreographed a promenade for some 500 couples, with two dancers from his own company in the lead, for the Negro Debutante Ball at the 369th Armory, in Harlem. In 1942, for fifty girls and fifty elephants in the

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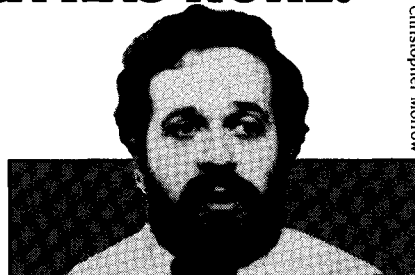
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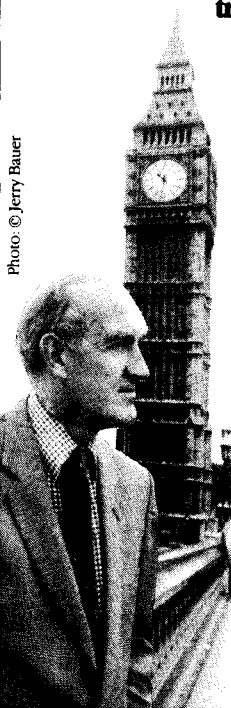


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RANDOM HOUSE

*Kirkus Reviews

Photo: © Jerry Bauer



Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, he choreographed a ballet to an original score he commissioned from Stravinsky.

The catalogue includes five films, twenty-one musical comedies and revues, six stagings for choral works, and ten plays for which Balanchine arranged movement sequences. From these repeated forays into other territories, Balanchine always returned to classical ballet and his own company. The classical tradition is the closest any art comes to a science, in which one discovery can lead to another, in which one man's work makes the next man's possible. By working within that tradition in ballet, Balanchine could build on the past. And by going to work outside that tradition—

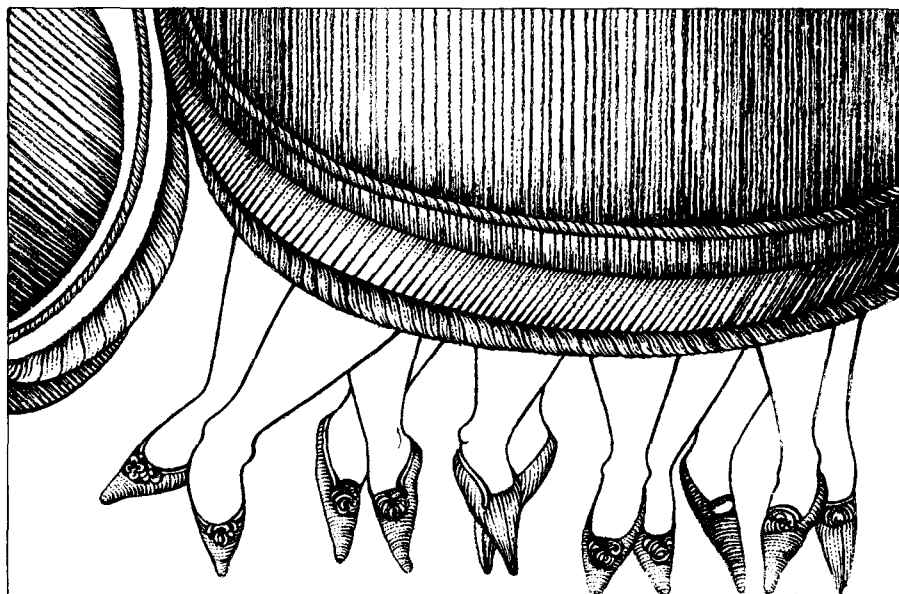
of these, would probably have gone on to make the next ballet as different as possible—romantic, maybe, or jazzy—as a way of keeping himself interested and of proving to the world how versatile he could be. But Balanchine must have felt that a classical ballet, exacting in its precision, was what each of these three companies needed at the time. More interesting finally than three ballets in three determinedly different styles are these, which are markedly different within the same style. There is no sign in any of them of Balanchine running out of new ideas and reverting to formulas; in his hands, the style seems inexhaustible.

Not only did Balanchine have enough interest in dance and all its possibilities to sustain the works listed here but he

bert's *Wanderer Fantasy* (the score for *Errante*), Haydn's Trumpet Concerto in E flat major, or Mozart's Violin Concerto in A major. In other cases, the catalogue's brief descriptions of ballets we have never seen defy our imaginations. For instance, while still a young choreographer in Petrograd, Balanchine devised movement set to poems, which were chanted aloud by a chorus of fifty voices. In 1926, under Diaghilev's supervision, he choreographed an entr'acte, without music, for Bronislava Nijinska's *Romeo and Juliet*: "A drop-curtain was lowered to within a foot or two of the ground so that only the dancers' legs and feet were visible." For Sir Oswald Stoll's Variety Shows in London, in 1931, Balanchine used the Coliseum's revolving stage as a giant phonograph record, with a small dog in the center listening to "His Master's Voice," and the dancers as phonograph needles.

But the biggest surprise this book holds for anyone already familiar with Balanchine's ballets is the number of operas he choreographed—sixty-nine. It is hard to believe that he agreed to stage the ballet sequences in *La Gioconda*, not once but twice, because he was so inspired by the music for "The Dance of the Hours," an old chestnut (made even more familiar as "Hello mudda. Hello fadda. Here I am at Camp Granada"). He choreographed the ballet sequences in *Carmen* four times. Some of these commissions, especially during the years his company doubled as the resident ballet company for the Metropolitan Opera, can only have been the means to keep his dancers working year-round. Yet Balanchine's dedication to opera throughout his career is obvious, and it is sad that his impact on it has not been more lasting. Opera and ballet, two traditions closely allied at the start of this century, have gone their separate ways, and left the ballet divertissements far behind. Few choreographers today would be willing to take on "The Dance of the Hours" in the context of someone else's production of *La Gioconda*, whereas Balanchine, in his work for films, theater, and opera, was always willing to stage part of the whole—and not the most important part, at that.

ONE IS STRUCK repeatedly by Balanchine's selflessness. His detractors point to the empire he built and accuse him of egomania. But an egomaniac would have done less work and made



learning other ways of moving and their effects, other problems and their solutions—he could acquire the means to make classical ballet more topical.

Balanchine understood that a ballet has no life of its own, apart from its performance. Where other choreographers would set out to make dances that would be innovative or long-lived or fashionable, Balanchine seems to have set out to make dances that were, above all, appropriate to the dancers at hand. In the course of one year, 1947, he staged *Symphonie Concertante* for his own company (he had choreographed it two years earlier on students) and choreographed *Le Palais de Cristal* (now called *Symphony in C*) for the Paris Opera and *Theme and Variations* for Ballet Theatre—three ballets in the classical idiom. Another choreographer, having finished any one

seems never to have lost interest in a ballet as long as it was still being performed. The revisions listed in this catalogue, if not always extensive, are certainly numerous. Balanchine persisted in improving on a ballet years after its premiere, and would willingly re-choreograph an old role to suit a new dancer's capabilities. On occasion, he returned to a piece of music he had already choreographed and made something entirely different out of it. There was no such thing as the definitive interpretation of a piece of music, inevitable as the choreography might seem to everyone else.

About the ballets we know well, the catalogue can teach us little. In some cases, the production credits for ballets that have been lost tell us just enough to make us curious: it would be interesting to know what Balanchine did with Schu-

more of it. He would have seen to it, as Balanchine did not, that his choreography for an acclaimed ballet like *Caracole* would be recorded (it was forgotten, but never mind—Balanchine took the same score and made it into *Divertimento No. 15*, one of his greatest works). An egomaniac would have been more preoccupied with his own place in history. Balanchine doesn't seem to have given a damn.

He was, however, a monomaniac, obsessed by dancing and all its possibilities, and a hustler, capable of scaring up more commissions than most choreographers could handle, at a time when there were far fewer ballet companies and thus far fewer chances for employment. He was a soft touch, too, unfailingly generous with his ballets: in the United States alone, eighty-eight companies other than Balanchine's have had his works in their repertoires, and the list of companies in other countries is even longer, from Alberta, Canada, to Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

The New York City Ballet is today made up of 105 dancers who perform Balanchine's works better and more clearly than any other company in the world. Their dancing is practically transparent—they show us the choreography. Those full-cast finales, with rows of lancers advancing on the audience,umping and turning in unison; those instances when, two by two, girls come bolting from the wings and crisscross one another's paths in flying *pas de chat*, and for a moment the entire stage is airborne; that terrifying forward surge of a crowd of women, at the end of *Walpurnisnacht*, toward one man, who holds his ground; the image of a sleepwalker carrying a poet in her arms, or of a man who walks, guided from behind by a woman and blindfolded by her hand—no other choreographer has so consistently captured the ambiguity, excitement, and energy that reside in music, and released it in dancing.

There are moments in Balanchine's ballets when the dance gives voice to the music, and the dance and the music combined become almost more than the audience can bear. When, at the close of *Theme and Variations*, the men and women pair off and make a tour of the stage in a grand polonaise set to the music's final proclamation, the ceremony strikes us as exactly right; then the men continue walking and the women *chainé* urn alongside them, turning on the spial melody in the music—and this is

almost too much. The sensation is one of pain brought on by something so perfect that you must look but want to turn away. These moments, in dance or in music, come over us, and our instinct is to try and hold on to them; there is no holding on to them.

On March 16, the New York City Ballet board of directors announced the appointment of Peter Martins and Jerome Robbins as ballet masters-in-chief, with Martins responsible for the company's day-to-day artistic decisions and Robbins as adviser.

The doomsayers who seem convinced that classical ballet ended with Balanchine's last work (an inconsequential solo made last year for Suzanne Farrell) are missing the point. Balanchine put himself at the service of a tradition larger than any individual. His work and history teach us that other choreographers can take up that tradition and further it. □

MUSIC

EXPRESSIVE ATONALITY

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN



AS WE APPROACH the year 2000, it becomes ever clearer that the number of twentieth-century musical masterpieces is remarkably small, compared either with the number of contemporary literary or artistic ones or with the number of musical masterpieces produced in the eighteenth or the nineteenth century. High on the list of these few masterpieces stands the opera *Wozzeck*, by the Viennese composer Alban Berg (1885–1935). Though it is mainly atonal, an avowedly avant-garde work in which no apparent concessions are made to popular taste, its 1925 Berlin premiere was an immediate popular (as well as critical) success, and was quickly followed by equally successful productions in Prague (1926) and Leningrad (1927). The American premiere, conducted by Leopold Stokowski and with sets by Robert Edmond Jones, took place in 1931. *Wozzeck* had had twenty-seven

William H. Youngren teaches English at Boston College.

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separate productions by the end of 1932, a month before the Nazis came to power and banned it and other "decadent" works; by the end of 1936, the total number of performances had risen to 166; in 1942, there was even a performance in Rome, over strong Nazi protest. Since the end of the war, *Wozzeck* has been performed in most major opera houses, and is now firmly established in the permanent repertoire.

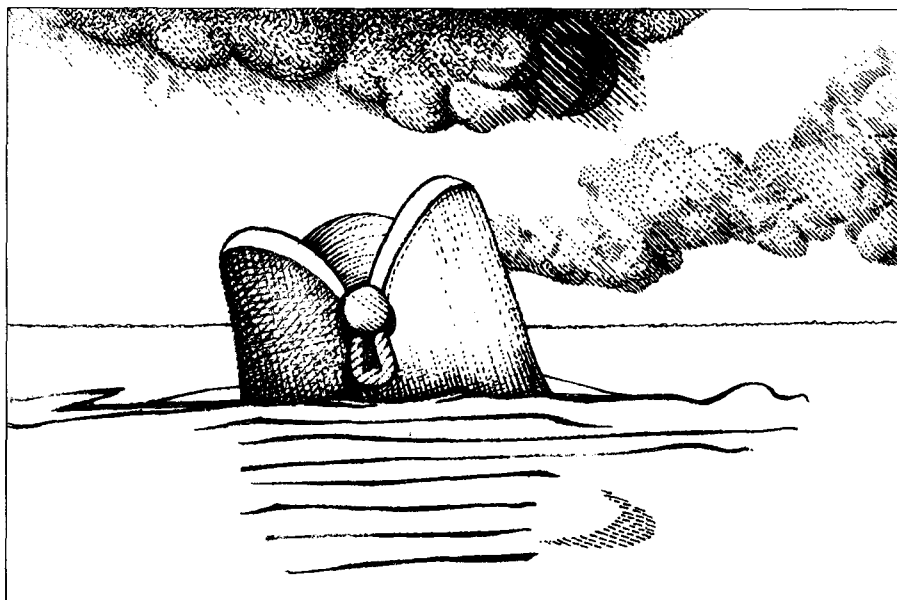
For a formidably difficult work, *Wozzeck* has been recorded fairly often. Moreover, all the recordings are well worth hearing. Dmitri Mitropoulos's pioneering 1951 version (until recently, available on Odyssey set Y2 33126, but now, unfortunately, out of print) is the one that most successfully projects the

of three excerpts from *Wozzeck*, conducted by Erich Klieber, who conducted the opera's premiere, on Fonit Cetra DOC 3; this important record, which also contains an equally fine 1945 broadcast performance of the Berg Violin Concerto by the Hungarian-born Joseph Szigeti, may be ordered from IBR Classics, 40-11 24th Street, Long Island City, New York 10111.)

Now there is a fourth recording, by Christoph von Dohnányi and the Vienna Philharmonic, with Eberhard Waechter and Anja Silja in the principal roles (London LDR 72007). The flawless orchestral playing is captured with breath-taking fidelity by the new digital recording process, and the balance between singers and orchestra is better main-

Similarly with the minor characters. In the opening scene, for example, the Captain, whom *Wozzeck* is shaving, keeps badgering him, telling him to go more slowly, to take life easy ("*Langsam, Wozzeck, langsam!*"). It is obvious, however, from what the Captain says and from the erratic, angular contours of his vocal line, that he himself is anything but easygoing. He is, in fact, fearful and obsessed with death, as we are later to see clearly in his long scene with the equally crazy Doctor. Yet Heinz Zednik's Captain seems perfectly sane and not even especially cruel as he taunts *Wozzeck* and lectures him about having an illegitimate child. As the Doctor, Alexander Malta is powerful and full-voiced, but he, too, plays it straight, never sounding really possessed by thoughts of the immortality he imagines he will gain through the dietary experiments he is performing on *Wozzeck*.

Despite its comparative tameness, the performance has an unobtrusive, cumulative power that is very impressive. The large, panoramic scenes, especially the ones in the inn and the tavern, are more effective than the intimate, conversational ones. Yet this *Wozzeck*, its many virtues aside, fails to re-create the crazed world that Berg so perfectly imagined.



work's haunted, nightmarish atmosphere. The recorded sound lacks definition, and the orchestral playing is occasionally haphazard, but Mack Harrell and Eileen Farrell are superb as *Wozzeck* and his mistress, Marie, and Joseph Mordino's Captain and Ralph Herbert's Doctor are masterpieces of grotesque caricature, unsurpassed on later recordings. Karl Böhm's 1965 version (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 023) is somewhat less exciting dramatically, but it has superb playing by the Berlin Philharmonic and two excellent principals in Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Evelyn Lear. Pierre Boulez's 1966 Paris Opera performance (CBS M2 30852) has a less distinguished cast, but Boulez renders Berg's complex orchestral textures with unique clarity and transparency. (There is also a fine 1953 broadcast performance

tained than on any of the previous versions. But the performance is a little tame and careful, standing at the opposite end of the spectrum from the inspired madness of Mitropoulos's reading.

Waechter sings well but is rather impersonal, not as tormented and desperate as *Wozzeck* ought to be. Silja, too, sings beautifully and accurately, but she rarely stops sounding like an opera singer long enough to become fully involved in her role and in the drama. In her scenes with Waechter, they often seem to be standing at arm's length from each other, and at the end of Act I, when she first refuses and then allows herself to be seduced by the Drum-Major, there is none of the violent reversal of feeling so memorably projected by Farrell and Lear.

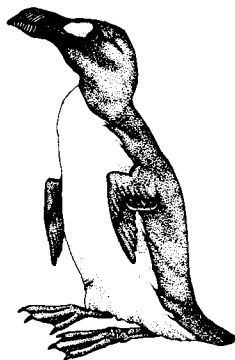
WHY WAS *WOZZECK* so much more immediately intelligible to audiences than most avant-garde musical works of the 1920s, and why has it demonstrated so much more staying power than they have done? Avant-garde apologists, actually somewhat embarrassed by the opera's popularity, have often chalked it up to the superficial "excitement" of the play Berg used, only slightly altered, as his text. And Georg Büchner's *Woyzeck* is undeniably exciting. Moreover, though it was written in 1836 by the amazing Büchner, who died the following year at the age of twenty-three, it reads almost as if it might have been written eighty or ninety years later. The poor army barber *Woyzeck*—hounded and victimized by the Captain and the Doctor, betrayed by the pathetic, capricious Marie, subject to terrifying visions he can neither understand nor control—is not only an unforgettable character; he is also a character who fits perfectly into the world of 1920s expressionist drama. Equally unforgettable are the scenes that make up the final, inevitable catastrophe: *Woyzeck's* murder o

Marie, which he commits as though entranced by the blood-red moon rising in the sky; his guilty, compulsive return to the pond beside which he stabbed her and his drowning as he walks farther and farther out into the water, searching for the incriminating knife; and the chilling, poignant last scene, in which a group of slightly older children who have found Marie's body try to make her child understand that his mother is dead, while he just keeps riding his hobby-horse, repeating "*Hipp, hopp! Hipp, hopp!*"

But Büchner's drama was also set by another composer of the 1920s, Manfred Gurlitt. Given its premiere only a few months after Berg's opera, Gurlitt's had a brief success, but quickly sank without a trace. The inescapable conclusion is that the success of *Wozzeck*, like that of all great operas, is based primarily on its music.

No one who knows the opera can read the drama without recalling vividly the soft, slow, muted-trombone arpeggios that catch the image of the moon rising over the pond, or the slithering upward chromatic scales in winds and strings as *Wozzeck* drowns, or the eerie quiet of the very last bars. Moreover, it was Berg who decided to cut Büchner's final lines, in which a policeman comments on the murder, and end with the child's pathetic, uncomprehending words. More important, Berg inserted between the drowning and the final scene a powerful orchestral elegy for *Wozzeck*. Though often criticized, by Stravinsky among others, as too explicit and too traditional in its musical substance, the elegy is a dramatic masterstroke: it releases at last, without the intrusion of words, which would have been crudely explicit at this point, all the feelings of pity and despair built up by *Wozzeck*'s tragedy. The sustained invention and dramatic rightness of Berg's music give body and depth to Büchner's somewhat fragmentary play; Berg not only overcomes the difficulties of the atonal idiom in which the music is cast but wonderfully exploits them, rendering the twisted and distorted nature of *Wozzeck* and the characters who surround him more effectively than would have been possible in a more traditional idiom. Most listeners, even relatively inexperienced ones who dislike (or think they dislike) modern music, have no trouble becoming immediately engaged and following the course of the elaborate score from beginning to end.

And then there were none.



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TO ENTER THE world of *Wozzeck* is one of the great, central twentieth-century aesthetic experiences, fully comparable to entering the world of *Ulysses* or *The Waste Land* or Kafka's stories, the world of Picasso or Matisse. For a three-act opera, *Wozzeck* is very short: almost exactly an hour and a half, or about the length of a single act of a Wagner opera. In fact, one often has trouble remembering how short it is—so much drama, so much intensity and variety of feeling, so much wit and grotesquerie, are packed into its ninety minutes. Extraordinarily grand and imposing, it is also as pitilessly concise and economical as a Bach fugue. One may say of it what D. F. Tovey said of Haydn—that almost everything is unexpected yet nothing is difficult to follow. How did Berg manage it? Certainly no listener has ever been particularly troubled by this question. Anyone who knows the opera well can point out many telling details like the ones I mentioned in the preceding paragraph. Moreover, there are many recurring motifs—snatches of folk songs, the little march associated with the Drum-Major and with Marie's betrayal of *Wozzeck*, the four-note phrase that embodies *Wozzeck's* impassioned outburst "*Wir arme Leut'!*" ("We poor people!")—that help the listener to organize the music as he listens. Yet it is always very satisfying to have one's appreciation of a piece of music complemented, explained, and extended by systematic analysis; and until recently, the analysts have been of remarkably little help with *Wozzeck*. There are two related reasons for this failure.

Berg pointed out in several articles that in arranging the twenty-six scenes of Büchner's drama into the fifteen of the opera, he had employed a number of traditional musical forms. Each of the three acts contains five scenes. Those of Act I are what Berg called "character pieces": Suite, Rhapsody, Military march and lullaby, Passacaglia, and Andante affettuoso (quasi Rondo). Those of Act II constitute a "symphony": Sonata-form movement, Fantasia and fugue, Largo, Scherzo, and Rondo con introduzione. Those of Act III, together with the orchestral elegy inserted between Scenes 4 and 5, are a series of "inventions": on a theme, a note, a rhythm, a hexachord, a tonality, and a regular eighth-note movement. While these forms were evidently of help to Berg in the act of composition, they have only occasional relevance to the lis-

tener, who remains largely unaware of their presence. Berg himself repeatedly stressed their lack of relevance, yet many critics, beginning with his first biographer, his friend and pupil Willi Reich, eagerly seized upon them and made them central to their analyses of *Wozzeck*. Reich even arranged them into a convenient chart, very much like the one of the episodes of *Ulysses* that Joyce communicated to his friend and early apologist Stuart Gilbert. Like Joyce's chart, Reich's has proven to be a red herring, of little use to listeners and a distraction to analysts.

The second reason for the failure of most analyses of *Wozzeck* stems from the fact that Berg, as a pupil of Arnold



Schoenberg, played an important part in what was once thought to have been the crucial development in twentieth-century music—the evolution and employment of Schoenberg's twelve-tone method. Convinced that the resources of tonality had been utterly exhausted by the post-Wagnerian chromaticism of the late nineteenth century, Schoenberg, followed closely by his two most important pupils, Berg and Anton von Webern, set about effecting what was often spoken of as "the liberation of the dissonance," the freeing of music from any dependence upon a tonal center. The twelve-tone method, which completed this process by supposedly rendering all twelve notes of the chromatic scale of absolutely equal value within a given work, was thought by its enthusiastic supporters to be an

achievement not only natural and fruitful but also historically inevitable, ordained by an iron determinism governed by the "laws" of music. René Leibowitz's assertion, in his 1947 book *Schoenberg and His School*, that the music of Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern is "the only genuine and inevitable expression of the musical art of our time" is characteristic of this view. Now, *Wozzeck* is not a twelve-tone work. It belongs, rather, to what is often called the period of "free atonality," which just preceded and overlapped Schoenberg's development of the twelve-tone method in the early 1920s. Because twelve-tone propagandists such as Leibowitz and Josef Rufer viewed the period of free atonality as merely a necessary transitional stage, a way station on the road to the twelve-tone promised land, for them the most significant feature of *Wozzeck* was its anticipation of twelve-tone techniques. But such techniques, even when they are exclusively employed, are usually no more audible to the listener as organizing forces in the music than are the traditional forms Berg employed in *Wozzeck*.

THE FIRST BOOK to move toward a more just and accurate analysis of the ways in which the music of *Wozzeck* actually creates its effects was Hans Redlich's 1957 *Alban Berg: The Man and His Music*. Taking to task such "proselytizing apologists" as Leibowitz and Rufer for treating the three Viennese composers as "an artistic unity, with an indivisible community of aims and tendencies," Redlich tried to view Berg's music on its own terms rather than as part of a lockstep movement. Though Redlich, too, stressed twelve-tone anticipations in *Wozzeck*, he also called attention to Berg's use of Wagnerian leitmotifs and of quasi-tonal harmony, neither of which had been of much interest to the apologists.

In a 1975 biography, *Alban Berg: The Man and the Work*, Mosco Carner paid still closer attention to harmony in *Wozzeck*, and stated clearly that "Berg's great merit in *Wozzeck* was to have been the first to write a full-length opera in the atonal style, a style characterised by an extreme lability and randomness, but in which certain recurring melodic, harmonic and rhythmic configurations act as points of reference or as landmarks in the music." To point out the "lability and randomness" to which atonal music is liable—a far cry from the old talk about

"the liberation of the dissonance"—and the resulting need for "points of reference" and "landmarks" that will do the work of those formerly supplied by tonality is to put the stress where it belongs: on the fact that our ways of hearing are still basically tonal, and that if a composer chooses to deprive his music (and his listener) of traditional tonal means of organization, he must somehow compensate for the loss so incurred—not by supplying the analyst with fancy schemes that make sense only on paper but by finding new ways to help the listener organize the music as he hears it. For the main problem with atonal music is not, as is so often charged, that it is "ugly": much of it is, but so is much of Wagner and Mahler, and even some of late Beethoven. The main problem is precisely the absence from most atonal music of audible "points of reference" and "landmarks." And the main job of the analyst of an atonal work is to locate these, if they exist, and to show how they function in their dramatic context.

At last there are two books that perform this job quite satisfactorily for *Wozzeck*: George Perle's *The Operas of Alban Berg: Volume One / "Wozzeck"* (1980) and Douglas Jarman's *The Music of Alban Berg* (1979). Though both writers occasionally go over the mark into the inaudible, pointing out hexachords and intervallic cells that most listeners do not and cannot hear, both unearth and systematize a great deal that is audible and therefore illuminating. Moreover, both quite rightly (and very refreshingly) view the period of free atonality not as a mere transitional stage but rather as a time of unique opportunity and fruitful experimentation.

Perle gives an exhaustive catalogue of the leitmotifs in *Wozzeck*, and sensitively describes their use. Also, he very interestingly shows how Berg often gives a particular note—C-sharp/D-flat in the opening scene of the opera, for example—the priority and organizing force that establish it as a "tone center" without involving it in the elaborate hierarchical relations required to make it a true tonic or key note in the traditional sense. Finally, Perle discusses Berg's use of characteristic scale fragments—for example, a five-note segment of the whole-tone scale with one added "odd" note—in many of the most important recurring themes of the opera.

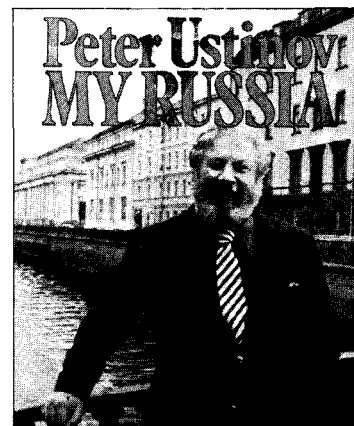
Jarman is less interested than Perle in leitmotifs, but he accepts and comple-

ments Perle's analysis of "tone centers" in *Wozzeck*. Jarman also illuminates Berg's relation to the twelve-tone method. Berg, as Jarman shows, had a lifelong fondness for ciphers and numerical schemes, and his works are full of hidden, secret meanings and patterns. It was recently discovered, for example, that *The Lyric Suite*, his 1925–1926 work for string quartet, contains a sort of coded account of a long-forgotten love affair. What emerges from Jarman's analysis is that Berg was drawn to the method not primarily by an apocalyptic recognition that tonality had to be supplanted (indeed, his later, twelve-tone works make greater use of tonal modes of organization than do those from the period of free atonality) but by the same emotional need that produced his virtually obsessive interest in other private, abstract schemes and systems.

In fact, the method itself, viewed at this comfortable distance from the fierce (and often foolish) polemics of 1920–1950, seems almost entirely a private organizing device for composers. Schoenberg admitted this in later life, but earlier it was often claimed that the twelve-tone method was precisely on a par with tonality, and Berg himself compared the role played by Schoenberg in the transition from tonal to twelve-tone music to that played by Bach in the transition from modal to tonal music. But the analogy does not hold. Tonality organizes music not only privately for the composer but also publicly, because audibly, for the listener. "I have made a discovery which will ensure the supremacy of German music for the next hundred years," Schoenberg boasted to Rufer in 1921. But, of course, he had done no such thing. His and his followers' apocalyptic statements about historical inevitability and the laws of music now sound as silly and dated as the very similar political statements of their Marxist contemporaries. With very few exceptions (almost none of them works by Schoenberg), twelve-tone music has not proved acceptable, even to a thoughtful and open-minded public, because most of it is organized only by means that are, and remain, private, secret, inaudible. The success and importance of composers as diverse as Stravinsky (who turned to twelve-tone music only in his old age, when he was already a master), Bartók, Prokofiev, Ives, Janáček, Britten, and Elliott Carter make nonsense of all the twelve-tone propaganda. The resources

June report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS



Longtime readers of *The Atlantic* will remember their delight in reading Peter Ustinov's first published story, "The Man in the Moon," in November of 1958. Dazzled by Ustinov's brilliant career as actor, director, and playwright, we tend to forget that he is also a writer of very considerable talents, one whose worldliness is balanced by compassion and whose biting wit renders wickedness helpless. Now, after two books of short stories, two novels, and one volume of autobiography, Ustinov turns his attention to a subject he touched peripherally in that first story: the Russians.

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MY RUSSIA by Peter Ustinov

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and black and white

LITTLE, BROWN

of tonality, it turns out, were and are far from exhausted. Surely, the splendid and enduring achievement of *Wozzeck* is best viewed, and most successfully analyzed, not in relation to the twelve-tone method but in terms of Berg's remarkable exploitation and extension of tonal ways of thinking and hearing.

It is also useful to view *Wozzeck* in relation to the works that Berg wrote just preceding it, especially the *Altenberg Lieder*, Op. 4, of 1912 and the Three Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 6, of 1914–1915. (Both works are excellently performed by Boulez on CBS MS 7179 and by Claudio Abbado on Deutsche Grammophon 2543 804.) The *Altenberg Lieder*, not performed in their entirety until 1952, are a dazzling achievement. Though the mass and variety of orchestral sonority sometimes threatens to overwhelm the rather slight texts, the sheer mastery of the writing makes it all but impossible to believe that this was Berg's first work for orchestra. The Three Pieces for Orchestra, though better known, are less successful. Compared with Webern's Six Orchestral Pieces, Op. 6 (1909) and Five Orchestral Pieces, Op. 10 (1911–1913), which Berg obviously used as models, they seem long and garrulous. The vocabulary and syntax of *Wozzeck* are there, but the music sounds musclebound, trapped in itself, lost in its search for a fitting subject. Berg found that subject—as well as the greater scope that he was reaching toward in the *Altenberg Lieder*—when he saw Büchner's play in May of 1914, while he was at work on the Three Pieces for Orchestra. He knew it at once, and resolved that *Wozzeck* would provide him with the text of the opera he had been wanting to write.

Berg died at fifty, and he was a slow and careful worker. Hence, he did not write a great deal of music. Though none of his other works is either so immediately compelling or so perfectly formed as *Wozzeck*, all of them are well worth hearing and studying, especially the Piano Sonata, the *Altenberg Lieder*, *The Lyric Suite*, the Violin Concerto, and his second opera, *Lulu*, left unfinished at his death but recently completed from his sketches. For it is Berg, along with Stravinsky, who best helps us understand the problematical relations between twentieth-century music and the tradition through his strikingly original and creative use of the great music of the past. □

BOOKS

TWO FACES OF THE FAITH

BY JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

DANGEROUS CURRENTS

by Lester C. Thurow. Random House, \$16.95.



ON ONE THING, if only one, professional economists are fully agreed: high worker productivity is good and a mark of general economic achievement. There is, I've often noted, one exception to that rule, and that concerns economic scholars themselves. An economist who works too hard and produces too much is regarded with some suspicion; he is carrying the idea of personal productivity to extremes. Some of the disapproval, needless to say, reflects the common academic belief that a mildly ostentatious commitment to leisure is an indication of a deeper intellectualism, and its protection an important aspect of academic freedom. Lester C. Thurow, professor of economics and management at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, *Newsweek* columnist, author of the widely read *Zero-Sum Society* and of a reliable flow of articles and reviews and now this new book, and a man involved in numerous public activities, is a prodigiously productive worker. Obviously he is open to attack. This book is also hard on many of his fellow economists, although that is more readily forgiven.

Dangerous Currents is about the present state of economics. I have some criticism of the writing and rather more of the conclusions, but it is richly informed and informative, skillfully argued, and otherwise extremely good.

The central theme can be simply stated—more simply perhaps than Professor Thurow would concede. It is that economics has developed along two major lines—microeconomics and macroeconomics—each widely accepted and each in blunt contradiction of the other. Microeconomics is deeply inconsistent in its conclusions with the larger macroeconomic behavior of the economy, as everyday observation affirms and public policy requires.

John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Anatomy of Power* will be published in October by Houghton Mifflin.

Microeconomics has to do with the behavior of individual markets—those for products, for services, and, notably, for labor. It is the economics of the curves and the equations which, each year, is drilled into the heads of hundreds of thousands of the young. It affirms that prices rise to bring purchases into line with available supply and fall to bring available output and labor into use. The result is a reliable clearing of markets: if there is excess supply, prices and wages will fall to the level at which everything is sold and everyone is employed.

This is the reliable and relentless tendency, the miracle of the market. From this admirably autonomous process comes the geometry and the algebra, the years of instruction, and a fair proportion of the technical articles that are written on the subject.

The contradiction becomes evident when one turns to the overall behavior of the economy—to macroeconomics and the public policy associated with it. Idle plant capacity and unsold surpluses do exist; labor is massively not employed. Markets, and most painfully the labor market, do not clear. Nothing is so much a subject of everyday experience and discussion. Nothing more deeply influences political and social behavior and prospects.

VERY LARGE PART of Thurow's book is concerned with how economists—those whose faith is still bound up with the classical or, as he calls it, the price-auction market—resolve this conflict. The resolution calls, on the whole, more on the theocratic and necromantic resources of the profession than on its capacity for astute response to obvious, practical circumstance. For some economists, there is a *natural* rate of unemployment; this comes close to being whatever level of unemployment has come to exist for some time. Accordingly, when there is full employment, there is much unemployment, as anyone with sufficient sophistication can easily understand. Or, perhaps more important,

belief in the market-clearing tendency of the market, in particular of the labor market, is simply made to prevail in the face of any and all evidence. One has faith. Those who live outside the true religion have not grasped its deeper meaning, are spiritually deprived, and should never be seen in Chicago.

From the true faith, in turn, comes policy—including, for the past two painful years, that of the present Administration. If markets work perfectly, so, without much pain, does an astringent monetary policy. The logic here is, on the whole, impeccable. If inflation threatens, you cut back on spending and re-spending from the proceeds of bank lending; this curtails the demand for goods and services; with this curtailment, prices cease to rise or begin to fall.

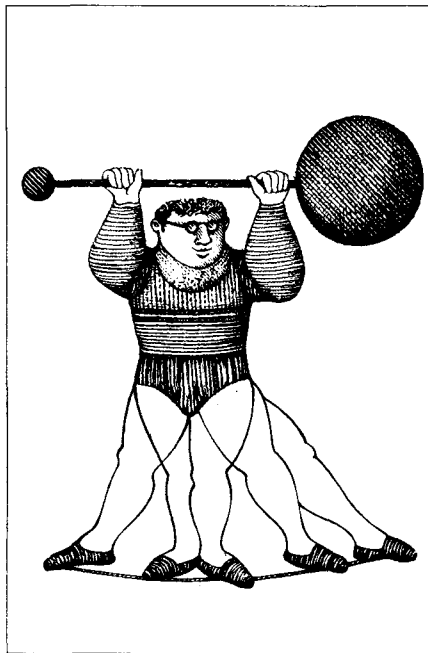
It is one of the few unquestioned propositions in economics that when prices do not rise, there is no inflation. And if markets, including the labor market, always clear, it is equally irrefutable that, some slight period of adjustment aside, there will be no unemployment. Here, in essence, was the basis for the early monetarist faith of the Reagan Administration.

The supply-side aberration, as it has come to be called, had a similar though less elegant foundation. In the classical market, economic achievement is price-elastic—the more you pay the individual, the more useful effort you get. Nothing is more damaging than government interference with this pricing. Thus came the supply-side commitment to stimulating the effort of the rich by giving them more incentives to work—lower taxes and more money—and the stimulation to the poor by giving them less government support, forcing them back to useful effort. Supply-side economics, in Thurow's words, represents "the triumph of literal and unqualified equilibrium price-auction economics. Supply-siders are to that model what religious fundamentalists are to biblical interpretation. No deviations from the revealed truth are possible or allowed."

It is possible—indeed, plausible—that there was a deeper purpose to supply-side economics than Thurow suggests. In a democratic society, it is customary for politicians to reward their supporters. Ronald Reagan, no one doubts, came to office with the support of the more affluent sectors of the voting population. But no American politician

can be overtly for the rich. That is politically unacceptable, mildly obscene. So, as David Stockman has suggested, supply-side economics was a way by which the Administration, through tax reduction, could reward its own.

One comes next to what does exist—what keeps markets from clearing, as in these past years of the monetary squeeze. Why the persistent huge unemployment? Here Thurow is not wholly specific; but generally he has in mind that corporations in present-day markets—markets shared by a few firms known to economists as oligopolies—respond to the reduced demand through which monetary policy works with reduced output (and employment) rather



than with lower prices. And wage-earners (including, without much choice, those with the least seniority or no job experience at all) accept unemployment rather than a reduced wage. "Economics," Thurow notes, "has a supply-and-demand theory of price determination for competitive markets and complete monopolies, but it has no theory of price determination for oligopolies—the most prevalent form of industrial organization. . . . Economics needs a theory of oligopolistic behavior and especially a theory of oligopolistic price determination. Some economists deny the meaningful existence of oligopolies; some glorify their usefulness; some blame them for almost everything. But no economist understands their pricing behavior." Obviously, if true, this is a serious failure.

IN EXTRACTING THE core of Thurow's argument, with which I largely agree, I do him something of an injustice and also slightly more than justice. He goes well beyond these matters to a range of related economic ideas—to a complex form of intellectual escapism known to economists as rational expectations, which holds, with some slight simplification, that although economic performance is imperfect, it cannot be improved, because all improving action will be anticipated and rendered nugatory by informed anticipatory action. "Whereas the supply-siders' beliefs are so strong that they are blind to all contrary evidence, the rational expectationists define the world tautologically, permitting no contrary evidence to exist because it can't exist." And he discusses the strengths and weaknesses of the massive econometric models of the economic system which have become so central to economic analysis and forecasting, and current economic thinking on the labor market, and much more.

On occasion, Thurow's detail conceals his main point; a stronger, clearer statement of his central proposition would have kept it from being lost in the mass of associated information. As in his earlier work, he is much better on what is wrong with economics than on what would put it right. His ideas, for example, lead inexorably to the need for a way of resisting inflation that does not depend on unemployment and idle capacity, as does either effective monetary or fiscal restraint. There is, unfortunately, nothing other than a prices-and-incomes policy that will fill this need. This Thurow implies but does not quite address. "If the profession were to admit that institutions are important to the economy, it would require a substantial change in the dominant intellectual theory of economics. Techniques other than monetary or fiscal policies would then be admitted to the pantheon of possible policy prescriptions to fight inflation." Thurow shares with more circumspect scholars the reluctance to embrace all that such a policy implies, for it is a drastic, open, irreversible admission that for much of the economy, the established economics and its wondrous technical elaborations are extensively irrelevant. One feels that he appended his final, affirmative chapter to avoid the charge that he is more concerned with telling what is wrong than with telling what is right.

I do not think this is a matter for apology. There has always been a certain respect in economics for the concept of the division of labor. As Thurow's book appears, the Reagan Administration is—or seems to be—in a major retreat from astringent classical monetarism just as it retreated earlier from the even more improbable supply-side vision with which it came to office. Professor Milton Friedman has now disavowed his Washington disciples; the supply-siders have largely disappeared from view, although doubtless they will re-emerge should the economy improve. With the retreat from past policy comes the chance that there might be some improvement in economic performance. Thurow, if he hasn't told what is right, at least has made clear—not alone, one trusts, for liberals—what was so wrong. □

SHORT REVIEWS



SHENFAN by William Hinton. *Random House*, \$25.00. As a teacher and tractor expert, Mr. Hinton worked in the Liberated Area of North China between 1947 and 1953. His book on his experience in the farming village of Long Bow, *Fan-shen*, got him into trouble with the U.S. passport office, and it was not until 1971 that he was able to return to China to see what had happened to the peasants of Long Bow. That turned out to be plenty, and Mr. Hinton's report of it is extensive, many-leveled, and fascinating. As a sympathetic observer and former resident equipped with his own interpreter, he could talk with people directly, collecting individual and sometimes eccentric accounts of local events that range from the uproar of the Cultural Revolution to the misdeeds of a formidable trickster known as Whiskers Shen. (Whiskers would be unbelievable, except that Mr. Hinton is clearly too serious a man to have invented him.) The details of life in Long Bow are incorporated into Mr. Hinton's wider view of the whole sweep of recent Chinese history, a necessary arrangement that requires full attention from the reader. Twenty years of shifting powers and policies are a large subject, while affairs in the village are also a large subject and mightily

complex. The peasants of Long Bow, a notoriously "difficult" place, are by no means automatons responding predictably to the push of some button in Peking. They cultivate all the personal grudges and ambitions usually found in small communities, and even when Peking hits the right button (not always the case) the result may be far from what was expected. Sometimes there will be no result at all, for the Long Bow farmers show considerable talent for evading what they consider impractical, and on at least one occasion, concerning a new hybrid corn, they were right. *Shenfan's* subject matter is essentially very sober, but the author's ability to evoke the presence of actual people gives the book liveliness and interest. One really comes to care about the inhabitants of Long Bow. One also comes to believe that Chinese communism is easy prey to administrative corruption, in part because it is an appallingly difficult system to operate correctly.

EL VAGO by Laurence Gonzales. *Atheneum*, \$16.95. In the hope of deterring a young kinsman from rushing off to World War II, El Vago, an elderly Mexican-American, takes the lad on a rough hunting trip. As the two prowl about a military reservation where they are officially forbidden to trespass, in pursuit of a random horse that is none of their business, the old man describes his experiences in the Mexican Revolution. He rode with Pancho Villa, dynamited for Zapata, lost friends and lovers, and saw horrors that remind the reader, inescapably, of current events in El Salvador. As a tale of action and the brutalities of civil war, the novel is well written and terrifying, but the framework of Spanish conversation between the narrator and young Paco suggests a severe case of Hemingwayitis.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS by Dakin Williams and Shepherd Mead. *Arbor House*, \$16.95. The book is subtitled "An Intimate Biography," which is precisely what it is not. Dakin Williams respected and understandably envied his late brother's achievements while deploring the playwright's tastes and habits. That is not a situation to produce genuine intimacy. Mr. Williams and Mr. Mead have made a commendable effort to control sibling rivalry, but they cannot create close understanding where none ever existed. Their book becomes a chronicle of

episodes, all too often disastrous, observed from a safe and mildly self-righteous distance.

WANDERER ON MY NATIVE SHORE by George Reiger. *Simon and Schuster*, \$14.95. Mr. Reiger is primarily, it seems, a bird watcher, but his interests extend to swamps, forests, waterways, fish, nature preserves, and animals—including the human beings who endanger all the other items. He follows the Atlantic coast from Maine to Key West, reporting on conditions, discussing problems of pollution, chatting with natives, and throwing in a bit of history here and there. His book resembles a leisurely trip with a charming and well-informed guide.

KING OF THE ROSES by V. S. Anderson. *St. Martin's*, \$14.95. In this better-than-average mystery (it suffers from a tiresome heroine), persons unknown have conspired to fix the Kentucky Derby. They are undeterred by the fact that the success of the scheme depends on cooperation from a famous jockey who, although a bit down at the heel, is grimly honest and so bad-tempered that the reader feels an occasional twinge of pity for villains who deserve none.

THE EUROPEANS by Luigi Barzini. *Simon and Schuster*, \$14.95. As Mr. Barzini initially points out, a genuine, working union of European countries is both logical and desirable, and has been recommended for centuries by a variety of distinguished thinkers and zany idealists. He examines, with great shrewdness and a delightful dry wit, the forces of tradition and temperament that have so far prevented such unification. This is a stimulating and informative book. It is also a pleasure to read.

DRACULA'S DIARY by Michael Geare and Michael Corby. *Beaufort*, \$10.95. Bram Stoker, it appears, was both poorly informed and melodramatically inclined. Count Dracula was actually an amiable young nobleman in discreet control of his dietary problems and ambitious to add an Oxford polish to his education. England, although agreeable in many respects, confronted him with a number of disconcerting oddities. Even his English-based cousins (a trifle déclassé, poor things, but travelers must be content) proved less than reliable. They recommended a certain Dr. Jekyll.

This impudent, shamelessly frivolous little novel may be a touch sophomoric, but it is undeniably funny.

STEEPLECHASING by Raymond Woolfe, Jr. Viking, \$60.00. Mr. Woolfe is the son of a steeplechase rider and trainer, became a licensed steeplechase jockey himself at the age of sixteen, and has developed the Foxfield Racecourse in Virginia. He is also a photographer. His text covers every aspect of his dangerous sport, both at home and abroad, possibly with more thoroughness than any but confirmed addicts will truly appreciate—but then, his fine photographs are likely to create addiction in anyone with a taste for beauty in action.

THE COFFIN TREE by Wendy Law-Yone. Knopf, \$12.95. In a crisp, no-nonsense style that contrasts effectively with her melancholy subject matter, Ms. Law-Yone describes the lonely bewilderment of a young Burmese woman, an impoverished refugee in New York. The story shifts back and forth between the heroine's drab present and her colorful memories, maintaining a suitable balance between the nightmare of Manhattan and the lost reality of Burma, and arriving at a plausible, unsentimental conclusion. This is a very promising first novel.

BLUE PASTORAL by Gilbert Sorrentino. North Point Press, \$18.00. Mr. Sorrentino demonstrates, with a steady flow of puns, parodies, misquotations (deliberate), incorrect historical references (ditto), and hideous verse (presumably also ditto), that the country abounds in foolishness. That revelation is hardly adequate reward for 300 pages of code-cracking by the reader, especially when the reader has been promised a novel.

THE BIGGEST GAME IN TOWN by A. Alvarez. Houghton Mifflin, \$13.95. Mr. Alvarez went to Las Vegas to observe a great poker tournament and the gamblers who take part in it, and discovered that although these people have no regard for money in a practical sense, they are dependent on high stakes to generate the excitement that draws them to the game. Aside from this intriguing bit of information, his book is generally useful, because it makes going to Las Vegas unnecessary.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the May Puzzler, "CRYPTIC PING-PONG"

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
a		I	C	A	H	S	E	P	G	A	L	R	M	T	S
b		N	A	P	O	C	S	L	L	N	A	I	E	U	H
c	Y	N	R	P	A	E	C	U	A	C	N	G	T	R	I
d		O	D	E	R	N	A	M	D	E	G	O	A	B	M
e	O	V	I	N	S	A	L	B	I	S	U	R	L	A	M
f		A	G	D	E	R	L	I	O	T	A	I	L	N	E
g		T	A	E	L	I	O	N	L	O	G	S	I	E	R
h	U	E	N	D	Y	O	P	G	A	R	E	T	C	D	S

Across. a. MASS-AC(R)E; P-LIGHT b. PU(NI)SH (in rev.); A-L(LOW)ANCE c. CUT-E; RAY (double def.); P(RAN-C)ING d. DI-ADEM (made anag.); BOOMERANG (homophone) e. V(AN)ILLA; BUS'S; MIRO (hidden) f. REAL (double def.); A-DO; L-IGNITE g. O'NE (TR)ILL-ION; SAGE (double def.) h. P(ROD)UCE; GE(N)T; DAYS (homophone) Down. 1. INN-OVATE 2. CARDIGAN (anag.) 3. A-P-P-ENDED 4. HOARSELY (anag.) 5. SCENARI-O (anag. + o) 6. ES(CALL)OP (pose rev.) 7. PLUMBING 8. GL(A)DIOLA (anag. + a) 9. A-N(C)ESTOR 10. LANGUAGE (anag.) 11. R(IGOR)IST (stir anag.) 12. METALLIC (anag.) 13. T(URBAN)ED 14. S(HIM-MER)S

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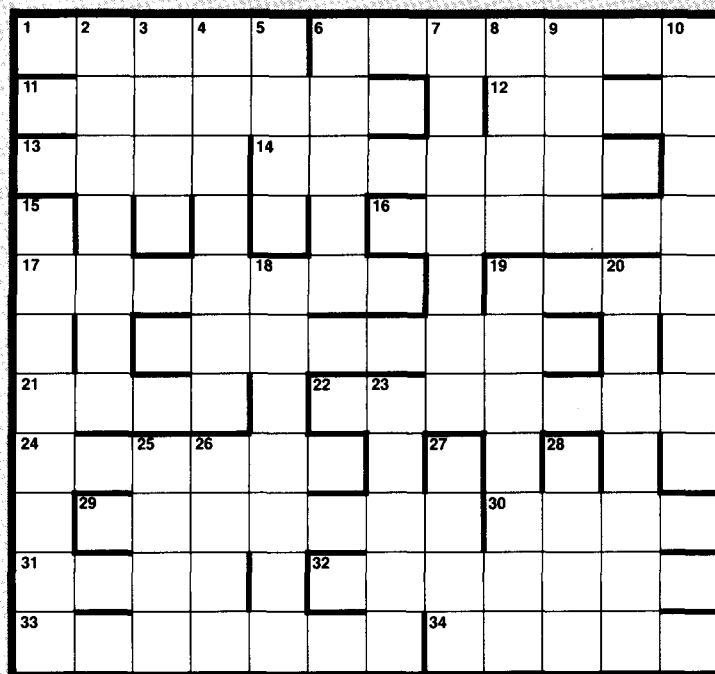
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*The solution to last month's
Puzzler appears on page 105.*



ACROSS

- 1. Waste put together in a new way? (6)
- 6. Ray's rounding up true rodeo cowboys (8)
- 11. Lecher gets in by swaggering (8)
- 12. Season's first TV show is a big hit (5)
- 13. Drink in court with soldier-to-be (5)
- 14. Red baseball team turns in roster (8)
- 16. Chopping a tree in road will make you tire (7)
- 17. Cool cats in street getting delivery (8)
- 19. Theban involved in massacre once (5)
- 21. Better judge, sometimes (5)
- 22. Big people will get heartless when in bunches (8) (*hyph.*)
- 24. City in a Mailer novel (7)

- 29. Dad throws dirt on artists (8)
- 30. Name traced initially in stone slab (5)
- 31. Drive train after kid (5)
- 32. Striking a jerk after drink of liquor (8)
- 33. Ugly sneer in male cow (8)
- 34. Spanish corn shoots (6)

DOWN

- 2. Run with happiness to a member of the family (8)
- 3. G-men covering school disputes (5)
- 4. Most excited energy in dog buyer (8)
- 5. Pen article in French with elegance (5)
- 6. Auto seen losing its front in lurch (6)

- 7. Knife landed the wrong way during fight (8)
- 8. Tree rings—that is right (5)
- 9. Each small magazine employee is relieved (5)
- 10. Polish ship carries paper item for sneaky character (9)
- 15. Object found around brook causing great excitement (9)
- 18. Acts of marring pastry (8) (*2 words*)
- 19. Monument renovating—not cheap (8)
- 20. Pears lie fallen from tree (8)
- 23. Look in corner, you mean (6)
- 25. Mourning dress—clothing with red lining (5)
- 26. Children's author left in big hole (5)
- 27. Bring back fashionable public transportation (5)
- 28. Measure a famous boat (5)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



"Keep these lands free
from intruders."
Thus, the King's command centuries ago.
And once each year, men and women
of the Scottish Borders ride
the "marches," the boundaries of
their common lands.
If only to be on the safe side.
The good things in life
stay that way.

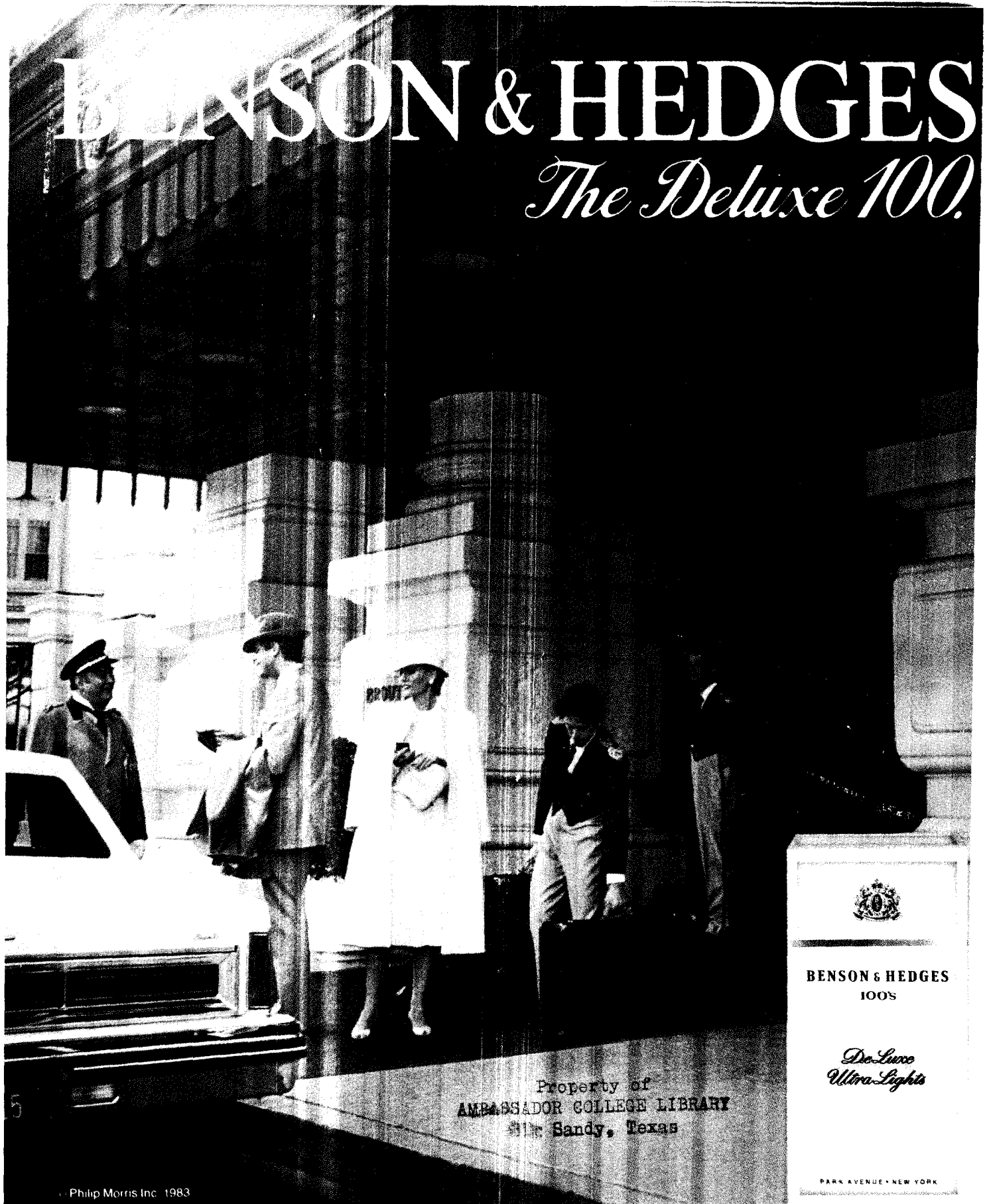
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